

THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

AND

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EDITED BY

THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

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THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. IX.

AFTER we had entered the house Wells continued his account of the proceedings at Aunt Pennefather's.

No sooner had the amiable mistress of the house recovered from her fainting fit, which held for some time, and was eventually overcome by the application of hartshorn and Eau de Cologne, the burning of feathers, the sprinkling of water, and all the established remedies recommended by the Humane Society for the restoration of hysterical ladies, than she screamed out the name of Millicent Maloney, in a tone emulating that of a peacock in anticipation of rain; but, although she had regained the use of her voice, her intellectual faculties continued in a lamentable state of obfuscation—her eyes rolled in every direction—her fists remained clenched—and the first coherent phrase which the anxious attendants could understand was this, 'Who the devil is it with?'

Then it was the maid-servants looked at each other—then it was they began to feel a confidence that their suspicions were well founded, and that something very extraordinary had happened to Miss Millicent Maloney.

"Where is she?" said the recovering Pennefather—"where is she?—I ask you all, where is she?"

"She?" said one.

"Where?" said another.

"Where is who?" cried a third.

"Millicent—my child Millicent!" said Miss Pennefather.

"Child!" said Mary.

"Child!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Child!" reiterated Susan.

"Yes," faltered out Miss Pennefather—"my child—my niece—my young friend!"

"The last time I saw her, Ma'am," said Susan, "was a-going down the garden, just by the ewe-trees, towards the summer-house."

"When was that?" said Miss Pennefather.

"About ten o'clock this morning," said Susan.

"Psha! Ridiculous!" said her mistress. "Didn't she lunch with me at half-past one?"

"I only said——"

"Stuff! Nonsense!" exclaimed the lady. "Lift me up—raise my head. Where's Philip? Where's the note? Oh, here. What on earth shall I do—what shall I do?"

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Hereabouts the unfortunate lady relapsed into a state of insensibility, and the note which she had previously clenched in her hand, and about which she evinced such earnest solicitude, fell from her grasp.

"Susan," said Mary, as it tumbled on the floor.

"Mary," said Susan, nodding her head.

"Susan," said Jenny—"I say—"

Whereupon they began signalling to each other to take advantage of their mistress's 'absence' to inform themselves of the contents of the billet. The sympathies of mischief and curiosity combined were at work, and, without the waste of another word; the domestic Graces of the unconscious Venus were busily occupied: one in greedily swallowing with her eyes the intelligence so anxiously coveted, and the other two grouped so as to prevent Miss Pennefather seeing what was going on if she should happen suddenly to open her swain-killing eyes.

"Susan took upon herself the active and responsible part of the performance, and picking up the note, which they knew to be of Miss Maloney's writing, and read, *sotto voce*, what follows:—

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"Your constant and long-continued kindness to me makes it doubly painful to me to take the decided step which, nevertheless, I have resolved upon. I would not for the world oppose your wishes or incur your displeasure; but the crisis is at hand, and therefore I am forced to act promptly. My heart is so devotedly attached and so immutably engaged to another, that it would be worse than hypocrisy even to permit your nephew to be introduced to me in the character of an avowed lover. In cases such as these, discussions only excite and promote angry feelings. I have made my own decision, and will abide by it, let what may be the consequences. Before this reaches you I shall have placed my fate beyond the chance of alteration—two days hence you shall have further particulars. In the mean time assure yourself that I am safe and happy, and always affectionately yours,

"MILLICENT MALONEY."

"That's it, is it?" said Mary, rubbing her mistress's temples with Eau de Cologne.

"That's it," rejoined Jenny, as she chafed her mistress's hands; "and a pretty it, it is, too."

"Can you guess who?" whispered Susan.

"Hush! Hem!—do you feel yourself a little better, Ma'am?" said Jenny, finding Miss Pennefather 'coming to,' as she called it.

"Jane," said Miss Pennefather, gasping for breath; "I never can be better. Tell me, where's the note?"

"Where's the note, Susan?" said Jane.

"What note?" said Susan.

"Do you mean that bit of paper doubled up down there?" said Mary.

"Yes, child, yes!" said Miss Pennefather; "that's it; give it me. Do you know anything at all about it?"

"It, Ma'am!" said Mary.

"What, Ma'am?" said Susan.

"What do you mean, Ma'am?" said Jenny.

"Why, about Miss Millicent's going off," said Miss Pennefather.

" 'Off!' exclaimed Susan.

" 'Going!' cried Mary.

" 'Going off!' screamed Jenny.

" 'Off!' repeated the lady. 'This note tells me that she has left me—fled—run away, in short. But can nobody guess who the man is?'

" 'Man!' exclaimed the three maids at once.

" 'Yes—man!' said Miss Pennefather emphatically. 'She is gone away with a man.'

" 'Dear me!' said Susan.

" 'Oh dear!' cried Jane.

" 'Oh, bless me!' said Mary.

" 'Have you seen nobody about the house lately?' said Miss Pennefather.

" 'No,' was the general reply, with an exception made by Susan, of John Bartram, the old man known as the 'helper,' and who did the work of all the regular servants.

" 'Nonsense,' said the lady. 'Oh, no, no; there is some fly-away Irishman in the case, I have no doubt. Just like her mother—no care—no thought. What am I to do with my poor nephew? What am I to say? How am I to excuse myself? I can't dine—I can't sit up. Susan, go and tell Simmons to give my love to Mr. Philip, and say I am too unwell to go down to dinner; beg him to dine, and—but then what will he think? You had better let Simmons tell him—no, go yourself—go yourself, and explain why I cannot dine with him. Say I shall, I hope, be better in the evening, and will talk over matters with him, and—if he should ask about Millicent, why—you know what I have told you, and so—make him understand—break it to him—it is better than trusting Simmons—besides, I cannot tell him myself. Oh, Millicent, Millicent—foolish, headstrong girl!'

Susan, of course, obeyed her mistress's commands, although the mission to which she was appointed was, in fact, one of considerable delicacy and no little difficulty. Susan, who was an extremely pretty black-eyed girl, took the precaution, before she proceeded to the interview with the Lieutenant, to run into Miss Pennefather's dressing-room in order to give her jetty ringlets a fresh twirl round her finger, and settle the little fanciful cap which she wore on her head. It is impossible to trace the exact current of female minds; but, however absurd it may appear, Susan, at the moment, felt the possibility of such a thing happening as the Lieutenant, being in the extremity of his despair for the loss of the mistress, drawn suddenly into violent admiration of the maid.

Susan's heart fluttered terribly as she approached the dining-parlour in which Merman had been "left alone in his glory;" Simmons having taken the precaution of having the "soup and fish" taken back to the kitchen to wait for further orders. Susan tapped at the door—a precautionary habit sedulously inculcated in all decent families—the "come in" of Lieutenant Merman brought her face to face with that distinguished officer.

When the door opened Merman was discovered standing with his back to the fire munching the piece of bread which had been deposited on the side of his plate, and which, in the then ravenous state of his appetite, he could no longer resist.

" 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said Susan, dropping a sort of theatrical half-curtsey, 'but my mistress begs you will not wait dinner for her. She will come down in the evening, when she hopes to be better.'

" 'And Miss Maloney?' said Merman, inquiringly.

" 'Why, Sir,' said Susan, colouring deeply, 'Miss Maloney, Sir,—is—that's it, Sir——'

" 'It!—what?' said the Lieutenant.

" 'Why, Sir,' said Susan, 'that's the reason my mistress is not well enough to come down.'

" 'What?' again said the soldier.

" 'Miss Millicent, Sir, is gone out.'

" 'Gone out!' said Merman.

" 'Yes, Sir.'

" 'What, in the snow?'

" 'I don't know, I'm sure, Sir,' said Susan; 'but—she is gone.'

" 'Alone?' said Merman.

" 'I can't say, Sir,' said Susan; 'but my mistress seems to think not.'

" 'Are we to wait till she returns?' asked Merman.

" 'Oh dear no!' said the maiden. 'I believe, if you were, you'd have to wait a long time.'

" 'What do you mean?' said Merman. 'Come here: tell me—is Miss Maloney gone on a visit, or——'

" 'No, Sir,' said Susan: 'don't be angry, Sir; we all know what you are come here for, and so did Miss Millicent, and so, Sir,—don't tell my Mistress that I told you all,—Miss Millicent has run away with somebody else;—don't be in a passion, don't.'

" 'Passion!' exclaimed the Lieutenant. 'Of all things in the world that could have happened, it is to me the most delightful. I never saw her, and couldn't care for her. Now, by Jove, I am free to choose whom I like.'

" 'That's very true, Sir,' said Susan, biting her lips to make them redder than usual. The look which the pretty girl put on immediately reminded the Lieutenant that he was treating her more confidentially than, considering their relative positions, was either necessary or becoming, by expressing in so unreserved a manner the satisfaction which he felt at the defection of his intended wife.

" 'My mistress begs you will eat your dinner, Sir,' said Susan.

" 'I'll endeavour,' said Merman; 'but give my love to her, and ask her if I may send her something; and—will you tell the butler that I'm ready.'"

Susan bobbed an assenting curtsey, and left the room perfectly satisfied that her mistress's nephew was not likely to die for love, at least upon the present occasion.

It turned out in the sequel that Miss Millicent Maloney had left her heart in the Emerald Isle, and that the gentleman who had it in his keeping had been summoned to England as soon as Miss Laura Pennefather had expressed her determination with regard to Merman. There was nothing objectionable about the lady's favourite, except that worldly blemish—a want of fortune. And all Merman's present anxieties were directed to the immediate conclusion of his affair with Fanny Wells, while his aunt's irritation of feeling towards Millicent

continued, fearing, naturally enough, that time and her natural affections would soften her anger and relax her resolution of cutting her off entirely. Here, however, the light infantry officer was defeated: Laura could forget and forgive, or rather it may be said she forgave because she could not forget; and, at the termination of the Lieutenant's visit, his aunt gave him to understand that if she remained in her present mind he would, at her death, receive a moiety of the sum intended for him if his marriage with Millicent had taken place.

This made a vast difference in his position. The diminution of the amount of his expected fortune by one-half, the contingency, too, by which he was to run his life against that of a quiet, moderate lady of regular habits and a good constitution, were serious drawbacks: however, all he could do under the circumstances he did, and the moment he was free, wrote to Wells, stating candidly all the circumstances of the case, and offering himself, such as he was, for the acceptance of his daughter.

It was in this position of affairs that Wells sought my advice and an opinion whether, considering that Merman had actually retired, and gone avowedly to marry another woman, Fanny could, consistently with the dignity of her character, receive him again, and consent to become his wife, because the other lady would not have him?

The point, I admit, was one of considerable delicacy, but as far as I could see, or indeed suggest, it seemed to me most particularly to rest upon Wells's objection to the change of fortune, and Fanny's feelings towards the Lieutenant: at all events, my proposition was, that if Wells was himself not hostile to the marriage for financial reasons, Fanny should be left entirely to herself to decide according to her wishes and inclinations.

Mrs. Wells was outrageously indignant at the proposition, which she considered in the light of a downright insult, and did not hesitate to appropriate to the absent officer the epithets of "fortune-hunter," "coxcomb," and "impudent fellow." Fanny, however, did not join in the cry against him, but maintained that all he did was perfectly disinterested, and that he had consented to give her up only to save her from the necessity of making sacrifices, and exposing herself to difficulties and inconveniencies which she was ready to encounter for the sake of her dear Philip. With great dutifulness, however, she declared her willingness to be guided by her father, a proof of her obedience which lost some of its merit in my eyes, from knowing which way it was most probable the Rector would decide, when there was a prospect of marrying off a daughter.

Things were thus proceeding, when, having forewarned poor Harriet of the dangerous state of Tom Falwasser's health, I anxiously awaited the arrival of intelligence from Sniggs. With the morning came worse accounts of the boy, and by the post came the following letter from his elder sister:—

"Montpelier, Bath.

"DEAR UNCLE.—Pappy is most anxious to hear about Tom, and wondered why you did not write; but when I told him you did not know where to direct to him, he was quite satisfied: pray let him hear about my brother. Pappy has got the pretty cottage Mrs. Brandyball

talked of next to our school, and seems very happy. Mrs. Brandyball is very attentive and kind to him, and very good to us; indeed, neither Jane nor I do anything but what we please. We are mostly in at the cottage, for Pappy likes us to be as much with him as we can. Pappy says that when Tom gets well he is to come to us here, and then perhaps after the Easter holidays we shall all go to some other place, for I should not be very much surprised if our governess was to give up her school. Pappy says it must be so fatiguing to her, and thinks that she would have quite enough to do to superintend the education of me and Jane.

"I hope dear aunty and the little boy are quite well, and dear Fanny and Bessy. I should be delighted to hear from the latter. Give my love, and Jane sends hers. Pappy desires to be kindly remembered, and hopes you will let him hear soon.

"Yours, dear Uncle, affectionately,

"KATE FALWASSER."

I was not in a humour to think much of myself when I received this despatch, for my mind was fully occupied with the fate of poor Tom; but certainly, as the communication—by proxy—of an affectionate brother, the self-proposed godfather of my child, his infant nephew, never was anything less satisfactory. To expect Cuthbert to have exerted himself to the extent of favouring me with an autograph letter might have been too much, but to find no word, no syllable from him, allusive to my wife or child, or his intentions respecting his sponsorial proposition, nor indeed any hint or expression tending to make me fancy I occupied the smallest share of his attention, was beyond my expectation. That it was painful I admit, and if I had been in a state to think about it, it would have awakened a thousand feelings, which perhaps it was as well should not be called into play. It was evident that Mrs. Brandyball's influence was rapidly increasing, and the artless manner in which Kate mentioned the probability of her giving up the fatigue of general tuition, to devote her time and talents to the exclusive improvement of my two half nieces, convinced me that all my worst anticipations were eventually to be realised.

To Harriet I merely communicated the fact that I had heard from Cuthbert—for I could not venture to apprise her of the nature of his letter. She, dear soul, was so full of kindness, so feelingly alive to my interests, and had devoted herself so entirely for my sake to *him*, that I am sure she would feel deeply and bitterly the tone and spirit of Kate's letter. In fact, I do not think, since the day of my beloved mother's death, a day always present to my memory, I ever felt so perfectly miserable as on this.

With one o'clock—the hour of luncheon—came Sniggs, and his report was such as to convince me that no hope remained of saving the boy; it then struck me that I would wait until the event occurred, and immediately afterwards start for Bath to break the news to Cuthbert; then I resolved upon writing, anticipating in my letter the worst which might happen. Sniggs worried me with technicalities, and the smell of the camphor with which he was highly perfumed reminded me of the danger likely to be incurred by his visit; for although the whole establishment had been rendered proof against the infection, still the baby was yet unarmed, and when I saw him deliberately sit down to help

himself to cold fowl and tongue, and ask the servant for some hot potato and cold butter, my patience was severely tested.

Yet why should I have been vexed and irritated? What was poor Tom Falwasser to him? He was his patient, and promised to be a valuable one, had his recovery excited his father-in-law's gratitude—but else Tom, uninteresting as it must be confessed he was while in health, interested not my worthy friend the apothecary more than any other lout who might be put under his care for cure. Sniggs evidently enjoyed his repast, and from him I learned that Daly had actually left Blissfold; the state of mind in which he found the Rector and myself, and the unceremonious manner in which we felt absolutely compelled to turn him out, had determined him no doubt to quit a place, the hospitality of which could not have appeared to him in any very favourable light. It was, however, a seasonable relief to me to be assured of his absence. All that I had to reproach myself with was, the not having taken a favourable opportunity to inquire if any pecuniary aid would be essentially serviceable to him. I consoled myself, however, upon this point with the belief that if he felt himself at any time "hard run" he would make no scruple in applying to me for assistance.

"Gad!" said Sniggs, "this is an awkward job—Master Tom's dying at my house—infectious disease—keep away patients—never had such a thing happen to me before—odd circumstance—deuced unlucky."

"It is, indeed," said I, thinking at the same time of the two bottles of cherry brandy.

"You know Dr. Fuz by sight," said Sniggs, still eating—"the old man at Bassford—retired from practice now; did live here five-and-twenty years ago—comes to church sometimes—sits in the chancel opposite the Rector—he had a patient in his house—did I ever tell you that, Sir?"

"I think not," said I, in a tone which ought to have induced a belief that I did not particularly wish to hear it then.

"Deuced odd," said my friend. "Fuz was riding home one night from visiting, and was stopped by a highwayman—things now getting out of fashion. 'Money or your life!' said the fellow. Fuz pulled up—a man who had saved so many other lives instinctively desired to preserve his own. 'Don't abuse me, Sir—you shall have all I have got.' Dark as it was, the remotest recesses of the Doctor's pockets were hunted in order to satisfy the rapacity of the robber, and twenty guineas, a ten-pound note, a few shillings, and a gold watch, were delivered to the marauder, who, making the Doctor a graceful bow, wished him a good evening and went his way. Fuz—fond of money as he was, and deeply regretting his watch, the heir-loom of the Fuzzes—put spurs to his horse, which, as George Colman says,

'—was indeed a very sorry hack,
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?'

He! he! he! So, away goes Fuz as hard as he could with such cavalry—reaches home—rushes into the arms of Mrs. F., and bids her thank Providence that he is returned safe and sound, although deprived of his gold, silver, notes, watch, and ornamental appendages.

“ ‘What are ornaments compared with your life?’ exclaimed the affectionate female Fuz. ‘I do thank Providence—think no more of the money, love—it is, as they say, only mounting twenty or thirty pair of stairs next week, and it will all return.’ And after this sweet parley they sat themselves down to supper.

“ Scarcely had they entered fully into the enjoyment of the sociable meal before a loud ringing at their gate aroused them from their comforts.

“ ‘I know what it is,’ said Fuz; ‘Mrs. Rattletrap is——’

“ ‘What, I can’t say,’ said Sniggs, “for the rest of the Doctor’s supposition was cut short by the entrance of one of the servants, who announced that a gentleman had been fired at by a highwayman not a quarter of an hour before, and severely wounded. His horse, from which he had fallen, had escaped, and two labourers who had found him lying on the ground groaning heavily had brought him direct to the Doctor’s door.

“ Up jumped the Doctor, out he ran, and there sure enough found a gentleman bleeding and looking excessively pale; he had him carried into one of the parlours, and laid upon a sofa—his coat was taken off, and upon examination it appeared that he had received a gun-shot wound in his left arm—the ball however had passed clean through, marvellously escaping the heart of the sufferer, who, it was evident to the learned Fuz, was rendered senseless by the fall from his horse rather than the effects of the shot. The Doctor, who was one of the most humane of men, first bled his patient, and then when the gentleman was sufficiently recovered to comprehend the extent of his care and hospitality, told him that he could not think of letting him stir out that night, and had accordingly ordered a bed to be got ready for him. The wounded stranger was quite overpowered by the courtesy of his doctor.

“ ‘Sir,’ said Fuz, ‘it is not mere common-place civility that I offer. It is a duty I owe to Providence, Sir;—the villain who wounded *you* robbed *me*, Sir, not half an hour before, within twenty yards of the same place; if I had happened to deny him, or to have had nothing about me, gad, Sir, I might have been shot instead of you.’

“ ‘Very probably, Sir,’ said the gentleman, ‘I believe it is very bad policy to make any resistance—somebody is sure to suffer.’

“ ‘Oh,’ said Fuz, ‘that’s very true; but the highwayman sometimes gets the worst of it.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said the patient, ‘but I shall never try my hand again that way; however, your kindness, Sir, has been most seasonably bestowed, and I hope to be able to show you how very sensibly I feel it.’

“ ‘Don’t mention it, Sir,’ said Fuz; ‘don’t fatigue yourself with talking—lean on me—I will show you the way to your room;—you will find everything comfortable, I hope. I shall bring you some gruel with a little very old Lisbon in it—Mrs. Fuz’s favourite tippie—and a little dry toast, and then you will get a comfortable night, as I hope, and in the morning I shall have the happiness of presenting you to Mrs. F., and in two or three days all will be well again.’

“ ‘It should be observed,’ continued Sniggs, “not that I mean to question my old predecessor’s philanthropy, but it is possible such a thing might have had its effect—that, when he removed the stranger’s coat and waistcoat, he—accidentally, of course—perceived a good store of

sterling coin in one of the pockets of the latter garment, which gave the provident Doctor a good, or rather a golden opinion of his chance customer, and seemed fully to justify the resistance which he had made to the highwayman's attack.

" 'I can never thank you sufficiently,' said the patient, as he toiled his way to the room appropriated to his use. Arrived at the apartment, the Doctor's own man was in attendance to assist and undress the opulent stranger.

" 'And now,' said Fuz, 'now, my dear Sir, when you are comfortably in bed, and would like the gruel I spoke of, do as Lady Macbeth did—

'Strike upon the bell,'

and I will bring 'the drink' myself. There is something in your misfortune and my escape which specially binds me to you—so do as I prescribe.'

" 'Indeed, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'your kindness is far beyond anything I could have expected from a stranger.'

" 'Not a word about it, Sir,' said Fuz; 'you see I act upon the best principle. You were a stranger, and I have taken you in.'

" 'Well,' said Sniggs, 'the bell was struck—the gruel was taken—the patient shook the Doctor's hand, and they parted. The Doctor entreating the patient if he should feel the wound uneasy or any feverish symptoms should annoy him during the night, to ring his bell and summon him to his apartment.

" 'What Fuz said to Mrs. F. in that season of perfect ingenuousness which is comprised in the half-hour after retiring to rest, I know not,' continued Sniggs, 'but the chances are that he congratulated himself upon having what he called formed a connexion; he spoke with admiration of the manner of his guest, and certainly did not omit to substantiate all his favourable opinions by a reference to the contents of his sinister waistcoat-pocket—

'Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
A mask of gold hides all deformities,—
Gold is heaven's physis, life's restorative.'

So says Dekker, and so thought Fuz.

" 'Well, Sir,' said Sniggs, 'the patient slept soundly—no bell rang. Fuz was equally at his ease, nor did he wake till nine. Up he gets—dresses with the nicest precision—and down to his patient in the best bedroom—taps at the door—no answer—taps again—still mute—'Gad! he's dead!' muttered Fuz; 'tetanus, by Jove.' In he bolts—rushes to the bed—there was the nest, but the bird was flown. What did it mean? what could it mean?—where was he? what was he? In the midst of his confusion, Fuz threw his eyes upon a neat small table covered with a red cloth, whereon were deposited an inkstand, portefeuille, and all the other implements for writing, upon which lay a note, without a superscription, which, being directed to nobody, might be meant for anybody. This Fuz opened, and thus he read:—

" 'DEAR SIR,—I shall never forget your kindness. I felt it necessary to relieve you of my presence as soon as possible. You are much too good a fellow to suffer. Under the pillow of my bed you will find twenty guineas and a ten pound note; accept them without scruple, for they are your own: and in order further to show my sense of gratitude,

I beg to add, that if you will take the trouble to walk to the second field on the right hand beyond the turnpike, you will find your watch, chain, and seals stuck into a hay-stack which stands in the corner of it. I have to apologize for not having wound it up. I do not regret my wound, for if the two worthies who shot me last night had been as good-natured as you, I should never have had the pleasure of your acquaintance, and you would never have got your own property back as a fee. Yours."

"Gad so!" cried the Doctor, "this is strange!" The Doctor, however, did not lose much time before he lifted the pillow and found his money, and the first thing he did after he had breakfasted was to walk to the hay-stack and recover his watch. Wasn't that a good joke?"

"Yes," said I, having mechanically listened to the narrative.

"But," continued he, having completely anatomized the chicken, "I must be off again. You shall hear in an hour—and another bulletin before post-time."

"If it ends fatally," said I, "I shall go to my brother—that I am resolved upon."

In this determination Sniggs strengthened me; and as soon as he had left the house, I went to Harriet, in order to prepare her for my departure. Mrs. Wells had, for the first day since my wife's confinement, left her and gone to the Rectory accompanied by Fanny, so that I had an opportunity of talking over our family matters without interruption; and since Harriet had now recovered sufficient strength to discuss the several points which appeared to press, it was a great comfort to me to find her views of the future characterized by the same sweet, mild, and generous spirit which she had uniformly displayed in what I now began to fear might have been our brightest days. My anticipations with regard to my brother's conduct after the death of Tom seemed perfectly to agree with those of my wife; we felt that he was estranged from us, and that nothing was wanting but such an event as this to sever entirely the bonds between us.

"What does it signify, Gilbert?" said Harriet; "we have a larger house than we want: a cottage will answer our purpose, and a plain, nice little garden will do just as well, without all this ground, and these hothouses, and pineries, and luxuries. Oh no, dear; so long as we have health we shall have happiness; and, after all, Gilbert, we shall be more independent."

"Come," said I, "we will not make up our minds yet to the reality of our reverses: it is quite right, when one does depend upon the will of others, to be prepared for the worst; and you delight me by the way in which you bend to the coming wave. Still, I will not suffer myself to think so ill of Cuthbert's head or heart as even yet entirely to believe that we shall need to practise our philosophy."

Thus I said; but did not *feel* as secure as I wished my poor love to imagine I did.

While these things were passing at Ashmead, other affairs were in progress at the Rectory. Merman, who, to do him justice, was sincerely attached to Fanny, had followed his letter, and was actually ensconced in his old lodgings in Blissford within a few hours after Wells received it. Of this fact he apprised the worthy Rector, and it was in consequence of these prompt measures that Mrs. Wells and her daughter had gone home to deliberate and to decide.

It is impossible for me to say what were the arguments adduced pro and con, or who chiefly advocated the cause of the Lieutenant; but, as I have already stated, the moment I heard that offended pride and true love were to be put in opposite scales, and that Miss Fanny was to hold the beam, I entertained very little doubt which would preponderate.

I ought, perhaps, to mention that Miss Millicent Maloney had not been heard of by Mrs. Pennefather at the time of the Lieutenant's departure—a circumstance which induced her affectionate friend to believe that the companion of her flight was not altogether so unexceptionable as she had hoped. It turned out, moreover, that the young lady's maid, Gibson, did not accompany her; but, on the contrary, was perfectly ignorant of her flight. Miss Maloney having sent her on an errand to the neighbouring town, desiring her to wait there for her, she did wait until so long after the usual dinner hour at home, that she fancied she must have made some mistake, and then returned; and, as she said herself, "the very first syllable as ever she heard of Miss Milly's going was from Susan when she came into the house."

Nobody in the neighbourhood had seen Miss Maloney out in the afternoon, either alone or with anybody else; no horses had been ordered from, nor come to any of the inns in the town, nor to the alehouse in the village, nor had any carriage passed through since the morning. Where, how, when, and with whom the young lady had migrated still therefore remained a mystery.

Not so the termination of the proceedings at the Rectory; for, hearing the approach of visitors across the lawn somewhere about four o'clock, I looked out and beheld four familiar faces, "wreathed in smiles," looking up at the windows of Harriet's room. They belonged to the Rector and his lady, who walked first, and to Fanny Wells and Lieutenant Merman, who followed arm-in-arm, just as happy and sociable as if nothing had ever happened to ripple the course of their true love.

I welcomed the young couple—for now they were avowedly a pair—and shook my future brother-in-law by the hand, with a determination to make the best of it, and silently wishing that the service of his country might require his presence in some field of glory far from the quiet plains of Ashmead.

It was now drawing near post time, and I was waiting most impatiently for Sniggs, or a despatch from him, in order to regulate my proceedings. It was just five, and I grew dreadfully uneasy, and began to pace up and down my library, when the door opened and the servant gave me a note from Sniggs, sealed with black wax. My fingers trembled as I opened it. Opened, however, it was, and I read:

"DEAR SIR,

"The boy is less feverish, and I think things look better. You shall see me this evening.

"Yours,

"S. SNIGGS."

This unexpected report, of course, decided my stay; and, accordingly, I wrote to Cuthbert a detailed account of Tom's progress, and would have enclosed Snigg's last hope-giving note, but I was sure that the word "boy" would have excited all my brother's ire, and given an idea of neglect and carelessness in our proceedings, so I copied it, leaving

the fact and substituting the word patient for the less respectful monosyllable which I found in the original.

I confess I was quite delighted with the bulletin, worded as it might have been; for, when the crisis seemed to be so evidently at hand, every cross word I had uttered with regard to young Falwasser seemed to rise up in judgment against me, although when he was well I scarcely ever saw a human being I hated so much.

We are strange creatures, and I, perhaps, one of the oddest; however, I ate my dinner with a better appetite than I expected; and after it was over, drank, conjointly, the healths of Fanny Wells and Lieutenant Philip Merman. This seemed strangest of all.

THE CHILD AT PLAY WITH A WATCH.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

ART thou laughing at Time in thy sweet baby-gee?
 Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?
 Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,
 That smile of bewilder'd and beaming surprise,—
 Bid him look on that cheek, where thy rich hair reposes,
 Where dimples are playing "bo-peep" with the roses!
 His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,
 And clasp his rough neck in thy soft-wreathing arm!
 Perhaps thy infantine and exquisite sweetness
 May win him for once to delay in his fleetness.
 Then—then, would I keep thee, my beautiful child!
 Thy blue eyes unclouded, thy bloom undefled,
 With thy innocence only, to guard thee from ill
 In life's sunny dawning—a lily-bud still!
 Laugh on, my own Ellen! His voice, which to me
 Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;
 And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
 Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy!
 His smile is upon thee, my blessed, my own!
 Long, long may it be ere thou feel'st his frown.
 And oh! may his tread, as he wanders with thee,
 Light and soft as thine own little fairy step be;
 And still through all seasons, in storms and fair weather,
 May Time and my Ellen be playmates together!

LUNACY IN FRANCE.—NO. IV.

It was fortunate for Irenée that his permanent retreat was the monastery of the Camalduli de la Corona: he will never leave it for another: for its solemn beauty grew on his fancy, and on his heart; and made the one more brilliant, and the other more serene: "on a height amid ancient forests, its loneliness does not weary; it has the freshness of immortality. The air is very pure." The recluse, who, like this man, is of a fine and gentle nature, is scarcely conscious of the little, ceaseless, ineffable influences of the scenes where his passionless life is gliding away. The Aliené, in the asylum of Ivery, with his piano, his sports, his lovely walks, has more hourly mercies and voices on his spirit than many a solitary in the wilderness. "I am planting flowers on my children's grave," said a lady, as she stooped over a little lonely bed in the garden, that was touched by no hand save her own; "there are none so beautiful;" here she came almost every evening to mourn and talk as if to her lost ones. Was not her spirit, warped as it was, happier than that of a solitary monk whom we visited? around his desert walls, no tree or herb grew: but its flat roof was a garden of flowers; he watered them at sun rise and set, and in the summer at noon also: "this is my little world of beauty and comfort," he said; "but for my garden I should be miserable." It was all the fruit of his own taste and labour. The garden of the Camalduli was poor in comparison to that of Monte Giove, the first retreat of Irenée, on whose hyacinths, tulips, ranunculus, &c., he dwells in his letters: but the Florentine solitude had other features, better suited to his rich imagination; alike free from the fogs of Ancona, and the extreme heats of the Canonica de Lodi; in its noble forests there was a companionship, and in their often savage recesses a wildness and sublimity that was dear to the contemplative mind. A few miles distant was a retreat of hermits, followers of St. Remualdo, whose hardships were so great as to cause them often to die piecemeal; the novices rarely survived many winters. He was not a slave to the superstitions of his church; still less so to its fiercer austerities: he had warred early with real sufferings and despair, and could not now be a self-tormentor; he had read mankind well, yet indulgently, in camps, and in the more subtle conflicts of luxurious and refined society: monasticism could not now make him intolerant, selfish, or stern. Yet his spirit gradually obtained a quiet ascendancy over that of his brethren: they were proud of his genius and his eloquence; he made less pretensions to exalted piety than many among them, whose *forte* it was; they felt also the influence of that simplicity of soul that interests alike in the monastery and the salon, which makes words, thoughts, and looks all flow, or seem to flow, feelingly and naturally; this had been his characteristic through life. And when this simplicity and candour are united to an enthusiasm of temper, are they not irresistible? He had ever found them so in the world, and now, in the Camalduli, it was beautiful to see how they bore him above the malignity and jealousy of some, calmed the rivalry of others, and made "the rough places plain."

His next letter is in the following year, for he was permitted by his Superior to write but rarely, a privation he seems to feel, but does not

complain of it:—"My mother, I have read in the life of St. Remualdo, his great solicitude for his parents' conversion. I admire him for this, though not for some other things: the rules he instituted, and which he obeyed, were too severe. There are among our religious a few who seek to die to the affections of our nature, and talk of their families, whom they have left for ever, without being moved, as if the remembrance was injurious to their spirituality. God has not made me thus, and be assured I will never try to make myself thus. If a portion, and I do not doubt it, of our happiness in heaven is to meet those we love there, is the Camalduli a more holy or spiritual place than paradise, that these thoughts and memories must not be indulged in in it?

"I suppose you still have the same parties in which I used to find so much pleasure, and sought to amuse you by my *répartees*. I must confess I never knew what *ennui* was in them and in your society. Five times a-year our rules permit us to have a little fête: this day we go forth from our hermitage into the country to visit some religious and return in the evening. Our Superior intends, by these recreations, to recompense us for the austerities of the rest of the year. And thou, my mother, hast always the society of my father and brother. I dwell upon all your affection, and the little efforts often successfully made to amuse you. Often in my cell I think I should love to amuse you now: I have learned much in the years we have been separated; and I know that you would listen to me now as you used to do. I have been listened to by men who were the wits of the age, and by women of beauty and genius, and since by saints and fathers, the glory of our church: but never did this give me the pleasure as when you heard me. My voice is not changed: you used to say it was sweet; its tones are still the same, at least so they appear to me. At this season the nights are so beautiful and cool, after a sultry day, that I often sit up till matins, and then you fill my thoughts; and sometimes, as if you heard me, I talk aloud about things which I ought not now to talk of. And then I have need of a half-hour of mental prayer, to compose my thoughts, before I can sing matins. I am not permitted to write to you but twice a-year.

"ST. IRENEO."

Perhaps the Superior perceived that the frequent indulgence of this correspondence was not good for a hermit of the Camalduli; that in these thoughts and remembrances there was much of the world's softness. In confession the latter was too candid to conceal them from his spiritual chief. He scarcely found a kindred spirit within the walls: in his letters he never mentions a single recluse with attachment; they did not understand his spirit—in its elevation and aspirings they could not sympathise. They were mostly an easy, cheerful set of men, enjoying their little fêtes and privileges, and kind to the guests who visited their impressive home. It was not for such a state that Irénée sought the Camalduli. In his fine and engrossing enthusiasm, his wild imaginings, his love of literature, he stood alone: there could be little communion of intellect with the other hermits: and this was at times a heavier solitude to bear than that of the walls that inclosed him. There were in the convent-life many lonely hours, many feeble and many restless ones, when the face of a man, after one's own heart, with whom to measure thought with thought, and sorrow with sorrow, would be as that of an

angel. Even in the world we cannot do without this companionship : and in the monastery, where we are to dwell always, till we rest in the little cemetery in the garden or the wild—if God vouchsafe us not a friend, we are desolate indeed. In no part of Bunyan's allegory, is his knowledge of the heart more exquisite than when Christian, in the "dark valley of the shadow of death," suddenly hears, amidst his conflicts and terrors, the voice of one behind him, a chosen spirit, who was to be his companion till death.

There were seasons when the Camalduli was a place of shadows : when fearful musings troubled Irenée ; more particularly during the fasts in the winter. His besetting sins were not those of the passions but of the mind—as fastidiousness, vanity, a thirst of the applause of men ; austerities were no cure for such infirmities. But even if the dead of winter, "the bread and water eaten on the ground, the naked feet, the severe vigils," every Friday, could scarcely be formidable to a soldier of Napoleon, who had passed two years in a Russian prison. The fastings which were sorest were not those of the frame, but of the spirit, which then strove to bind itself as with fetters of iron ; but it refused to be bound.

How hard it is to imprison a luxuriant fancy, a lively intellect, whose issues, mingling with holier things, seem to the delicate conscience to render them of the colour of blood ! and self-accusings rise, till the heart faints beneath its own bitterness. He had a friend, some years previous, who was resolved to share his retirement wherever he went : this was the ecclesiastic who went with him from Avignon to Marseilles, to embark for Italy : in the voyage to Leghorn they suffered shipwreck on the coast, which he describes in his first letter to his mother, but the details were too long for insertion. Several of the passengers and crew were drowned ; he and his companion struggled to the land on a piece of the wreck, with the loss of all their clothes, money, &c. The ecclesiastic was cruelly wounded and bruised against the beach : near the place where they were cast ashore was a wretched hamlet of fishermen's huts : in one of these the wounded man lingered several days, destitute of medical aid, and of every comfort. Irenée watched the ebbings of his life, for he was greatly loved by this man, who had counselled him to go into Italy, and whose temper and character resembled his own. The survivor felt the loss bitterly : he saw him die, in great anguish, on a mat laid on the squalid floor ; and helped to bear him to his grave, that was dug in a retired spot near the hamlet : there was no chapel or cemetery within a day's journey.

Time flies in monasteries faster than in the homes of love and pride : there is so little to mark its passage, or bid it linger on the memory : the glory of autumn was fled from the woods and heights of the Camalduli : the winter had set in severely.

"December.—The time is come when I am permitted to write again : it is my only letter. I have never written to my uncle the Marshal, nor my father or brother, nor one of my old friends. My Superior does not sufficiently consider this. When I cannot write you, during so many months, there is no one to whom I can pour forth the multitude of my thoughts and feelings. In your last letter you ask me if I am still

happy: 'be assured that I am so: though the gaiety and great peace of my first years here are not constantly with me now: they are much broken.

"This is a fearful night. I have sat some time at the window of my cell watching it, and listening to the moan of the tempest and the torrent in the glen beneath: the blasts sweep from the mountains, and through the forests of ancient pines, which send forth awful sounds. You have travelled in Italy in your youth, and you will imagine that these solemn woods, and cliffs, and black abysses of the Apennine, are terrific on such a night as this. Within our walls there is a death-like calm. I am too excited to seek repose, like the other hermits, and will spend the time till matins in writing to you.

"The night is so dark that nothing can be discerned, except for a few moments when the clouds are broken by the wind, and a deadly gleam falls on the heights, and forests, and the walls of the Camalduli. I cannot withdraw my eyes from these gleams of light, for there is something woeful in them, as if they fell on a lost and struggling world. I remember that so looked the waters on the night of our shipwreck, so ghastly white were the waves over the dying, and over the mangled body of my dear companion.

"I had written thus far when I could no longer bear the sounds of the storm, and I went into the church to calm my feelings, on which the visit of this morning had left a deep sadness. The four chapels within the church—its whole body—and each of the altars—were illumined by a great number of tapers, for it was a high festival. Several of our paintings are of great beauty. I looked earnestly on them; for there fell a freshness and glory on the beatified and holy men, who sought here, like myself, a refuge from the world; and I thought that hereafter I should perhaps be placed beside them, perhaps for a like, though far inferior, unction of piety, and with a like heavenly expression of features. I fell on my knees before my guardian saint: gleams of joy darted to my spirit, and the smile on his lips seemed to say 'as I am, so shalt thou be.' I returned to my cell; and now I will tell you the event of this morning which so distressed me. I was sent to give extreme unction to one of the novices in the hermitage of St. Remualdo, who requested it at my hands. It is some miles up the mountain, in a frightful solitude, covered by mists during great part of the winter; the cells and chapel are very ancient, hewn out of the rock; there are no trees to shelter them from the inclement winds. A hermit conducted me to the cell of the novice, who was laid on a miserable bed on the floor; a fire of charcoal, for the cell was very cold, was placed near the bed, an indulgence only allowed in extremity. I had been here twice before; but it was in the summer. The dying man was very young, about my age when I fled from home; he had also forsaken his home and parents to devote himself to God. I cannot tell you what a sympathy I instantly felt for him; he was dying, friendless, and in misery as to outward comforts—and he was the only son of his mother. He conjured me, in confession, to acquaint her with his death. His body was emaciated to such a degree that it seemed to be little more than skin and bone; his hands were like those of the newly dead, as thin and as strangely white; his eyes had the wild and beautiful lustre

which is so remarkable in those who die young, from extreme penance and wasting emotion. I have seen it in more than one religious. He had possessed, like myself, a great share of natural vivacity; but this spirit was almost subdued by austerities, far severer than I have ever practised. The second year of his novitiate was not yet ended, when he sank beneath exquisite hardships and studies. 'The latter,' he said, 'he had loved too much,' as he saw my eye wander to the many volumes on the walls of the cell. He seemed to speak sadly, and I said he had no cause for gloom.

"'Sadness is not sorrow, St. Ireneo,' he said; 'when we know the future will soon be bright, we can afford to be sad for a short time. I was naturally joyous and gay; but since I have been here I have loved sadness better. I did not want joy: mine has been a swift, a sublime passage. Next to my salvation (and if I sinned, St. Ireneo, it is here—O tell me) my intellect has been my glory. I cared not for the body; I spent the day and night, between the offices, with these volumes, and the thoughts—the high, the vast thoughts—they inspired.' I could not answer. After a pause, in which he seemed to be holding communion with himself, he spoke again; his fine and lustrous eyes were fixed on me. 'It is better to depart with the mind undecayed and majestic; it is better to render it up to God vigorous and beautiful, for it is his blessed gift; dearly I have loved him for it. St. Ireneo, the Parable of the Talents is for the intellect as well as the heart; and now its account will be required of me.' He never spoke again. I saw death come gently over his poor frame, and I wept bitterly beside him. Had I known earlier of such a spirit, to have held communion with it! Where, in the Camalduli, shall I find one like it? Believe me, my dear mother, the solitude of the mind is hard to bear. Shall he not be forgiven if his thoughts were at last too lofty in their flight? Several of the hermits, when they heard of his death, came to see him: they were elderly men, of calm and coarse features; they all spoke highly of him. Do not let this letter make you sad; my life is spared, that might have been taken like his, and then another would have written you of my death, as I have promised to write his parent of that of her son.

"As I returned to the convent the wind blew in cold and wild gusts, for the storm was rising. I looked back on the dreary rock, now covered with clouds; the hermitage was no longer visible; it will be indelible to me. What a history, what an ever-changing and exciting history is that of a powerful mind to itself! Before I left the side of the novice's bed an aged hermit put aside his woollen shirt to feel his heart, for he scarcely seemed to be dead; and the cilice of horse-hair he wore round his body was exposed. It was scarcely a body, but a skeleton covered with a skin, whose extreme whiteness his frightful austerities had not dimmed. I felt a reverence creeping over me while I gazed on it. Beautiful and majestic (they were his own words) was that mind! it sought not to be known beyond this dismal cell; it looked for no recompense save in eternity. O, my mother, his spirit was purer and nobler than mine: I could not have lived, as he did, in the hermitage of St. Remualdo; even in the Camalduli, if I had been an obscure and undistinguished man, I should have been unhappy. Even now, were
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they to call me only simple Ireneo, and no longer Saint, which their kindness has added, it would disturb me. This thought distresses me; it must humble me also: it will do so, I know that it will. . . . I can write no more. Adieu!"

It is evident in his letters, that as years increase, though now only in the prime of life, the buoyant and elastic temper, the keen relish for the little innocent pleasures of conventual life, gives place by degrees to a greater seriousness, as well as *depth of thought*. The spirit, at this golden mean of its attainments, seems for a while to lose sight of its onward career, its haughty and hitherto successful claims. The scene above related struck deeper at the conscience than all the volumes of monastic reading. Poor Ireneo! had one of his former associates come to the convent to visit him, might he not have been struck with the change? The features, still full of sensibility and imagination, but marked with lines of suffering, loneliness, and much thought; the eye brilliant and restless, as in former times; but there was a nobleness of expression in the face, and at times a pleading look, which it never had in early youth; it seemed to say, "break not a bruised reed; yet I know that I shall overcome at the last." His parent received about this time a letter from the Superior of the Camalduli, to whom she had written entreatingly, wherein he gave a particular account of her son, mingled with many praises, which calmed the mother's anxiety, for she fancied he concealed much of the truth about his health and condition from her.

Although he shrank from the flattering offer of a Cure, the occasions of his preaching abroad were ever welcome. This employment had the strongest hold on his fancy and his heart: it led him into various parts of the country, both near and distant, through the rich fields and vales, by the flocks on the hill-side, by the hamlet beside the stream. On the sabbath morning, when Nature seems to put on her solemn and loveliest vestments; and every sound, whether of bell, or stream, or breeze, seems like a voice from afar, he sometimes went forth to pay his priestly visits previous to the service, to visit the home of the happy and the troubled, to share in many a kind sympathy, to hear the blessed voices of the mother and the child. The fame of his public addresses was justly earned; he had a sweet and earnest voice; his words were full of feeling, and characterised at times by a dreamy eloquence, that seemed to bear his thoughts away as on wings; for then he painted his own aspirations, bitterness of heart, wild hopes, and dear realities. How many a preacher loves thus to pourtray his own soul and life, till he is scarcely conscious of it! and in Irenée's vivid and faithful pictures the past lived again before the hearer's eyes, as a dream in which the events of years are distinctly gathered. But when he spoke of the future, of old age, of the tomb, of the everlasting, his imagination came like an angel, and threw a flood of glory over them. His brother said that he had heard from the vicinity that the popularity of his preaching was very great: if so, his decided refusal of a charge became every year a sterner denial. Among his congregations were often the rich, the intelligent of both sexes; and when his discourses were finished, and he saw the tears, and heard the prayers of the people, and returned to his convent, it was perhaps his happiest moment.

The ensuing season had fewer happy moments : his health failed, and he could seldom quit the monastery. His father had been some time dead ; and his family suffered a reverse of circumstances, through the imprudence of the widow, a woman of great sense and knowledge of the world, but betrayed by one passion, against which her son warned in vain. This is his last letter, in which he struggles with the only affection life now contained, at a time when it would have been ineffably welcome.

" You say, my mother, that you have made the tour of Italy, and that you are able to make it again. Do not think of it : let us think of the time when we shall be reunited together with my father and brother ; but if you come into this country, you will hinder our eternal union. Could I see your face again ! Your love in infancy to me was very great ; but I entreat you not to take this journey. It is true that I am very ill : life is very dear to me : it cannot be so long. My imagination, that was ever more powerful than my judgment, is now the master of my failing life ; like the sun, its last hues are its most fearful and beautiful. It calls up things long past from the grave, and makes them testify against me. Your form seems to stand near my bed continually, and the pleading look you often turned upon me ; it was the last you gave me, when you said, ' Eustache, will you not try, for my sake, to love the Countess ? ' A few moments after I quitted the ball-room. Farewell, my mother ; think of me should I depart, your once little Eustache ; your love to me is at the ending great as at the beginning ; it has been greatly tried."

This illness was not fatal. After a severe struggle, he recovered, and is again able to resume his studies and his monastic duties, and to go forth, but more rarely, in his pastoral vocation ; his restless spirit, bowed to the routine of a convent, still thirsts for excitement, and even in the Camalduli often richly " makes the food it feeds on." He has spoken in his letters of his great peace. In this he deceived himself : he mistook another sentiment or sensation for it. He might use the words of an eminent recluse to a hermit, who, at the door of his cell, exhorted him to be still and unmoved : " My peace is energy." Where the career of Irenée will pause, it is difficult to say : he will probably rise to be the Superior of the Camalduli, in which he is at present the most distinguished and remarkable man. But, when his hair is white, and the last love of his heart is gone down into the grave, will that heart beat cheerfully, happily, within a monastery ? no more letters ; and that is an awful life, that knows no letter to the world that is left ; no tidings, no sorrows, no farewell even to tell, and none to hear !

CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF RALPH 'RESTLESS.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

En route, August, 1837.

THERE is a great art in packing property, and in it our profession are fortunately adepts. A midshipman, for instance, contrives to put everything at the bottom of his chest. No very easy matter to pack up and arrange a carriage-full of children, two birds, and a spaniel puppy—in all, twelve living beings with all their appendages, down to the birds and dogs' tails. As for packing up a dog, that is impossible; the best way is to pack it off. Canary birds travel very well in the carriage lamps, when they are not lighted, in the summer time; and I mention this as a hint to those who travel with such indispensable appendages. Independent of their being out of the way, their appearance behind the glass is a source of great amusement to those who are standing by where you change horses.

Stopped at St. Froud, and asked what was to be seen. Nothing here but churches and monks. One of the little girls, three years old, looked with avidity at the Virgin Mary, three feet high, in gold brocade. The old Verger observing this, led her nearer to it, ascribing her admiration probably to piety, when, to his horror, she screamed out, "*Quel joli poupée.*" Solomon says, "Out of the mouths of babes shall ye be taught wisdom." The old man dropped her hand, and looked as if he would have lighted the faggots had she been bound to the stake, as she, in his opinion, deserved.

The perseverance of Belgian beggars is most remarkable, and equally annoying. The best way is to take out your purse, and pretend to throw something over their heads; they turn back to look for it; and if you keep pointing farther off, you distance them. On the whole, I consider that it is much more advisable not to give to beggars, than to relieve them. Begging is demoralizing, and should be discountenanced in your own country. If children are brought up to whine, cry, and humiliate themselves as in Belgium, that feeling of pride and independence in early youth, which leads to industry in after life, is destroyed. And yet, the aged and infirm would appear to be proper objects of charity. In many cases, of course, they must be; but to prove how you may be deceived, I will state a circumstance which occurred to me some years ago.

I was driving up the road with a friend. He was one of the pleasantest and most honest men that nature ever moulded. His death was most extraordinary: of a nervous temperament, ill health ended in aberration of intellect. At that time Lord Castlereagh had ended his life of over-excitement by suicide; the details in the newspapers were read by him, and he fancied that he was Lord Castlereagh. Acting precisely by the accounts recorded in the newspapers, he went through the same forms, and actually divided his carotid artery, using his penknife, as had done the unfortunate peer. Peace be with him! To proceed. I was driving in a gig, a distance of

about forty miles from town, on the Northern Road, when, at the bottom of a steep hill, we fell in with a group who were walking up it. It consisted of a venerable old man, with his grey locks falling down on his shoulders, dressed as a countryman, with a bundle on a stick over his shoulders; with him were a young man and woman, both heavily burdened, and five children of different sizes. The appearance of the old man was really patriarchal, and there was a placidity in his countenance which gave a very favourable impression. For a short time they continued breasting the hill on the pathway; when about one-third up, the old man crossed the road to us, as our horse was walking up, and taking off his hat, said, "Gentlemen, if not too great a liberty, may I ask how far it is to —?" mentioning a town about twelve miles off. We told him, and he replied, "That's a long way for old legs like mine, and young legs of tired children." He then informed us that they had lost their employment in the country, and that with his son and daughter, and their children, he had gone to town to procure work, but had been unsuccessful, and they were now on their return. "God's will be done," continued he, after his narrative, "and thankful shall we be to find ourselves at our cottages again, although twelve miles is a weary bit of road, and I have but a few halfpence left, but that will buy a bit of bread for the poor children, and we must do as we can. Good morning, and thank ye kindly, gentlemen."

Now there was no begging here, certainly, except by implication. The effect, however, of his narrative was to extract a crown out of our pockets, which was received with a shower of blessings on our heads. We drove off, observing how difficult it was to know how to select real objects of charity, and flattering ourselves that alms in this instance were worthily bestowed. My readers will agree with me, I have no doubt.

It so happened, that about ten days afterwards, I was driving on the Dover road, in the same gig, and in company with the same gentleman, when we came to the bottom of Shooter's Hill. Who should we fall in with, but the very same party, the venerable old man, the young people, and the children, trudging up the pathway. The same plan of proceeding was observed, for, although we recognised them immediately, it appeared that they did not recognise us. We allowed the old fellow to tell his tale, as before; it was just the same. He first took off his hat, and inquired the distance to —; and then entered into the same narrative, only changing the place of abode, and ending with his few halfpence to buy bread for the children. I let him finish, and then I did not, as before, give him a crown, but I gave him a cut across his face with the whip, which made him drop his bundle, put his hands up to it; and we left him, stamping with pain in the middle of the road, till we were out of sight. A young rogue I can easily pardon, but an old one, on the verge of the grave, is a proof of hardened villany, which admits of no extenuation. After giving him this *cut direct*, we never met again.

Too return to St. Froud.—In the last church we visited we had a scene. A woman was in the confessional; the priest, with a white handkerchief up to conceal his face and prevent what he said being overheard, attracted the attention of the children, who demanded an explanation. Children ask so many questions. "Do you think she has been very wicked? Will he forgive her?" Before I could offer my opinion upon

this important subject, the woman gave a loud scream, and fell back from the confessional in a fit. The priest rose, the handkerchief no longer concealed his face, and he appeared to be burning with indignation. She was carried out of the church, and the priest hastened up the aisle to the vestry. What had she done? At all events, something for which it appeared there was no absolution.

Aix la Chapelle—alas! What did we care for the tomb of Charles the Great, and his extensive dominions, his splendour and power? We had lost something to us of much more importance—a carpet bag; not that the carpet bag was of much value, for it was an old one, nor the articles which it contained, for they were neither new nor of much worth; but we lost in that carpet bag an invaluable quantity of comfort, for it contained all the little necessities required for it, and we could not replace the loss until our arrival at Cologne, to which town all our trunks had been despatched. The children could not be brushed, for the brushes were in the carpet bag; they could not be combed, for the combs were in the carpet bag. They were put to bed without night-caps, for the night-caps were in the carpet bag; they were put to bed in their little chemises, reaching down to the fifth rib or thereabouts, for their night-clothes were in the carpet bag; not only the children, but every one else suffered by this carpet bag being absent without leave. My boots burst, and my others were in the carpet bag; my snuff-box was empty, and the cannister was in the carpet bag. The servants had smuggled some of their things into the carpet bag.

It would appear that everything had been crammed into this unfortunate receptacle. Had we lost a jewel case or a purse full of money it would have been a trifle compared to the misery occasioned by this jumble up of every day conveniences, of little value, showing how much more comfort depends upon the necessities than the luxuries of life. I may add, now that I read what I have written, that this carpet bag increased in dimensions to a most extraordinary compass for several weeks afterwards. Everything that was missing was declared by the servants to have been in the carpet bag, which, like the scape-goat of the Jews, wandered in the wilderness bearing with it all the sins of all the nurses and every other domestic of the family. I would rather lose anything, if I am to be a loser, than a *sac de nuit*.

On our road, the landlord of an inn put the following printed document into my hands, which I make public for the benefit of those who are sportsmen without being landholders:—

“*Comfortable Inn*.—The proprietor of the Red House, at Burgheim, on the road from Aix la Chapelle to Cologne, pleasantly situated in the middle of the town, opposite the Post-office and Post-house, has the honour of recommending himself to travellers. The ‘*Galignani’s Messenger*’ and other newspapers are taken in. The English, German, and French languages spoken. Having excellent preserves of game in the neighbourhood, he is happy to inform travellers that he can provide them with good sports in wild boar, deer, and hare hunting, and wild duck and partridge shooting. Horses and carriages of all descriptions supplied for excursions in the neighbourhood.

“A. J. HONS.”

Prussia.—I fear that our political economists are running after a shadow, and that their reciprocity system will never be listened to. It

is remarkable, that, after subsidizing this and other powers to break up the continental system established by Napoleon for the expulsion of English manufactures and the consequent ruin of England, now that the world is at peace, these very powers who, by our exertions and our money, have been liberated from their thralldom, have themselves established the very system of exclusion which we were so anxious to prevent. A little reflection will prove that they are right. The government of a country ought never, if possible, to allow that country to be dependent upon any other for such resources as it can obtain by its own industry. We, ourselves, acted upon this principle when we established the silk manufactories in Spitalfields, and it is the duty of every government to do the same.

The indigenous productions of the soil may fairly be admitted on a system of reciprocity and exchange, but not articles of manufacture, of which the raw material is to be obtained by all. For instance, the lead, and iron, and tin of Great Britain,—the wines of other countries, are all articles to be exchanged or paid for, by those who have not mines of those metals or do not possess vineyards. Further than this, reciprocity cannot go, without being injurious to one, if not to both parties.*

Three of the carriage wheels defective! Add this to the carpet bag, and people will agree in the trite observation that misfortunes never come single. This is not true; they do come single very often, and, when they do, they are more annoying than if they come in heaps. You growl at a single mishap, but if you find that Fortune is down upon you and attempts to overload you, you rise up against her with indignation, snap your fingers, and laugh at her. The last mishap brought consolation for all the others; if we had not so fortunately found out the defects in the wheels, we might have broken our necks the next day, especially, as some amateur took a fancy and helped himself to our *sabot*. I only wish he may be shod with it for the remainder of his days.

It is curious how the ignorant and simple always raise or depreciate others, whatever their rank may be, to their own levels, when they talk of them. I listened to one little girl telling a story to another, in which kings, queens, and princesses were the actors. "And so," said the queen to the princess, "what a very pretty doll that is of yours!" "Yes, Miss; Papa bought it for me at the bazaar, and gave 5s. 6d. for it," &c. This reminded me of the sailors telling stories on board of a man-of-war, who put very different language into the mouth of royalty. "Well," says the King, "blow me tight if I'll stand this. You must buckle to as fast as you please, Mrs. Queen." "I'll see you hanged first, and your head shaved too," answered her Majesty in a rage, &c. &c. What queens may say in a rage, it is impossible to assert; but to the seamen this language appeared to be perfectly regal and quite correct.

Some people form their notions of gentility from odd concomitants. A cabman took up a well-dressed female, who made use of expressions which rather startled him, and he observed to a friend of his, a hackney-coachman, that he had no idea that the higher classes used such language. "Pooh! pooh!" replied the coachman, "she warn't a lady." "I beg your pardon," replied the cabman, "a real lady, hat and feathers!"

Cologne.—This is a regular Golgotha—the skulls of the Magi, par

excellence, and then the skulls of St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgins. I wonder where they collected so many! St. Ursula brought a great force into the field, at all events, and, I presume, commands the right wing of the whole army of martyrs. I went into the golden chamber, where there are some really pretty things. The old fellow handed us the articles one after another, but I observed that there were many things which I had seen when here before, which were not presented to view, so I looked into the cabinet and found them. They were crystal vases, mounted with gold and precious stones. One had the thigh-bone of St. Sebastian; another, part of the ulna of St. Lawrence; and a third, a bit of the petticoat of the Virgin Mary. I handed them out to the ladies, and asked him why he did not show us those as he used to do before. The old man smiled and turned the corners of his mouth down, as if to say, "It's all humbug!" I am inclined to think that he was not far out in his surmise. Relics are certainly at a discount, even among the Catholics.

I question whether the Bridge of Boats at Cologne don't pay better than any other in the whole world, although by no means the handsomest; the stream of passengers on it all day is as strong and as wide as the Rhine itself. As for Cologne, the best thing that could happen to it is to be burnt down. Narrow streets, badly ventilated, badly drained, your nose is visited with a thousand varieties of smell as you pass along; and the Eau de Cologne in the gutters is very different in savour from that which you buy in the bottles. The only habitable part of the town is on the river-side; and even there, you must be two stories high. Reading Coghlan's Guide to the Rhine, I stumbled on the following passage:—"The Rheinberg is a large and conveniently-situated house. I did not visit it, so made inquiries of those who had. The characters I received differed a *little*. One party said it was an excellent house; everything very good, everything very clean, and everything very cheap. Another party swore it was d—d bad, d—d dirty, and what was worse than all, d—d dear. In a second edition I shall give the result of my own observations." These remarks determined me to go to the Rheinberg, as I always like to decide a point; and as I have no expectations of my work going through a second edition as Mr. Coghlan has, I shall give the result in this. The Rheinberg Hotel is the very last to go to. It is not so near to where the steam-boats lie as the Hotel de Cologne, Holland, and one or two others—all of which are well spoken of. The man who said it was d—d dirty was correct.

Although I went to the hotel, I took the precaution to arrange for everything, as I thought, but unfortunately I forgot to stipulate for the servants. The bill was brought, and I found that this omission had been taken advantage of, as there was an enormous charge a-day for each female servant—the regular charge being only one franc, as Mr. Coghlan says. I remonstrated, and told them that at Paris the charge was two francs, and at Brussels one franc and a half. The head waiter, a little stumpy fellow, a sort of hybrid between a Jew and a monkey, answered, with immense importance, "Sir, you are not now at Paris or at Brussels, or any of those sort of places—you are now at Cologne on the Rhine!" This was capital, but what followed was better:—"Sir, if you do not like to pay your bill, it is of no consequence—I will pay it

for you." "I am very much obliged to you," replied I, "for your kindness, and I accept your offer: oblige me by receipting it, and when you shall pay it."

But this offer was like the presents in India which are not intended to be really accepted, and so the reader may suppose it ended in my paying the bill. I conclude with the remarks quoted by Mr. Coghlan—"it's d—d dirty and ditto dear." On the whole, I decide that there cannot be a worse hotel than the Rheinberg, and therefore every one will do well to avoid it, and take their chance of the others.

We had a pleasant passage from Cologne to Coblenz, and from thence to Mayence, because we had pleasant company. It is singular, but it is a fact, that you go on board a steam-boat to avoid fatigue, and each night you are more tired than if you had travelled by land. You go to avoid dust and heat; the first is exchanged for blacks out of the funnel, and you are more dirty than if you had travelled twice the distance; and the heat is about the same: in these points you certainly gain nothing. The expense of the steam-boat is very great. By a calculation I made—to travel by post, five persons in a carriage, from Cologne to Strasburg—you will expend 200 and odd francs less than by the steam conveyance. In time you certainly lose by steam, as you are four days and a half going to Strasburg, and by land carriage it is half the distance, being only forty-five posts.

Neither do you save trouble; for the steam-boats being changed every evening, you have to take your luggage on shore, shift it from one to the other, and, at the very time that you are least inclined to do anything, independent of an enormous expense which you ought not to pay, but cannot well resist.

Now, as you really gain nothing in the above points, it is at least to be supposed that you gain in the picturesque; but this is not the case: and I have no hesitation in asserting that those who go up the Rhine are generally disappointed, although they do not like to say so. They expect too much. The vivid descriptions, the steel engravings, have raised their anticipations too high; and they find that the reality is not equal to the efforts of the pen and pencil. Several of the passengers acknowledged to me that they were disappointed; and I must confess that I hardly knew the Rhine again. When I travelled up the Rhine by land I thought it beautiful; but in a steam-boat it was tame.

This was observed by others, besides myself, who had ascended both by steam and by the road running close to the banks; and the reason was simple. When you travel by land you have the whole breadth of the Rhine as a foreground to the scenery of the opposite bank, and this you lose by water; and the bank you travel on is much more grand from its towering above you, and also from the sharp angles and turns which so suddenly change the scenery. Abruptness greatly assists the picturesque: the Rhine loses half its beauty viewed from a steam-boat. I have ascended it in both ways, and I should recommend all travellers to go up by land. The inconveniences in a steam-boat are many. You arrive late and find the hotel crowded, and you are forced to rise very early (at Mayence at three o'clock in the morning), which, with a family, is no trifle. The only part of the Rhine worth seeing is from Cologne to Mayence; below Cologne and above Mayence it is without interest; and, although, between these two places, the steam-boats are

well served, above Mayence everything is very uncomfortable, and you are liable to every species of exaction.

If I were to plan a tour up the Rhine for any friends, I should advise them not to go by the Rotterdam steamer; it is a long voyage and without interest, and with many inconveniences; but start in the steamer to Antwerp, go up to Brussels by the rail-road; from thence you will start for Cologne by the route of Namur and Liege through Waterloo; and I rather expect that many will prefer the banks of the *Meuse* to the Rhine. I know nothing more beautiful than the road from Namur as far as Chaude Fontaine, although, compared to the Rhine, it is on a miniature scale. From Liege to Aix-la-Chapelle, and from thence to Cologne. Go up the Rhine by land as far as Mayence, and then you may do as you please. When you are coming back, descend by the steam-boats; for then you go with the stream and with great rapidity, and arrive in good time at the towns where they stop. You will then have seen the Rhine by land and by water.

At present the Bubble is at its height; but it will burst by and by. The English are lining the banks of the Rhine with gold, and receive insult and abuse in exchange. I have been much amused with a young countryman who has come up in the steamer with me. Not able to speak a word of French or German, he is pillaged every hour of the day; but if he could speak he has no idea of the value of his money. He pulls out his purse and the waiters help themselves—very *plentifully*, I may safely add. What he has come for it is difficult to say: not for the picturesque, for he slept the whole time between Cologne and Mayence—that is, all the time that was not occupied by eating and drinking. His only object appears to be to try the Rhenish wines. He has tried all upon the *Weein Preesen*. He called for a bottle of the best; they gave him one not on the *carte*, and charged him exactly one pound sterling for the bottle. He is a generous fellow; he sits at the table with his bottle before him, and invites every man to partake of it. When he has drank enough, he sleeps it off and begins again. He reminds me of an Englishman, a clerk in a city counting-house, who obtained two months' leave of absence to go abroad. He arrived at Ostend, and soon afterwards at Bruges, where he embarked in the *track-schuyt*, the cabins of which are fitted up with velvet and gold, and the dinners served on board are excellent. He liked the fare and treatment so well that he thought it foolish to go farther. The whole two months were employed in travelling up and down from Bruges to Ghent, and from Ghent to Bruges; and he returned, declaring he never passed a more pleasant time in his life. Some may consider him a fool, others a wise man.

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF SALZBURG.*

I had ample time to discuss this prolific subject during my solitary drive to Hallein, and arriving, found all things ready. The ladies were packed into a species of go-cart, dragged by two horses, and we commenced the ascent of the mercilessly steep hill, whose bowels we were about to explore. After an hour's hard tug, a neat cottage at the summit was a welcome sight, where we were shown into separate apartments, for the purpose of making necessary alterations in dress. The costume for the Major and myself consisted of a coarse linen jacket and trousers, with a small black scull-cap edged with red, thick gloves, and a most particularly odd kind of leather apron, which, tying round our waists, protected the posterior part of our dresses, after the fashion of the flap of a coalheaver's hat. Our toilette was barely completed, when a clamour of female voices, in no very harmonious strains, assailed us from the passage. The door burst open, and without further preliminary, in marched *la tante*, her voice pitched at its highest soprano, and such a torrent of words streaming from her mouth, as being, as I have already said, not a married man, it had naturally never been my lot to hear before. The Major and I looked at one another, he seemingly more amazed than if a volley of musketry had saluted him. Still the tide rushed on—all flow, and no ebb: the falls of Golling were nothing to it. At length the ludicrous began to affect us; and we turned at once for relief and information to the unfortunate tire-woman, who seemed the object of all this invective, and who, having in vain ejaculated, "*Mais Madame*," and "*hören Sie gnädige Frau*," now stood modestly in the rear, waiting till Madame's supply of breath should be exhausted. From her we soon gathered that this storm was caused by the lady's objecting to put on the clothes provided for her. The poor girl accompanied these words with a look of despair, first at the furious aunt, and then at certain articles of dress which she held dangling on her arm. Here a sudden light broke simultaneously on the Major and myself, and with it the most cruel and unreasonable fit of laughter that ever shook our sides. The scene was meant for Cruickshank—*d'abord*, Madame, furbelowed and bustled in the extravagance of the mode; fury flashing from her eyes, and rouge smiling on her cheeks; ourselves literally unable to stand for laughter; and the meek attendant close by, with the obnoxious articles astride across her arm, hanging down as if ashamed of their masculine character. We laughed on, till the lady began to cry in good earnest, which stopped us, to our infinite relief, and induced us to remonstrate seriously on the impossibility of such ladies putting on clothes of such a gender; but in vain—no trousers, no mine. It was the established rule, and not only she should lose her place, but the ladies would find it impossible to descend without. "*Et puis elles sont bien propres*," said the saucy waiting-maid, protruding one of the detested legs. "*Fi, de nasty ting*," cried Madame, with the look of a Fury. Again the girl, who had now the game in her own hands, urged that every lady who visited the mines complied, and that it was even recorded in their annals that the gentle and feminine Maria Theresa had not disdained to wear the breeches

for a day. At this crisis the niece stepped forward, blushing like a rose; first proposed to abandon the expedition, then at an imploring look from the Major, as easily relenting, drew her aunt aside, and reminded her that they could put on cloaks; and thus it was finally settled. After a due delay, the ladies reappeared, Madame with fresh varnished smiles, and the niece quite irresistible in her fur-collared cloak, and pretty red-edged cap, from under which a profusion of "*schmacht locken*"—*Anglicè*, ringlets—flowed unrestrained.

The trajet to the mouth of the mine was but a step, and here, in the favouring darkness, the cloaks were obliged to be discarded, and torches being lighted, ye seemed to form a party of one sex, miners and all being in the same garb. Madame's deportment, *en culottes*, needs no description. It was characteristic; but the truly feminine mind of the other gentle being shone more conspicuously through her coarse male disguise than even in her usual dress. "To the pure, all things are pure;" and had we even been wanting in that delicacy and respect for the other sex, which is the manliest of ours, that quiet air of womanly pride, remote equally from too painful a timidity, or too open an unconcern, would have awed our looks and words into reverence.

The passage we had now entered was quite wide, and high enough to admit one person, the roof peaked, and the sides shelving, so that our sphere of action was confined to a narrow space in the centre, where, guarded in front and rear by a body of sturdy mountain gnomes bearing torches, we marched on—an unsocial party—stopping occasionally to admire the glittering veins of red and white salt in the walls of our rocky corridor. At length the foremost guide made a halt, and flinging the blaze of his torch forward, showed a barrier to our progress, in a dark bottomless pit. I was in the rear of the party, and seeing neither ropes nor buckets visible, awaited further orders. In the mean time the chief of our miners had singled Madame from the group. I heard a series of shrill emphatic objections going forward, interspersed with the low growls of the miner's remonstrances; then just such a pause ensued as occurs when the executioner is adjusting the fatal rope. At last a signal was given, and stepping forward, I just caught the retreating figure, and last pathetic "*Grand Dieu*" of poor Madame, as she vanished from our eyes into the shades below. Thus, one by one, my companions disappeared, till I was left alone with a rough young gnome behind. "Hurrah, the dead can ride apace, dost fear to ride with me?" from Burger's Eleonore,* was ringing in my ears; but before resigning myself to my fate, I will enlighten the mind of the reader by a brief natural history of this mysterious steed. The machine is simply this—A passage of the same dimensions as the one we had traversed descended almost perpendicularly from where we stood. Down this were fixed two round, smooth beams of timber of about nine inches in diameter, and placed in parallel lines one foot and a-half asunder. Over and along the right beam is slung a rope, just affording room between that and the beam to admit the leg. The victim sits down, stretches a leg over each beam, as if astride across both, grasps the rope in his right hand, and leaning back, so as to be in almost a recumbent position, as he slides at a tremendous rate, the steepness of the descent, and

* From the elegant translation of this popular German ballad, by William Taylor, Esq., of Norwich.

his own weight, increasing the impetus to an almost frightful rapidity. All real danger, however, is obviated by the power which the rope passing through his hand gives him ; a firm grasp of which serves as an immediate check. Thus a distance of 300 feet was traversed with the speed of lightning. The ascent is performed by means of narrow stairs, sunk deep between the beams. We gentlemen were left to take care of our own necks, but the ladies were mounted in exactly the same position, *en croupe*, behind the trustiest guides, whom they grasped for further surety by the collar. Again we continued our walk on level ground, and in a few minutes another of these *Rollen*, as they are termed, presented itself. This time I was the first to take the lover's leap, and on reaching the bottom, was not a little amused at the *coup d'œil* before me. Down came my companions, like falling angels ; Madame perched on her gnome, like a monkey on Bruin ; their hair whistling in the wind ; their torches blown to the shortest span, and a shower of sparks from a thousand diamonds around and above, accompanying their fall, and marking the rapidity of their descent. Thus passenger after passenger was lodged at my feet, and all fear vanished. We began really to enjoy this novel exercise, and each succeeding *Rolle* was the signal for fresh merriment and reciprocal jokes. Again we pursued our apparently interminable path, the torches flinging a momentary gleam into the mouths of numberless dark avenues with which our path was intersected. Our miners, however, threaded their path through this maze with that confidence which a long intimacy with the secret of the mountain had given them, beguiling the way with appropriate anecdotes of ignorant sheep that had strayed from the right path. Of this description might be classed two at least of our party, who seemed fairly launched in a labyrinth of their own creation, the only exit to which it was easy to anticipate, lay through the temple of Hymen.

Occasionally our path widened into extensive chambers, amongst which we were shown a neater hewn apartment, a species of mineral store-room—the show boudoir of the mine—where various specimens of crystals and fossils in every gradation of colour, from white to the richest rose tint, gleamed from their dark recesses, like jewels from a lady's casket. Here also was an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to the antiquarian in the variety of antediluvian relics, and a rich collection of old bridles, rusty keys, arm rings, spoons, &c. At the entrance to this chamber stood a simple stone slab, commemorating the date of Maria Theresa's visit to these mines, with her imperial consort. Proceeding onwards, we executed three brilliant passages more, down our favourite *Rollen*, whereby the advantage of male attire over female drapery was satisfactorily substantiated. A depth of 1074 feet had been thus descended, and still there seemed no end to the rocky defiles and lofty chambers. At length a change in the atmosphere, a colder, fresher breeze, betokened the vicinity of some more spacious region. Our torches burnt straighter, a louder echo responded to our footsteps ; and turning a sudden angle, a scene of enchantment, fit only for fairies and genii, burst on our view. Before us, in a dark, smooth, unruffled surface, lay stretched an immense lake, the extent of its shadowy shores dimly outlined by a succession of torches, which, placed at intervals, and receding, like the faintest stars, into the intense darkness, gave token of their existence only by their long-tapering reflections in the black water,

Above us blazed a mighty fretwork of diamonds, flashing as our torches glided to and fro in playful coruscations of light across the dark vault, and reflecting mirror of waters. At length, at a signal from our guides, one of the nearest lights moved from its station, and emerging from the darkness, a boat and boatman became visible. We entered, and took our places in silence, and as the vessel cleft the dark element, a thousand mimic fire-flies danced on the sullen, ripples, whose low moaning murmurs alone disturbed the solemn stillness.

All around bespoke another sphere, or vast chaos, where the germ of life still lay slumbering on the waters. An indefinable charm seemed to bind our thoughts in silence, while the remembrance of our own bright sun, and laughing world above, stole on our minds like "a sweet dream of the past," and faded into airy but alluring phantoms, before this scene of unearthly grandeur. To these impressions, the rough wild figures of the cave-nurtured beings around us, not a little contributed, while Charon himself could not have desired a truer representative on earth, than the uncouth figure who steered us over this modern Styx. We listened with much interest to the history of this lake, which, while it ministers to thoughts wild and dark as its own deep waters, is, at the same time, subservient to purposes of worldly emolument. A small cavity is hewn in the rock, into which a stream of fresh water is admitted; this, eating away the particles of salt with which the rock is impregnated, surely, but slowly, extends its domain, till one mighty fragment yielding after another before its dissolving touch, the bowels of the mountain receive a body of waters of the magnitude I have described. When the requisite dimensions are attained, the supply of water is stopped, and the further progress of the element checked by banks of clay; then, after standing the requisite period, the water is drawn off by wooden pipes, which, emerging from the side of the mountain, extend to the adjacent town of Hallein, where, by the common process of evaporation, the crystals which glittered in their dark mountain nests reappear in a purer form, Nature thus acting as her own workman. The revenue accruing to the Austrian government from these mines is 100,000*l.* annually.

It may seem almost incredible to state that in this mountain, or rather chain of mountains, there are contained no less than thirty-two lakes of this description. Some of the mighty chambers we had traversed were the dried-up beds of former lakes. The one I have described is kept up for purposes of inspection.

On the opposite shore, a means of conveyance awaited us, for to a long rough plank, with rude wheels at each end, and a swinging bar beneath, I can give no more specific term. Upon this (I blush to record it) the whole party were obliged to mount astride, packed closer than was perhaps quite convenient, and holding on one another for support, with our feet resting on the unsteady bar beneath: In the narrow passage we had now entered no other position would have been practicable. "*On s'accoutume à tout,*" said Madame, as her gentle arm encircled my waist. I answered by a most equivocal sigh, and off we set. Our steed was a nimble youth, who harnessed himself in front, another acting as steersman behind, and as our wheels ran in an iron rail, and the passage lay on a gentle slope, no exertion beyond that of running and guiding the machine was required. The lads seemed to

enjoy the fun, and the faster they gallopped, the closer were we obliged to cling for safety, the impetus of the moment threatening to dash us against the rocky sides. The length of this passage was 7800 feet, having consumed in its formation the incessant labour of forty-four years.

At last a tiny star twinkled in the extreme distance, and in our rapid career seemed to advance to welcome us: the light of day dawned wider and brighter, and in another instant, emerging from the bowels of the mountain, the overpowering radiance of a splendid setting sun fell in showers of gold around us. The veil seemed rent from our eyes, and the glories of the temple revealed to our aching vision. Never had that firmament appeared so overwhelmingly dazzling, nor this fair earth so surpassingly lovely; every object seemed steeped in gold,—every mountain glowing with light. This sudden transition from the dank vapours and intense darkness (darkness that could be felt) of our subterranean tour was too powerful, and we stood blinded and bewildered, till the laughter of an increasing crowd of peasants, who had witnessed our sorti, summoned the mantling blushes to the cheeks of our fair companion, who thus recalled to a painful sense of her strange attire, fled like a frightened bird into an adjacent cottage. There the same attendant awaited their arrival, and by one of those counter-revolutions which so often take place in that most inexplicable of all machines, the female heart, our next meeting, in our usual dresses, called up those signs of unfeigned embarrassment, which, as long as the immediate cause for them existed, had been successfully stifled. We now bade adieu to Hallein, and turned with regret from our trusty conductors, who, by their tender care of our persons during our various evolutions, had quite won our hearts.

That evening found us again in Salzburg, and that evening formed an important era in the lives of two young and interesting beings, who during our short acquaintance had stolen deeply on my affections.

Thus ended an eventful day; but the next, in the language of Scherazadè, disclosed “a still more wondrous tale;” with which, if the grand Sultan of all mankind think fit to prolong my life for another month, I may probably favour the public.

PLAGUES OF POPULARITY.

“ I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and cries vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.”—*Measure for Measure.*

He was certainly not the last of philosophers, the Grecian who summed up the varied experience gathered by a long course of study in the one maxim, “conceal your life.” We do not merely allude to the comprehension of the dogma—to the many virtues implied in its practice, though these are far from inconsiderable. The man who refuses to court publicity must be governed by great moderation; he must

have laid aside ambition, subdued vanity, and have so conducted himself in all the social relations as to have merited his own esteem, and to stand in no need of adventitious support against the upbraidings of conscience. Add to this the numerous occasions and various ways in which he may be seduced or betrayed into venturing before the public, the blandishments he has to resist, and the many apparent motives of public or of private duty which seem to demand a relaxation of the principle, and it will be admitted that he who uniformly acts up to it to the end, is a man of no common mould and consistency. This consideration, however, does not exhaust all the merit of the maxim. It is not alone the collateral excellence implied in its practice, but the many direct benefits attained, the many direct evils avoided, by the fulfilment of its obligations, that constitute its chief value as a rule of life. To have insisted upon a point of such major importance, was in itself a great stretch of philosophy; but the fact of having discovered it affords a still better claim on the admiration of posterity: for, it was a discovery made in the teeth of an almost universal prejudice to the contrary—a triumph over the natural instincts, which force us, as it were, out of ourselves to seek for notoriety and distinction.

It is now some two thousand years since the dogma was first broached, yet the number of its converts has ever been small. The great mass of its assumed disciples is composed only of those whom nature has made incapable of earning notoriety; while, here and there, a man of tranquil temperament really embraces it; and a small number have its practice forced upon them, by an apprehension of "old Father Antic, the law," and of the penal consequences which would follow rather too immediately for comfort, on their attracting the attention of the public, and of certain of its functionaries, to their persons and whereabouts. With respect to these last, indeed, their conduct is so much determined by that *sera sapientia* which constitutes, it is said, the whole wisdom of fools, that it should scarcely be permitted to weigh in the scale; for it is notorious that the extraordinary anxiety of these persons to conceal themselves uniformly arises from some unfortunate notoriety previously obtained; it being generally in the inverse proportion of a desire manifested by the public to become better informed of their goings on: which desire they have brought on themselves by an antecedent forgetfulness of the maxim they now seek to observe.

With these few exceptions, mankind in general are victims to the blandishments of publicity, and are making perpetual efforts to place themselves, in one way or other, before the eyes of their fellow-citizens. We will not so far abuse the patience of our readers as to instance the more common cases of statesmen, ministers, and senators—of generals and admirals—players, authors, painters, and musicians—who may all plead with Falstaff, that they do but "labour in their vocation." But the malady is not confined to these. Is it not also betrayed in all the endless artifices and ingenuities of advertisers in the newspapers, in "hand-writings on the wall," in attendances upon public meetings, canvassings for parochial offices, letter-writings to the editors of newspapers, and the thousand other similar contrivances of the little frogs of society, who are ambitious of blowing themselves up into the size and proportions of its oxen? The pranks of the smaller fry of "public men with public lives," adopted to keep themselves a step or two above the

crowd, and to arrive at the *digito monstrari et dicier hic est*—are “too numerous to be mentioned;” and so, too, are the wriggings of a large tribe, who attach themselves to different sects in religion, with the same ambitious view; for, down to the little boys who run about the streets with desperate chalk in their hands, scribbling “No popperry” upon dead walls and gateways, they are one and all infected with the *cacoethes* of notoriety, and a vain desire of becoming “somebody.” Nor is this confined to the male sex. To what other purpose do the women flock in such crowds to Exeter Hall meetings, to auxiliary branch bible-meetings, and missionary-meetings? why do they betake themselves to bazaar-holdings, catechisings, cheap-repository-keepings (not overlooking, in our census of the folly, teetotal meetings), if it be not for the pleasure supposed to await on popularity, however small the sphere in which it is to be enjoyed? Nay, the vanity of distinction lies equally at the bottom of the spurred boots and moustachio’d phizzes of the Messieurs Calico of Regent Street—of the splendid bounets of village church-goers—even of the “decent mourning” of the middle classes, which, in nine cases out of ten, is far more an expression of a desire to escape from the nothingness of being reputed nobody, than of loyalty and attachment to the memory of the object of the ceremonial. The difficulty, in fact, of enumerating the several victims to this unhappy passion, great as it is, is less than that of discovering those needles in pottles of hay—the few who escape it.

It is a strange circumstance, then, amidst the multitudes who daily fall into the trap, and repent their simplicity when too late, that no one has been found to forewarn his fellow-creatures of the snare, and, by declaring the miseries of popularity, to open the eyes of the public to the true nature of an *ignis fatuus*, which leads only to the shipwreck of their happiness. Whether or no there be a sort of freemasonry in the affair, like that subsisting among married people—an understood agreement to carry on the humbug, and, like the fox who had lost his tail, to persuade as many more as possible to place themselves in the same false position as themselves—we cannot say; but certain it is, that, if such were the case, the secret could not have been better kept. To us, therefore, has been reserved the task of lifting up the veil, and declaring to the world a part at least of the manifold inconveniences, drawbacks, disadvantages, or, we might say, penal consequences, arising out of the very unenviable condition of a popular man. Perpend, then, oh! ye who are puffed up with a longing after newspaper immortality, ye who gaze with eyes of envious admiration upon each “bright particular star” of the “New Monthly” or “Blackwood”—who sicken over the long list of fashionable doings in the “Court Journal,” when your own names are not therein enrolled, or whose little hearts beat high with exultation, when, by some piece of editorial condescension, they do figure there,—ye adorers of the Cabeiri of the pencil and the lyre—and ye who look up with a daring spirit of rivalry upon the aerial Mr. Green, the pneumatobatic Graham, or Duke Phaeton and his umbrella,—incline your ears to our narration, mark, listen, learn, and awake from your ivory dreams of the enchantments of popularity.

Popularity! what is it? whence comes it? whither does it go? how is it won? how lost? These are mighty questions, which, if properly answered, would perhaps save us the trouble of our narrative; for out of

these elements are created the major part of those various and multiform grievances and afflictions which must compose our tale. But the world has ceased from philosophising, it will not stand being preached at. It looks solely at effects, careless about the causes; it is greedy for results, but impatient of the weary analyses by which the teacher has attained to them. Essences and elixirs it must have, unencumbered with the mother waters, and *capita mortua*, in which nature has enveloped and concealed them. It must find without seeking, reap without sowing; it calls for knowledge that apes intuition—for instruction, which, in the language of the quack doctor's advertisements, "prevents it not from going about its business:" the whole doled out by pennyworths in flying sheets and weekly numbers: a duodecimo is too weighty for it. Such is the public of this present nineteenth century; and to its will we must bow, under pain of being seyt to the trunk-makers. Proceed we therefore with our tale, and, taking popularity as ye find it, hold out a timely warning to those "unhappy young men," and "unfortunate young women," who are smitten with its imaginary charms.

The best method, perhaps, of conveying a fact not directly presentable to the senses is by an image; those who cannot understand a ratiocination will comprehend a type, provided it be tolerably well selected. Hence the advantage of fables and emblems in the instruction of children, and of that mass of ordinary and inapprehensive people, who so closely resemble them. We shall not, therefore, pause to

" — ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;"

but, following the approved example of Menenius Agrippa, desire those of our readers who are aspirant worshippers of the *arbitrium popularis auræ* to figure to themselves the position of the successful candidate at an election, hoisted into an unsteady and uneasy seat upon the shoulders of four men, who, however unanimous in the choice of a member, are most geographically dissentient as to the speed and direction of their several progressions. Around him, in a dense phalanx, stand, move, or reel, his tried and most profusely perspiring friends, rendering back the beer he has liberally supplied them with, in the form of vapours, of which "a sweet smelling savour" is not the predominant characteristic. Above their heads, in multiplied gyrations revolve their cudgels, dangerous to all within their reach; and from their mouths proceed ear-piercing shrieks; while, in the back-ground, an opposing train of enemies, the zealous promoters of a perpetual motion, suffer no chance atoms to remain at rest, but, impressing all things movable into their service, sticks, stones, mud, eggs (not of to-day), cabbage-stalks, dead cats, &c. &c. (*furor arma ministrat*), keep up an incessant volley against the person thus elevated into a mark by a peoples' choice. There, "there's honour for you!" Watch it as it proceeds, haply under a heavy storm of wind and rain, staggering and swaggering along, every step at the risk of life, or at best under the terrors of a broken limb, or a poached eye; and say to yourself, such is popularity under all its forms, and maugre all its seductions.

The fact is, that, among the numerous members of the "uneasy classes," none suffer more constant and more varied annoyances than the victims of popularity. In order to endure them, without an immo-

derate impatience, it is necessary to be born to the business (the amenity and *sang froid* with which the native aristocrat ordinarily sustains the ennui are perfectly edifying); or, at all events, a long apprenticeship is required to fit the back to the burden. When, after passing a youth and prime in contented obscurity, a man "has fortune thrust upon him," and finds himself, without knowing how or why, suddenly popular, there are few constitutions that can bear the shock. If, for example, a plain, honest man, who has passed by slow gradations through the subaltern ranks of the navy, though not wholly "unknown to fame," yet without attaining to that sort of notoriety which leads to the popular, —if such a person happens to have been suddenly sent in search of the north-pole, or to have conducted a royal bride to her husband, he will find himself just in the situation to be victimized by popular favour. So, too, will the recluse who has stumbled on a subject for his pen which sets the world staring, or an humble and modest professor whom fashion, in want of a sensation, votes to be *bon ton*, or a foreigner whom caprice takes up for the moment. Such a person will not long have enjoyed his elevation before he will discover that he has lost the mastery of himself, and has become the property of the public, its ox, its ass, and its servant of all work. Not a movement can he make, but under the direction of his tyrant; not an intention can he fulfil, but as his master permits. Does he long to visit his aged parents, to return to his home and his family, to enjoy even one afternoon's quiet in a *tête-à-tête* dinner with a friend of his own—society is inexorable. He must stay to feast with Lord A., to be present at the Duchess of B.'s *fête champêtre*; he will never be forgiven if he omits Mrs. C. D.'s *conversazione*, and Sir John E. will take no excuse for his *déjeûné dinatoire*. It is in vain that his physician prescribes seclusion and a strict diet; it is to no purpose that his own tastes and habits are retiring. Go he must everywhere; he is, as the French say, *arraché*,—that is, torn to pieces by conflicting candidates for his envied presence; no matter if he dies in consequence of gout, of dyspepsia, or of pure fatigue. Then for his mornings: haply he has business to settle with his attorney, he has his banker's account to check, he has to visit the Lords of the Admiralty, to conclude the purchase of an estate, or to win a young lady for his wife; he has, perhaps, a book to bring out, MSS. to consult in the British Museum, commissions to execute for friends, curious and interesting collections to visit, experiments to make; in short, he has, he must have, some of the many indispensable duties to perform, from which no class in society is wholly exempt: no matter, he must first return the thousand-and-one visits which every idle and self-conceited blockhead in town thinks he has a right to exact from him, *à charge d'autant*. He must walk himself into a fever, or ruin himself in coach-hire, day by day, to get through his daily task; and still, like the stone of Sisyphus, he will never be rolled to the end of his journey. At his return home, a *pack* of fresh intruders will stare him in the face from his dressing-room table, larger than that he has cleared off; and the last condition of that man will be worse than the former. Nor does the labour of the morning end there; jaded and worn out as he returns from these his enforced perambulations, he must, before he dresses, sit down and answer the endless variety of notes, billets, and cards of invitation, which load his table. He has Lady Betty to accept, Sir Harry to refuse; he must

apologize to one, arrange with another, explain to a third, ask a week's delay with a fourth, and answer all sorts of inquiries from all sorts of persons, on all sorts of particulars in which he is in no possible way personally interested.

From the popular man, also, all the sly enjoyments of life are torn. He cannot mob it to see a play in the pit, he cannot even venture in an omnibus to the city. He dare not accompany a fair friend to Vauxhall, nor enjoy the luxury of being alone in a crowd. Wherever he thus disappears in public, he will suddenly find himself the centre of a circle, all eyes, and all, directed to his person; and the next morning every newspaper of the town will trumpet forth his "doings." However it may suit his fortunes, he cannot dine at a cheap tavern, and take his glass of "cold without," as a substitute for the costly wines which lighten his pocket and load his stomach. Indeed, it is in this respect of dinners that your popular man is most especially aggrieved. If the dinners placed at his command were equally distributed over the whole year, he never need go to a chop-house at all; but they are usually heaped up thick and threefold upon those exclusive summer months, which constitute the winter season of London. At that time, a popular man is overloaded, oppressed, overwhelmed with the numbers of his cards. What can he do? Few persons can dine three or four times in one day, like poor Charles Dignum, of song-singing notoriety. Besides, every one now dines at the same hour, and the best digesting stomach in the world cannot be in two places at once. On the other hand, the loss of a dinner is a serious evil *per se*; to say nothing of the difficulty of selection, and the horror of a positive and indissoluble engagement to a mediocre house, when the long-desired card comes in from Lord I—, or from R—s. There are, to be sure, those who can cut this Gordian knot by cutting the modest Amphitryon who stands in their way, at the risk of being cut in return, once and for ever, by the offended party; but the number thus favoured by the gods is not very great. In general, men who respect no other human ties are faithful to their dinner engagements; though, like Pistol over his leek, they "cat and swear." Whether they carry their Christianity so far as to forgive the innocent causes of these delicate distresses, is more than we will take upon ourselves to affirm.

A popular man is a butt for all the world to shoot at. He is universally applied to in all manner of distresses, by those who do know him, and by those who do not. There is not a "widow with seven small children," a respectable tradesman "overwhelmed by a concatenation of untoward events," a clergyman whose "expenses have exceeded his income," or an elderly maiden escaped, in her *chemise*, from "the late calamitous fire," who does not make him acquainted with their respective misfortunes, and look to him for relief. The Duke of Wellington, we dare be sworn, has received more letters from the widows of officers slain at Waterloo, than ever fell in all his campaigns; and there is not a successful actor on the stage who could not furnish his quota of a correspondence with self-dubbed Thespians, dated from half the gaols of England. But if your popularity be literary, there is positively no end of this persecution. Every day brings its epic, or its drama, its novel in three volumes, or its voyage in two, with a modest request to wade through the ill-written MS.—criticise, amend, write a preface, and

recommend to a publisher, or to friends for subscription. To say nothing of incessant "double letters from Northamptonshire," or, worse still, large packets from America, like those quoted by Mr. Lockhart in his life of Sir Walter—all for the further promotion of such tyrannical designs against your purse and person. To comply with such requests would be a total surrender of personal freedom; to refuse is to make an enemy who will slander you anonymously in the newspapers and journals for the rest of your life. Nay, even if you comply, and

————— drop into unwilling ears

The saving council, 'keep your piece nine years,'"

your case is not amended; it is all set down as envy, hatred, and malice, and jealousy of a new rival venturing into the market. But even to criticise is safer than to praise; no mortal ever yet peppered sufficiently high to content the vanity of an author of this intrusive disposition. Upon the subject of postage, also, there is another plague of popularity to mention—the persecutions of the twopenny post. There is a floating capital of envy and of paltry malignity in the world, of which the littleness is only equalled by the intensity. For this feeling anonymous letter-writing is the accustomed vent; so that there are few popular persons—no matter the cause of their popularity—who do not, about once a-week or so, get their twopenny-worth, beginning with "You infernal scoundrel," or "You conceited ass," and accusing them of more vices than can be found in the catalogue of a Catholic confessor. If a woman be the object, you may be certain, too, of indecencies unheard of in Broad St. Giles's. Now, though this be all despicable enough, it is also painfully disgusting. It gives too close an insight into the meanness, vulgarity of mind, and total unworthiness, abounding in society, makes one sick of one's fellow-creatures, and moreover, it is in the long run rather expensive.

Another pleasant appendage to popularity is its attracting the especial attention of madmen. The papers perpetually announce the visits these persons pay to kings and ministers, and the hairbreadth escapes of such exalted personages; but the evil extends to all classes whose names are before the public. Actresses (more especially if they be young and handsome) have their lives embittered by lunatic lovers, who keep them in constant apprehension and alarm, and sometimes fire at them from the pit, or Hackman-ize them in their passage to their hackney-coach. Next to these, scarcely less annoying and almost as lunatic, are the hosts of curious impertinents who force themselves into the presence of eminent men, for the pleasure of staring at live lions, or haply for the profit of "putting them into their book." A fellow of this description will call on a popular author, pretending to mistake him for another person of the same name; or he will trump up an imaginary business, and, after having detained him half an hour with its details, will fairly own the trick, and acknowledge that it was a stratagem to arrive into his presence. Then, in six months, out comes a printed catalogue of the visatee's furniture, the decorations of his chamber, his personal peculiarities and infirmities, with a full and particular account of all his opinions of men and things, which, in the presumed sanctity of familiar chat, he has been trapped into uttering; and right lucky will he be, if nothing be added nor distorted in the ingenuous narrative. We say nothing of

the many visits thus paid upon *bonâ fide* letters of recommendation—for the bore is the same—only this, that it is a case meriting legislative interference, to determine who shall, and who shall not, have a right to draw such generous drafts upon their eminent acquaintances.

Last, though not least, in this long list of grievances, must be set down the morbid state of feeling which popularity engenders in its victims! Odious and detestable as their public life must, on bitter experience, become, it, at the same time, grows to be habitual; and, however much the victim may pant for a return to the snug domesticity of an obscure lot, he will, on making the experiment, find himself perfectly unfitted for enduring it. Publicity has become his torment; but it is a torment with which he cannot afford to part. It has stolen upon him, like brandy on a drunkard, and grown into a necessary stimulus. It is "like the breath of heaven; without it he dies." Incessant, therefore, are the efforts which the popular man makes, and must make, to keep himself before the world; and the very greatest and best are not exempted from this necessity. A large part even of the extravagancies with which Byron's glorious memory is reproached may fairly be attributed to a thirsting after that species of immortality, which was the more urgent, the more its object seemed to be retiring from his grasp. The desire for notoriety grows with what it feeds on; and so ravenous does the appetite become, that the Popes and the Drydens, as well as the Dennises and the Cibbers, are brought to an harassing conviction that it is "better be d——d than not be named at all." Hence a nervous solicitude to be seen everywhere, and mentioned on every occasion; a restless impatience at the oversights of newspaper reporters, or at the sneers of petty critics, or, worse still, at the successes of contemporaries. Hence intrigues to get up public dinners, or to obtain addresses, no matter from whom, though it be but from a freemason's lodge, or a country club of odd fellows. Has it not been known that, under this morbid fear of oblivion, men have had their legs broken, caused themselves to be shipwrecked, nay, even to be laid out for dead—in the newspapers—and all merely to get an opportunity of coming once more before the public, in a subsequent contradiction. To this cause, also, we should attribute a part of that egregious coxcombry of more than one of our well-known candidates for popularity, who, not content with the social *passé par tout* which successful authorship affords, seek by a thousand personal affectations and sillinesses to attract all eyes to themselves, and hating even the pretty women who divide attention with them in a fashionable assembly.

But we are growing personal; and it is time to stop. We shall conclude by thanking Heaven for our own anonymity, grateful that, popularly speaking, we are "*rien; pas même aculémicien*;" and rejoicing in the certainty that our own person is, and ever will be, comfortably concealed from the "garish eye" of our readers in the "New Monthly," by the mystic monogram,

BEN JONSON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

WE know too little of the men of genius we would "give our hearts away" to know more about. We would know, accurately, no matter how minutely, what they were—what they looked like—how they "lived, moved, and had their being"—what were their daily difficulties—how mastered—how they were encouraged—how thwarted—and how they surmounted all, and rose at last pre-eminent. There is a craving void—if not "an aching void"—in our desire to learn what Shakspeare really and truly was—what were his daily habits of study, labour, ease, and enjoyment—his friends—his enemies, if that gentle spirit could have had enemies—how he rose, and by what gradations, to the great height of his eternal fame, and how, when he had performed "the work of his high calling," forgetful of himself—careless even to injustice to himself—he modestly, with no noise, walked down into "the quiet vale of years," and was seen and heard no more!—for let the contemners of his genius say what they will, his was a high and mighty task, well worked out, and nobly and completely finished.

A highly amusing and instructive book might be written upon the little that is known of the lives of all our early poets—piecing and dove-tailing all the scattered facts and allusions made by themselves and their contemporaries to the habits and manners of the men—who were their companions, and who their friends, social, worldly, and literary—what were their sources of instruction, how employed—and in how much they were under obligations to them—their competitors, and their imitations and rivalries of each other—how their geniuses grew, and what was their progression. And when facts and data failed the historian of their lives and writings, he should have large liberty of conjecture allowed him to fill up the voids, and work up the mental whole-length portraits of the men. No living writer could, perhaps, do greater justice to such a task than the elder D'Israeli. He has partly performed this labour; but there is room for a completer work, bringing every scattered line and trait together—the least and most slight allusion—the commendatory couplets of contemporaries—letters—all: so that one might have at one grasp all that appertains to the history of the men and their works: the book to be compiled and heaped together in the admiring spirit and in the exactest letter of good old gossiping Mr. John Nichols, in his anecdotes of literature and literary men of the last century.

I was led to entertain this wish by meeting with two or three facts—(for such I take them to be)—in the private history of Ben Jonson, which have, as far as I have seen, escaped his most industrious biographers. You learn more, perhaps, of the personal habits of the poet from a jocund verse of Robert Herrick's than you gain from many a page of sober prose. You get, at least, at the convivial character of the man; and if you have any speculation in your eyes, may easily complete the picture—and great, good-humoured, sober and unsobber Ben stands visibly before you—"living as he looked."

Ben was, it must be told, a little too fond of the *Mermaid*, and no wonder!—for under the auspices of that fish-and-flesh landlady met a greater combination of men of talent and genius than ever mingled

together before or since. The celebrated club held at that equally celebrated tavern originated with Sir Walter Raleigh; and there, for many a long year, Ben Jonson repaired with Shakspeare, the inseparable pair Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Martin, Donne, Robert Herrick, Alleyne the player, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and regret. Here the "wit-combats," which Fuller speaks of in his book of "Worthies," took place. Describing these, he says, "Many were the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning—solid, but slow in his performances: Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Who that now sips his Claret at Crockford's would not prefer to have dropt in at the *Mermaid* in Cornhill, where these brave battles of the brain were fought, and where the quaint and humorous old Ben, forgetting all rivalry with the simple-hearted and unambitious Shakspeare, kept his table-roarers about him, as long as canary-butts would flow, and life would let him, trolling his fine old rough-flavoured songs, with a tongue sweet and smooth with sherris?

What is said of Herrick will apply without alteration to his friend Ben:—"Our poet seems to have been gifted with no small portion of the conviviality and propensity of that bon-vivant, Falstaff. His relish for sack he records himself in pretty marked characters: whether, like the facetious knight, he flavoured it with sugar, the legend does not inform us." Herrick, perhaps, took so kindly to his cups out of "nice affection" and true filial piety for his poetical father, Jonson; he followed his precepts and his practice—because both were agreeable. Jonson was no wine-and-water poet: he was for no dilutions—no weakenings of the "frantick liquor"—he was for wine, and wit, the heightener of wine: he would not, as Herrick says, "prevaricate" in his loving, unadulterous allegiance to "sack;" and when, as Sir John Mennis sings,

"Old sack
Young Herrick took, to entertain
The Muses in a sprightly vein,"

Ben drew up his stool to the table, and did not care if he tossed off a glass with the Reverend Robert, a parson of the true old Protestant, anti-Presbyterian stamp, loving a verse and a tierce of wine in equal proportions—and hating nothing but empty flasks and puritanical Round-heads, as friends and canters off of water, and enemies and canters against wit. Ben knew right well that wine made him, as it made Herrick,

"Airy, active to be borne,
Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn;
nimble as the winged Hours,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams."

And when Herrick, in his "Welcome to sack," invoked Apollo's curse upon himself, if ever he turned

"Apostate to his love,"

and desired these odious stigmas and circumstances of contempt might fall upon him,—

" Call me ' the son of Beer,' and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf ! Let wine
Ne'er shine upon me ! May my numbers all
Run to a sudden death and funeral !"

" Amen !" did pious Ben ejaculate, and ordered honest Master
" Anon, anon, Sir !" to bring in another bevy of bottles. Merry doings
were done at the *Mermaid* in that day !

Herrick—who was of a kindred spirit, and loved sack as affectionately
as " Saint Ben," as he, in the devotion of good-fellowship, canonizes
Jonson—makes us acquainted with some other tavern-haunts of canary-
bibbing Ben. Here is an Ode to him, which is at once lyrical and
Herrickal :—

" Ah ! Ben,
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat—outdid the frolick wine !

" My Ben !
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus :
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend,
And, having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more."

No wonder that, with these taverning habits, Jonson lived poor and
died no richer. He ceased to swallow sherris and chirp over canary,
on the 16th August, (28th N. S.) 1637. Herrick's epitaph upon him
would not be unworthy of his monument :—

" Here lies Jonson, with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known ?
Ask his story, not the stone ;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory.—So farewell."

Hear the hearty Herrick again, how he worships him when he was

" ———— dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone !"

in what he styles an ' Epigram upon Mr. Ben Jonson : ' " thus sings
he :"—

" After the rare arch-poet, Jonson, died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood :
The cirque prophaned was, and all postures rackt ;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare—not act ;

Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster—but not speak:
 No holy rage, or frantick fires, did stir,
 Or flash about the spacious theatre;
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praise's proof
 Did crack the playhouse sides, or cleave her roof:
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant Ignorance came in,—
 Such ignorance as theirs was who once hiss'd
 At thy unquall'd play, the Alchymist:
 O fie upon 'em! Lastly, too, all wit
 In utter darkness did, and still will sit,
 Sleeping the luckless age out—till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee."

Prophetic verses these! The poet must have looked forward into the coming time, and have seen "the cirque prophaned" where Shakspeare and where Jonson walked—as now it is.

Herrick loved "the old man eloquent." Hear his "Prayer to Ben Jonson."

"When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have pray'd thee,
 For old Religion's sake,
 SAINT BEN, to aid me!

"Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, THY HERRICK,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my lyric!

"Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar;
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my Psalter!"

Doth not this smack of sweet affection—of an almost devotional love for his old master in wit, and wine, and verse?

Jonson seems to have reigned, like his learned namesake after him, first professor of dogmatism in the literary circle of his day. He was, however, looked up to with more of good-humoured reverence than his successor in the critical chair: indeed his contemporaries appear to have tendered a sort of filial and affectionate obedience to him, which the latter never won from any of his scared and timid worshippers: the one ruled over his literary subjects like a beneficent Bacchus, whilst the other rode over his slaves like a Vishnu, crushing and grinding them to dust with the ponderous wheels of the car wherein he sat self-enshrined.

From the following quaint letter by Howel, the celebrated epistolary writer, we learn, first, that Ben was considered a sort of literary father among the wits who looked up to him; secondly, that Ben was a great collector of *grammars*, which throws a confirming light on his reputed love of the erudite and the verbal; and, thirdly, (which illustrates an unnoticed chapter in his domestic history,) that either his chimney or his house had twice nearly served him up as a burnt-offering to the domestic Lares. But to the letter: here it is:—

"To my futher, Mr. Ben Jonson.

"FATHER BEN,—'Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura demeritis,' (There's no great wit without some mixture of madness,) so saith the philosopher: nor was he a fool who answered, 'Nec parvum, sine mix-

tura stultitiæ' (Nor small wit without some alloy of foolishness). Touching the first, it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad, You were mad when you writ your 'Fox;' and madder when you writ your 'Alchymist;' you were mad when you first writ 'Catiline,' and stark mad when you writ 'Sejanus;' but when you writ your 'Epigrams,' and the 'Magnetic Lady,' you were not so mad: insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean, is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of: 'Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:' that true enthusiasm which transports and elevates the souls of poets above the middle region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to heaven, to touch the stars with their laureled heads, to walk in the zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errands.

"I cannot yet light upon Dr. Davies his Welsh Grammar: before Christmas I am promised one: so desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatened you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns, I rest

"Your Son, and contiguous neighbour,

"JAMES HOWEL."

"Westminster, 27th June, 1629."

In a second letter to Father Ben, Howel informs him that he has at last procured him "Dr. Davies his Welsh Grammar," and accompanies the present to his poetical parent with some splay-footed verses, which in thought, and sometimes in the turn of the lines, show Howel to have been not unworthy such a "right merrie and conceited" old father-in-literature. A third letter to Ben contains a French version of the old story—of a lady eating of her lover's heart, served up at table by her jealous and revengeful husband. This frightful tragedy he recommends to Jonson "as choice and rich stuff" to put upon his "loom, and make a web of." In the same letter he tells him "that he had been much censured at court" for falling foul upon Sir Inigo Jones; and flatters him when he says that he had written against the great architect "with a porcupine's quill, dipped in gall."

It is remarkable that Howel, who names in the long series of his letters, spreading over many years, almost all the men of note and mark in that great period, never once, that I can find, alludes to Shakspeare, his correspondent's contemporary and friend—never once quotes a line from him—nor names one immortal work of his, as if he had never lived, or was unknown! Was this forgetfulness of him intended as homage of his "father Ben," or was it ignorance, and want of taste? One can hardly think it was the latter: it is, therefore, curious.

What an age must that have been in which such men as Sidney, Spenser, Bacon, Lopez de Vega, Calderon, Drayton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Jonson, Galileo, Quevedo, Inigo Jones, John Fletcher, Beaumont, Herrick, Chapman, Ford, Harvey, the great discoverer in anatomy, Selden, "the learned wit," and fifty more men, almost as eminent, lived and moved upon this stage, seeing and hearing each other—watching each other's rising and setting—basking in the shine—mourning the decline! But great men make great men: great rulers make great subjects. Heaven has perhaps given us another Elizabeth: is it too much to hope that it may give us another Shakspeare, and contemporaries worthy of him? Let us hope!

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THE ITALIAN GIRL TO HER ENGLISH LOVER.

(BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "BRIDE OF SIENA.")

THE early violets you gave were sweet,
And, wither'd, will endure through many a year
Faded and pale ; when they my gaze shall meet
In after life I'll greet them with a tear.

A tear of passionate regret for hours
Wing'd by thy presence—hours that would seem,
But that I fondly clasp these deep blue flow'rs,
Less a reality than some sweet dream !

Yet why, when all around me tells of love,
Of spring, of hope, and all their buoyant train,
Why, bodling spirit, to the future rove ?
Why turn from present bliss to coming pain ?

Alas ! alas ! twin-born with love is grief,
Co-heirs of this warm woman-heart of mine ;
Vainly Love wreathes the rose : in dark relief
Sorrow, the tear-gemm'd cypress will entwine

Thou wilt go forth ; and in that hallow'd isle
All unforgotten, even by my side,
Warm hearts will welcome—deep-blue eyes will smile
And gentle sighs thy long delay will chide.

And household words, and home's sweet welcomings,
And that warm fire-side you love so well !
I sing them, dearest ! like the swan who sings
With breaking heart her own prophetic knell !

Do not disturb this current of sad thought—
A word would make it seem reality :
Were this dark picture by thy fancy wrought,
Death should immortalize my memory !

It may be—must be : from my own sad heart
I can endure this deadly prophecy ;
My spirit whispers, 'tis decreed, we part !
When thine confirms it, dear one ! I can die !

I mark'd the summer bee, the blushing rose
He won, he left her for an humbler flow'r ;
Vainly warm zephyrs woo'd : ere evening's close
The fair rose droop'd and perish'd in her bower.

There is a master-hand—that hand can bring
Sweet music, from my else aye silent lute ;
Vainly a stranger's hand would touch the string ;
That loyal lyre for all but thee is mute !

There is a master-spirit—one alone !
The deep devotion of this heart can wake :
That master-hand—that master-spirit gone !
Lyre and heart all silently will break !

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XIII.

"**FAR** be it from me to wish to annoy you, my son," said Father Mathias, as with difficulty he kept pace with the rapid strides of Philip, who was now within a quarter of a mile of his home; "but still recollect that this is but a transitory world, and that much time has elapsed since you quitted this spot. For that reason I would fain desire you, if possible, to check these bounding aspirations after happiness, these joyful anticipations in which you have indulged since we quitted the vessel. I hope and trust in the mercy of God, that all will be right, and that, in a few minutes, you will be in the arms of your much-loved wife; but still in proportion as you allow your hopes to be raised, so will you inevitably have them crushed by disappointment." At Flushing we were told that there has been a dreadful visitation in this land, and Death may not have spared a victim so young and fair."

"Let us haste on, Father," replied Philip. "What you say is true, and suspense becomes more dreadful."

Philip increased his speed, leaving the old man to follow him: he arrived at the bridge and wooden gate. It was then about seven o'clock in the morning, for they had crossed the Scheldt at the dawn of day.

Philip observed that the lower shutters were still closed: "they might have been up and stirring before this," thought he, as he put his hand to the latch of the door. It was not fastened. Philip entered: there was a light burning in the kitchen; he pushed open the door, and beheld a maid-servant leaning back in her chair in a profound sleep. Before he had time to go in and awaken her, he heard a voice at the top of the stairs, which said, "Marie, is that the doctor?"

Philip waited no longer; in three bounds he was on the landing-place above, and brushing by the person who had spoken, he opened the door of Amine's room.

A floating wick in a tumbler of oil gave but a faint and glimmering light; the curtains of the bed were drawn, and by the side was kneeling a figure which was well known to Philip—that of Father Seysen. Philip recoiled, the blood retreated to his heart; he could not speak, but, panting for breath, he supported himself against the wall, and at last vented his agony of feeling by a deep groan, which aroused the priest, who turned his head, and, perceiving who it was, rose from his knees and extended his hand to Philip in silence.

"She is dead, then!" at last exclaimed Philip.

"No, my son, not dead; but there is little hope. The crisis is at hand; in one more hour her fate will be decided, whether she be to be restored to your arms or follow the many hundreds which this fatal epidemic has consigned to the tomb."

Father Seysen then led Philip to the side of the bed and withdrew the curtain. Amine lay insensible, but breathing heavily; her eyes were closed. Philip seized her burning hand—knelt down—pressed it to his lips—and burst into a paroxysm of tears. So soon as he was

more composed, Father Seysen persuaded him to rise and sit with him by the side of the bed.

"This is a melancholy sight at your return, Philip," said he; "and to you who are so ardent, so impetuous, it must be doubly so; but God's will be done. Remember there is yet hope,—not strong hope, I grant, but still there is hope, for so told me the medical man who has attended her, and who will return, I expect, in a few minutes. Her disease is a typhus fever, which has swept off whole families during these last two months, and still rages violently; fortunate, indeed, is the house which has to mourn but one victim. I would that you had not arrived just now, for it is a disease easily communicated. Mary have fled from the country for security. To add to our misfortunes we have had a dearth of medical advice, for the physician and the patient have been swept away together."

The door now was slowly opened, and a dark tall man in a brown cloak, with a sponge of vinegar held to his nose, entered the room. He bowed his head to Philip and the priest, and then went to the bed-side. For a minute he held his fingers to the pulse of the sufferer, then laying down her arm, he put his hand to her forehead, and covered her up with the bed-clothes. He handed to Philip the sponge of vinegar, making a sign that he should use it, and beckoned Father Seysen out of the room.

In a minute the priest returned. "I have received his directions, my son; he thinks that she may be saved. The clothes must be kept on her, and replaced if she throws them off; but everything will depend upon quiet and calm after she returns to her senses."

"Surely we can promise her that," replied Philip.

"It is not the knowledge of your return, or even the sight of you, which alarms me. Joy seldom kills, even when the shock is great, but there are other causes."

"What are they, holy Father?"

"Philip, it is now thirteen days that Affine has raved, and during that period I have seldom quitted her but to perform the duties of my office to those who required it. I have been afraid to leave her, Philip, for in her ravings she has told such a tale, unconnected as it has been, that has thrilled my soul with horror. It evidently has long been heavy on her mind, and must retard her recovery. Philip Vanderdecken, you may remember that I would once have had the secret from you,—the secret which forced your mother to her tomb, and which now may send your young wife to follow her, for it is evident that she knows all. Is it not true?"

"She does know all," replied Philip, mournfully.

"And she has in her delirium told all. Nay, I trust she has told more than all; but of that we will not speak now: watch her, Philip. I will return in half an hour, for by that time, the doctor tells me, the symptoms will decide whether she will return to reason, or be lost to you for ever."

Philip whispered to the priest that he had been accompanied by Father Mathias, who was to remain as his guest, and requested him to explain the circumstances to him, and see that he was attended to, and Father Seysen then quitted the room.

Philip sat down by the bedside, and drew back the curtain.

Perhaps there is no situation in existence so trying or so agonizing to the feelings as that in which Philip was now placed. The heart leaping, with anticipation, swelling with joyful emotions, expecting to embrace in health and beauty the object of his warmest affections, of his continual thought during his long absence, suddenly checked in the current of its warm blood by disappointment, anxiety, and grief. To find that which he hoped to meet, radiant in joy and beauty, as she shrieked with delight, and flew into his warm embrace, lying emaciated, changed, corrupted with disease—her mind overturned—her eyes unconscious of his presence, her existence hanging by a single hair—her frame prostrate before the king of terrors—who hovers over with his uplifted dart—longing for the fiat which shall permit him to pierce his unconscious victim. •

"Alas!" thought Philip, "is it thus we have met, Amine? Truly did Father Mathias advise me, as I hurried so impetuously along, not to happiness, but to misery. God of Heaven! be merciful, and forgive me. If I have loved this angelic creature of thy formation, even more than I have thee, spare her, good Heaven—spare her—or I am lost for ever."

Philip covered up his face, and remained for some time in prayer. He then bent over his Amine, and impressed a kiss upon her burning lips. They were burning, but still there was moisture on them, and Philip perceived that there were also small drops of dew upon her forehead. He felt her hand, and the palm of it was moist; and carefully covering up the bed-clothes, he watched with anxiety and hope.

In a quarter of an hour he had the delight to perceive that Amine was in a profuse perspiration; gradually her breathing became less heavy, and, instead of the passive state in which she had remained, she moved, and became restless. Philip watched, and replaced the clothes as she threw them off, until she at last appeared to have fallen into a profound and sweet sleep. Shortly after, Father Seysen and the physician made their appearance. Philip stated, in few words, what had occurred. The doctor went to the bedside, and in half a minute returned.

"Your wife is spared to you, Mynheer, but it is not advisable that she should see you so unexpectedly; the shock may be too great in her weak state; she must be allowed to sleep as long as possible; on her awaking she will have returned to reason. You must leave her then to Father Seysen."

"May I not remain in the room until she awake? I will then hasten away unobserved."

"That will be useless; the disease is contagious, and you have been too long here already. Remain below; you must change your clothes, and see that they prepare a bed for her in another room, to which she must be transported so soon as you think she can bear it; then let these windows be thrown open, and proper ventilation be resorted to. It will not do to have a wife just rescued from the jaws of death run the risk of falling a sacrifice to the attentions necessary to a sick husband."

Philip perceived the prudence of this advice, and quitting the room with the medical man, went and changed his clothes, and then joined Father Mathias, whom he found in the parlour below.

"You were right, Father," said Philip, throwing himself on the sofa.

"I am old and suspicious, you are young and buoyant, Philip; but I trust all may yet be well."

The Phantom Ship.

"I trust so too," replied Philip, who then remained silent and absorbed in thought, for, now that the imminent danger was over, he was reflecting upon what Father Seysen had communicated to him relative to Amine's having revealed the secret during her state of mental aberration. The priest, perceiving that his mind was occupied, did not interrupt him. An hour had thus passed, when Father Seysen entered the room.

"Return thanks to Heaven, my son. Amine has awaked, and is perfectly sensible and collected. There is now little doubt of her recovery. She has taken the restorative ordered by the doctor, and was so anxious to repose once more, that she would hardly be persuaded to swallow it. She is now again fast asleep, and watched by one of the maidens, and in all probability will not wake for many hours; but every moment of such sleep is precious, and she must not be disturbed. I will now see to some refreshment, which must be needful to us all. Philip, you have not introduced me to your companion, who, I perceive, is of my own calling."

"Forgive me, Sir. You will have great pleasure in making acquaintance with Father Mathias, who has promised to reside with me, I trust, for some time. I will leave you together, and see to the breakfast being prepared, for my neglect of which I trust Father Mathias will accept my apology."

Philip then left the room, and went into the kitchen. Having ordered what was requisite to be taken into the parlour, he put on his hat, and walked out of the house. He could not eat: his mind was in a state of confusion; the events of the morning had been too harassing and exciting, and he felt as if the fresh air was necessary to his existence.

As he proceeded, careless in which direction, he fell in with many with whom he had been acquainted, and from whom he received the condolence at his supposed bereavement, and congratulations when they learnt from him that the danger was over; and from them he also learnt how fatal had been the pestilence.

Not one-third of the inhabitants of Terneuse and the surrounding country remained alive, and those who had recovered were in a state of exhaustion which prevented them from returning to their accustomed occupations. They had combated disease, but remained the prey of misery and want; and Philip mentally vowed that he would appropriate all his savings to the relief of those around him. It was not until more than two hours had passed away that Philip returned to the cottage.

On his arrival he found that Amine still slumbered, and the two priests were below in conversation.

"My son," said Father Seysen, "let us now have a little explanation. I have had a long conference with this good Father, who hath much interested me with his account of the extension of our holy religion among the Pagans. He hath communicated to me much to rejoice and much to grieve for; but among other questions put to him, I have (in consequence of what I have learnt during the mental alienation of your wife) interrogated him upon the point of a supernatural appearance of a vessel in the eastern seas. You observe, Philip, that your secret is known to me, or I could not have put that question. To my surprise he hath stated a visitation of the kind to which he was eye-witness, and which cannot reasonably be accounted for except by supernatural inter-

position. A strange and certainly most awful visitation ! Philip, would it not be better (instead of leaving me in a maze of doubt) that you now confided to us both all the facts connected with this strange history, so that we may ponder on them and give you the benefit of the advice of those who are older than yourself, and who, by their calling, may be able to decide more correctly whether this supernatural power have been exercised by a good or evil intelligence ?

"The holy Father speaks well, Philip Vanderdecken," observed Mathias.

"If it be the work of the Almighty, to whom should you confide, and by whom should you be guided, but by those who do his service on this earth ? If of the evil one, to whom but to those whose duty and wish it is to counteract his baleful influence ? And reflect, Philip, that this secret may lay heavily on the mind of your cherished wife, and may bow her to the grave, as it did your (I trust) sainted mother. With you, and supported by your presence, she may bear it well ; but, recollect how many are the lonely days and nights that she must pass during your absence, and how much she must require the consolation and help of others. A secret like this must be as a gnawing worm, and strong as she may be in courage, must shorten her existence without the support and the balm she may receive from the ministers of our faith. It was cruel and selfish of you, Philip, to leave her, a lone woman, to bear up against your absence, and at the same time oppressed with so fatal a knowledge."

"You have convinced me, holy Father," replied Philip. "I feel that I should, before this, have made you acquainted with this strange history. I will now state the whole of the circumstances which have occurred, but with little hope that your advice can help me, in a case so difficult, and in a duty so peremptory, yet so perplexing."

Philip then entered into a minute detail of all that had passed from the few days previous to his mother's death, until the present time, and when he had concluded, he observed—

"You see, Father, that I have bound myself by a solemn vow—that that vow has been recorded and accepted ; and it appears to me that I have nothing now to do but to follow my peculiar destiny."

"My son, you have told us strange and startling things—things not of this world—if you are not deceived. Leave us now ; Father Mathias and I will consult upon this serious matter, and when we are agreed you shall know what our decision is."

Philip went up stairs to see Amine : she was still in a deep sleep : he dismissed the servant, and watched by the bedside. For nearly two hours did he remain there, when he was summoned down to meet the two priests.

"We have had a long conversation, my son," said Father Seysen, "upon this strange, and, perhaps, supernatural occurrence. I say *perhaps*, for I would have rejected the phrensied communications of your mother, as the imaginings of a heated brain ; and for the same reason I should have been equally inclined to suppose that the high state of excitement that you were in at the time of her death may equally have disordered your intellect ; but, as Father Mathias positively asserts, that a strange if not supernatural appearance of a vessel did take place, on his passage home, and which appearance tallies with and corroborates

the legend, if I may call it, to which you have given evidence; I say that it is not impossible but that it is supernatural."

"Recollect that the same appearance of the Phantom Ship has been permitted to me, and that many others saw it as well."

"Yes," replied Father Seysen; "but who is there alive of those who saw it but yourself? But that is of no matter; we will admit that the whole affair is not the work of man but of a superior intelligence."

"Superior, indeed!" replied Philip. "It is the work of Heaven!"

"That is a point not so easily admitted; there is another power as well as that which is divine—that of the devil!—the arch-enemy of mankind! But as that power, inferior to the power of God, cannot act without his permission, we may indirectly admit that it is the will of Heaven that such signs and portents should be allowed to be given on certain occasions."

"Then our opinions are the same, good Father."

"Nay, not exactly, my son. Elymas, the sorcerer, was permitted to practise his arts—gained from the devil—that it might be proved, by his overthrow and blindness, how inferior was his master to the Divine Ruler; but it does not therefore follow that sorcery generally was permitted. In this instance it may be true that the evil one has been permitted to exercise his power over the captain and crew of that ship, and, as a warning against such heavy offences, the supernatural appearance of the vessel may be permitted. So far we are justifiable in believing. But the great question is, first, whether it be your father who is thus doomed? and, secondly, how far you are necessitated to follow up this mad pursuit, which it appears to me—although it may end in your destruction—cannot possibly be the means of rescuing your father from his state of unhallowed abeyance? Do you understand me, Philip?"

"I certainly understand what you would say, Father; but——"

"Answer me not yet. It is the opinion of this holy father as well as of myself, that, allowing the facts to be as you suppose, that the revelations made to you are not from on high, but the suggestions of the devil, to lead you into danger and ultimately to death; for if it were your task, as you suppose, why did not the vessel appear on this last voyage, and how can you (allowing that you met her fifty times) have communication with that or those which are but phantoms and shadows, not of this world? Now what we propose is, that you should spend a proportion of the money, left by your father, in masses for the repose of his soul, which your mother, in other circumstances, would certainly have done; and that, having so done, you should remain quietly on shore until some new sign should be given to you which may warrant our supposing that you are really chosen for this strange pursuit."

"But my oath, Father—my recorded vow?"

"From that, my son, the Holy Church hath the power to absolve you; and that absolution you shall receive. You have put yourself into our hands, and by our decision you must be guided. If there be wrong, it is we, and not you, who are responsible; but, at present, we will say no more. I will now go up, and so soon as your wife awakens, prepare her for your meeting."

When Father Seysen had quitted the room, Father Mathias debated the matter with Philip. A long discussion ensued, in which similar

arguments were made use of by the priest; and Philip, although not convinced, was, at least, doubtful and perplexed. He left the cottage.

"A new sign—a corroborative sign," thought Philip; "surely there have been signs and wonders enough. Still it may be true that masses for my father's soul may relieve him from his state of torture. At all events, if they decide for me, I am not to blame. Well, then, let us wait for a new sign of the Divine will—if so it must be;" and Philip walked on, occasionally thinking on the arguments of Father Seysen, and oftener thinking of Amine.

It was now evening, and the sun was fast descending. Philip wandered on until, at last, he arrived at the very spot where he had knelt down and pronounced his solemn vow. He recognised it; he looked at the distant hills. The sun was just at the same height; the whole scene, the place, and the time were before him. Again Philip knelt down, took the relic from his bosom and kissed it. He watched the sun; he bowed himself to the earth. He waited for a sign; but the sun sank down and the veil of night spread over the landscape. There was no sign, and Philip rose and walked home towards the cottage, more inclined than before to follow the suggestions of Father Seysen.

On his return, Philip went softly up stairs and entered the room of Amine, whom he found awake and in conversation with the priest. The curtain was closed, and he was not perceived. With a beating heart he remained near the wall at the head of the bed.

"Reason to believe that my husband has arrived!" said Amine, in a faint voice. "Oh tell me, why so?"

"His ship is arrived, we know; and one who had seen her said that all were well."

"And why is he not here, then? Who should bring the news of his return but himself? Father Seysen, either he has not arrived or he is here—I know he must be, if he is, safe and well. I know my Philip too well. Say! is he not here? Fear not, if you say yes; but if you say no, you kill me!"

"He is here, Amine," replied Father Seysen—"here and well."

"Oh God! I thank you; but where is he?" If he is here, he must be in this room, or else you deceive me. Oh, this suspense is death!"

"I am here," cried Philip, opening the curtains.

Amine rose with a shriek, held out her arms, and then fell lifeless back. In a few seconds, however, she was restored, and proved the truth of the good Father's assertion, "that joy does not kill."

We must now pass over the few days during which Philip watched the couch of his Amine, who rapidly regained her strength. So soon as she was well enough to enter upon the subject, Philip narrated all that had passed since his departure; the confession which he had made to Father Seysen, and the result. Amine, too glad that Philip should remain with her, added her persuasions to those of the priests, and, for some little time, Philip talked no more of going to sea.

CHAP. XIV.

Six weeks had flown away, and Amine, restored to her health, wandered over the country, hanging on the arm of her adored Philip, or nestled by his side in their comfortable home. Father Mathias still remained their guest: the masses had been paid for the repose of the soul of Vander-

decken, and more money had been confided to the care of Father Seysen to relieve the sufferings of the afflicted poor. It may be easily supposed one of the chief topics of conversation between Philip and Amine was the decision of the two priests relative to the conduct of Philip. He had been absolved from his oath, but, at the same time that he submitted to the clerical advisers, he was by no means satisfied. His love for Amine, her wishes for his remaining at home, certainly added weight to the fiat of Father Seysen; but, although he in consequence obeyed it more willingly, his doubts of the propriety of his conduct remained the same. The arguments of Amine, who, now that she was supported by the opinion of the priests, had become opposed to Philip's departure; even her caresses with which they were mingled, were effective but for the moment. No sooner was Philip left to himself, or the question had been, for a time, dismissed, than he felt an inward accusation that he was neglecting a sacred duty. Amine perceived how often the cloud was upon his brow; she knew too well the cause, and often did she recommence her arguments and caresses, until Philip forgot that there was aught but Amine in the world.

One morning, as they were seated upon a green bank, picking the flowers which blossomed round them, and tossing them away in pure listlessness, Amine took the opportunity, that she had often waited for, to enter upon a subject hitherto unmentioned.

"Philip," said she, "do you believe in dreams? think you that we may have supernatural communications by such means?"

"Of course we may," replied Philip; "we have proof abundant of it in the holy writings."

"Why, then, do you not satisfy your scruples by a dream?"

"My dearest Amine, dreams come unbidden; we cannot command or prevent them——"

"We can command them, Philip: say that you would dream upon the subject nearest to your heart, and you *shall*!"

"I shall?"

"Yes! I have that power, Philip, although I have not spoken of it. I had it from my mother, with much more that I have never thought of of late. You know, Philip, I never say that which is not. I tell you, that, if you choose, you shall dream upon it."

"And to what good, Amine? If you have power to make me dream, that power must be from somewhere."

"It is, of course: in this country, there are agencies you little think of, but in mine they are still called into use. I have a charm to effect that, Philip, which never fails."

"A charm, Amine! do you, then, deal in sorcery? for such powers cannot be from Heaven."

"I cannot tell. I only know that the power is given."

"It must be from the devil, Amine."

"And why so, Philip? May I not use the arguments of your own priests, who say, 'that the power of the devil is only permitted to be used by divine intelligence, and that it cannot be used without that permission?' Allow it then to be sorcery, or what you please, unless Heaven permitted, it would fail. But I cannot see why we should suppose that it is from an evil source. We ask for a warning in a dream to guide our conduct in doubtful circumstances. Surely the evil one would rather lead us wrong than right!"

"Amine, we may be warned in a dream, as the patriarchs were of old; but to use mystic or unholy charms to procure a vision, is making a compact with the devil."

"Which compact the devil could not fulfil if not permitted by a higher power. Philip, your reasoning is false. We are told that, by certain means duly observed, we may procure the dream we wish. Our observance of those means is certainly the least we can attend to, to prove our sincerity. Forgive me, Philip, but are not observances as necessary in your religion, which I have embraced? Are we not told that the omission of the mere ceremony of water to the infant will turn all future chance of happiness to misery eternal?"

Philip answered not for some time. "I am afraid, Amine," said he, at last, in a slow tone. "I——"

"I fear nothing, Philip, where my intentions are good," replied Amine. "I follow certain means to obtain an end. What is that end? It is to find out (if possible) what may be the will of Heaven in this perplexing case. If it should be through the agency of the devil—what then? He becomes my servant, and not my master; he is permitted by Heaven to act against himself;" and Amine's eyes darted fire as she thus boldly expressed herself.

"Did your mother often exercise her art?" observed Philip, after a pause.

"Not to my knowledge; but it was said that she was most expert. She died young, as you know, Philip, or I should have known much more. Think you, Philip, that this world is solely peopled by such dross as we are?—things of clay—perishable and corruptible? Lords over beasts—and but little better ourselves? Have you not, from your own sacred writings, repeated acknowledgments and proofs of higher intelligences mixing up with mankind, and acting here below? Why should what was then, not be now? and what more harm is there to apply for their aid now than a few thousand years ago? Why should you suppose that they were permitted on the earth then, and not permitted now? What has become of them? Have they perished? have they been ordered back to where?—to heaven? If to heaven—the world and mankind have been left to the mercy of the devil and his agents. Do you suppose that we poor mortals have been thus abandoned? I tell you plainly, I think not. We no longer have the communications with them that we once had, because, as we become more enlightened, we become more proud, and seek them not: but that they still exist—a host of good against a host of evil, invisibly opposing each other—is my conviction. But, tell me, Philip, do you, in your conscience, believe that all that has been revealed to you is a mere dream of the imagination?"

"I do not believe so, Amine; you know well I wish I could."

"Then is my reasoning proved; for if such communications can be made to you, why cannot others? You cannot tell by what agency; your priests say it is that of the evil one; you think it is from on high. By the same rule, who is to decide from whence the dream shall come?"

"Tis true, Amine; but are you certain of your power?"

"Certain of this; but if it pleases superior intelligence to communicate with you, *that* communication may be relied upon. Either you will not dream, but pass away the hours in a deep sleep, or what you dream will be connected with the question at issue."

"Then, Amine, I have made my mind up—I will dream; for at present my mind is racked with contending and perplexing doubts. I would know whether I be right or wrong. This night your art shall be employed."

"Not this night, nor yet to-morrow night, Philip; think you one moment that, in proposing this, I serve you against my own wishes? I feel as if the dream will decide against me, and that you will be commanded to return to your duty; for I tell you honestly, I think not with the priests; but I am your wife, Philip, and it is my duty that you should not be deceived. Having the means, as I suppose, to decide your conduct, I offer them. Promise me that, if I do this, you will grant me a favour which I shall ask as my reward."

"It is promised, Amine, without its being known," replied Philip, rising from the turf; "and now let us go home."

We observed that Philip had invested a large proportion of his funds in Dutch East India Stock previous to his sailing in the *Batavia*: the interest of the money was more than sufficient for the wants of Amine, and, on his return, he found that the funds left in her charge had accumulated. After paying to Father Seysen the sums for the masses, and for the relief of the poor, there was a considerable residue, and Philip had employed this in the purchase of more shares in the India Stock.

The subject of their conversation was not renewed. Philip was rather averse to Amine practising those mystical arts, which, if known to the priests, would have obtained for her, in all probability, the anathema of the church. He could not but admire the boldness and power of Amine's reasonings, but still he was averse to reduce them into practice. The third day had passed away, and no more had been said upon the subject.

Philip retired to bed, and was soon fast asleep; but Amine slept not. So soon as she was convinced that Philip would not be awakened she slipped from the bed and dressed herself. She left the room, and in a quarter of an hour returned, bringing in her hand a small brazier with lighted charcoal, and two small pieces of parchment, rolled up and fixed by a knot to the centre of a narrow fillet. They exactly resembled the phylacteries that were once worn by the Jewish nation, and were similarly applied.

One of them she gently bound upon the forehead of her husband, the other upon his left arm. She threw perfumes into the brazier, and, as the form of her husband was becoming indistinct from the smoke which filled the room, she muttered a few sentences, waved over him a small sprig of some shrub held in her white hand, and then closing the curtains and removing the brazier she sat down by the side of the bed.

"If there be harm," thought Amine, "at least the deed is not his—it is mine; they cannot say that he has practised arts that are unlawful and forbidden by his priests. On my head be it!" And there was a contemptuous curl on Amine's beautiful arched lip, which did not say much for the devotion to her new creed.

Morning dawned, and Philip still slumbered while Amine watched. "'Tis enough," said Amine, who had been watching the rising of the sun, as she beheld his upper limb appear above the horizon. Again she waved her arm over him, holding the sprig in her hand. "Philip, awake!" cried she.

Philip started up, opened his eyes, and shut them again to avoid the glare of the broad day-light, rested upon his elbow, and appeared to be collecting himself.

"Where am I?" exclaimed he. "In my own bed? Yes!" He passed his hand across his forehead, and felt the scroll. "What is this?" continued he, pulling it off and examining it. "And Amine, where is she? Good Heavens! what a dream! Another?" cried he, perceiving the scroll tied to his arm. "I see it now. Amine, it is you." And Philip threw himself down, and buried his face in the pillow.

Amine, in the mean time, had slipped into bed, and had taken her place by Philip's side. "Sleep, Philip, dear! sleep!" said she, putting her arms round him; "we will talk when we wake again."

"Are you there, Amine?" replied Philip, confused. "I thought I was alone; I have dreamed——" And Philip again was fast asleep before he could complete his sentence. Amine, too, tired with watching, slumbered and was happy.

Father Mathias had a long while to wait for his breakfast that morning; it was not till two hours later than usual that Philip and Amine made their appearance.

"Welcome, my children," said he; "you are late."

"We are, Father," replied Amine; "for Philip slept, and I watched till break of day."

"He hath not been ill, I trust," replied the priest.

"No, not ill; but I could not sleep," replied Amine.

"Then didst thou do well to pass the night—as I doubt not thou hast done, my child—in holy watchings."

Philip shuddered; he knew that the watching, had its cause been known, would have been, in the priest's opinion, anything but holy. Amine quickly replied,

"I have, indeed, communed with higher powers, as far as my poor intellect hath been able."

"The blessing of our holy church upon thee, my child!" said the old man, putting his hand upon her head; "and on thee too, Philip."

Philip, confused, sat down to the table; Amine was collected as ever. She spoke little, it is true, and appeared to commune with her own thoughts.

As soon as the repast was finished the old priest took up his breviary, and Amine beckoning to Philip, they went out together. They walked in silence until they arrived at the green spot where Amine had first proposed to him that she should use her mystic power. She then sat down, and Philip, fully aware of her purpose, took his seat by her in silence.

"Philip," said Amine, taking his hand and looking earnestly in his face, "last night you dreamed."

"I did, indeed, Amine," replied Philip, gravely.

"Tell me your dream; for it will be for me to expound it."

"I fear it needs but little exposition, Amine. All I would know is, from what intelligence the dream has been received?"

"Tell me your dream," replied Amine, calmly.

"I thought," replied Philip, mournfully, "that I was sailing as captain of a vessel round the Cape: the sea was calm and the breeze light

I was abaft ; the sun went down, and the stars were more than usually brilliant ; the weather was warm, and I lay down on my cloak, with my face to the heavens, watching the gems twinkling in the sky and the occasionally falling meteors. I thought that I fell asleep, and awoke with a sensation as if sinking down. I looked around me ; the masts, the rigging, the hull of the vessel—all had disappeared, and I was floating by myself upon a large, beautifully-shaped shell on the wide waste of waters. I was alarmed, and afraid to move, lest I should overturn my frail bark and perish. At last, I perceived the fore-part of the shell pressed down, as if a weight were hanging to it ; and soon afterwards a small white hand, which grasped it. I remained motionless, and would have called out that my little bark would sink, but could not. Gradually a figure raised itself from the waters, and leaned with both arms over the fore-part of the shell, where I first had seen but the hand. It was a female, in form beautiful to excess ; the skin was white as driven snow ; her long, loose hair covered her, and the ends floated in the water ; her arms were rounded and like ivory : she said, in a soft sweet voice—

“ ‘ Philip Vanderdecken, what do you fear ? Have you not a charmed life ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I know not,’ replied I, ‘ whether my life be charmed or not ; but this I know, that it is in danger.’ ”

“ ‘ In danger ! ’ replied she ; ‘ it might have been in danger when you were trusting to the frail works of men, which the waves love to rend to fragments—your *good* ships, as you call them, which but float about upon sufferance ; but where can be the danger when in a mermaid’s shell, which the mountain wave respects, and the cresting surge dare not throw its spray upon ? Philip Vanderdecken, you have come to seek your father ! ’ ”

“ ‘ I have,’ replied I ; ‘ is it not the will of Heaven ? ’ ”

“ ‘ It is your destiny—and destiny rules all above and below. Shall we seek him together ? This shell is mine ; you know not how to navigate it ; shall I assist you ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Will it bear us both ? ’ ”

“ ‘ You will see,’ replied she, laughing, as she sank down from the fore-part of the shell, and immediately afterwards appeared at the side, which was not more than three inches above the water. To my alarm, she raised herself up, and sat upon the edge, but her weight appeared to have no effect. As soon as she was seated in this way—for her feet still remained in the water—the shell moved rapidly along, and each moment increased its speed, without any propelling power than that of her volition.

“ ‘ Do you fear now, Philip Vanderdecken ? ’ ”

“ ‘ No ! ’ replied I.

“ She passed her hands across her forehead, threw aside the tresses which had partly concealed her face, and said—

“ ‘ Then look at me.’ ”

“ I looked, Amine, and I beheld you ! ”

“ ‘ Me ! ’ observed Amine, with a smile upon her lips.

“ ‘ Yes, Amine, it was you. I called you by your name, and threw my arms round you. I felt that I could remain with you and sail about there for ever.’ ”

"Proceed, Philip," said Amine, calmly.

"I thought we ran thousands and thousands of miles—we passed by beautiful islands, set like gems on the ocean bed; at one time bounding against the rippling current, at others close to the shore—skimming on the murmuring wave which rippled on the sand, as the cocoa tree on the beach waved to the cooling breeze.

"It is not in smooth seas that your father must be sought," said she; "we must try elsewhere."

"By degrees, the waves rose, until at last they were raging in their fury, and the shell was tossed by the tumultuous waters; but still not a drop entered, and we sailed in security over billows which would have swallowed up the proudest vessel.

"Do you fear now, Philip?" said you to me.

"No," replied I, "with you, Amine, I fear nothing."

"We are now off the Cape again," said she, "and here you may find your father. Let us look well round us, for if we meet a ship it must be *his*. None but the Phantom Ship could swim in a gale like this."

"Away we flew over the mountainous waves—skimming from crest to crest between them, our little bark sometimes wholly out of the water; now east, now west, north, south, in every quarter of the compass, changing our course each minute. We passed over hundreds of miles:—at last we saw a vessel tossed by the furious gale.

"There," cried she, pointing with her finger, "there is your father's vessel, Philip."

"Rapidly did we approach—they saw us from on board, and brought the vessel to the wind. We were alongside—the gangway was clearing away—for though no boat could have boarded, our shell was safe. I looked up. I saw my father, Amine! Yes! saw him and heard him as he gave his orders. I pulled the relic from my bosom, and held it out to him. He smiled, as he stood on the gunnel, holding on by the main shrouds. I was just rising to mount on board, for they had handed to me the man ropes, when there was a loud yell, and a man jumped from the gangway into the shell. You shrieked, slipped from the side, and disappeared under the wave, and in a moment the shell, guided by the man who had taken your place, flew away from the vessel with the rapidity of thought. I felt a deadly chill pervade my frame. I turned round to look at my new companion—it was the Pilot Schriften!—the one-eyed wretch who was drowned when we were wrecked in Table Bay!

"No! no! not yet!" cried he.

"In an agony of despair and rage I hurled him off his seat on the shell, and he floated on the wild waters.

"Philip Vanderdecken," said he, as he swam, "we shall meet again!"

"I turned away my head in disgust, when a wave filled my bark, and down it sank. I was struggling under the water, sinking still deeper and deeper, but without pain, when I awoke.

"Now, Amine," said Philip, after a pause, "what think you of my dream?"

"Does it not point out that I am your friend, Philip? and that the Pilot Schriften is your enemy?"

"I grant it; but he is dead."

"Is that so certain?"

"He hardly could have escaped without my knowledge."

"That is true, but the dream would imply otherwise. Philip, it is my opinion that the only way in which this dream is to be expounded is—that you remain on shore for the present. The advice is that of the priests. In either case you require some further intimation. In your dream, I was your safe guide—be guided now by me again."

"Be it so, Amine. If your strange art be in opposition to our holy faith, you expound the dream in conformity with the advice of its ministers."

"I do. And now, Philip, let us dismiss the subject from our thoughts. Should the time come, your Amine will not persuade you from your duty; but recollect, you have promised me to grant *one* favour when I ask it."

"I have; say then, Amine, what may be your wish?"

"Oh! nothing at present. I have no wish on earth but what is gratified. Have I not you, dear Philip?" replied Amine, fondly throwing herself on her husband's shoulder.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.*

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

WE are writing with a quill plucked from the wing of an eagle, and fashioned into the form of a pen by means of our hunting-knife, our *skein-dhu*, which, as behoves an old Highlander, we always carry in our garter. We are inspired with very stirring recollections of our youthful exploits, and have thrown aside the gray goose quill as a pitiful implement unworthy of our lofty subject. We have renewed our youth, like the royal bird from whose wing our pen was plucked. The fire of other days is in our blood—our eye is once more bright—we cast off our spectacles as an useless incumbrance, and we grasp our long-neglected rifle, which for years has slumbered peacefully above the fire-place, reposing on the brow-antlers of a noble stag. The dark spirit of the woods is upon us—the angry roar of the wounded Bison is in our ears—and we snort like an aged war-horse who hath been roused by the trumpet's sound, as we look back, through the long vista of years, on the sylvan warfare of our youth.

Well, well do we remember thee, thou green spot in the wilderness—our forest-home—the scene of our early exploits—the pride and joy of our old age. Oft have the gloomy shades of the eternal forest, in which thou art embosomed, echoed to the crack of our trusty rifle, and oft has the green herbage been stained with the life-blood of the stately Bison. Hurrah for the wild woods!—hurrah for the headlong charge of the mighty bull!—and thrice hurrah for the deadly grooved barrel before which he bows his proud head to the dust!

But hush! we are getting beside ourselves—our unusual fit of excite-

ment has got the better of our wonted discretion ; and our much respected consort, who was approaching to administer our usual morning potation of *Athol brose*, hath fled in dismay, wringing her fair hands, and proclaiming aloud that " the laird hath gaen horn wud.* " We must compose ourselves, else we shall lose both our character and our *Athol brose*.

So! we have pacified our better half, quaffed our morning cup, and replaced our spectacles with becoming gravity. The spirit of the woods hath passed away ; we have laid aside our rifle, resumed our eagle pen, and the Old Forest-Ranger hath once more subsided into the *douce and cannie carle*.

Now, gentle reader, hie we to the green wood. We left our jungle encampment glittering in the moon-light : the moon hath now set and the forest is shrouded in darkness ; but a slight tinge of gray in the eastern sky, and a damp chill in the morning air, announce that daylight is at hand. The distant roar of the prowling tiger, which at intervals " had vexed the dull ear of night," is no longer heard, and the silence of the woods is unbroken, save by the melancholy voice of the great horned owl, as he flits past, on muffled wing, like an evil spirit retiring before the approach of day. Heavy wreaths of gray mist slumber on the calm surface of the river, and all nature is hushed in deep repose. The horses, picketed in front of their masters' tents, stand dull and listless, with drooping heads and slouched ears ; and the wearied bullocks may be seen reposing in groups, under the shelter of the lofty banyan trees. The only beings which appear possessed of life in the midst of this dreamy scene, are two dusky figures which are brought out in strong relief by the cheerful blaze of a wood fire, over which they are crouching. One is our friend Heels, who, carefully wrapped up in his dark cumbley, is busied in preparing a pot of coffee as a morning draught for the sportsmen. His companion is a strange wild-looking animal, and deserves a more particular description. He is a tall, gaunt figure, and perfectly naked, with the exception of a tattered piece of blue cotton cloth, which does duty, but very imperfect duty, for a fig leaf. His short woolly hair, flat features, and thick lips, betray an African origin ; but his air and manner are very different from what we are accustomed to expect in that persecuted race. He is a Seede*, a free inhabitant of the trackless forest, and displays all the lofty bearing, and dignified self-possession, of an independent savage. His woolly pate is slightly sprinkled with gray, but his dark piercing eye is full of fire, and his limbs still display all the muscular power and elasticity of youth. He is sitting cross-legged, with a long matchlock resting across his knees, and is indulging in the luxury of a very primitive species of pipe, formed by rolling up a small quantity of tobacco in a green leaf. He observes a dignified silence, and is evidently regarding the servile occupation of poor Heels with sovereign contempt, as he puffs out huge volumes of smoke, and strokes his moustache with a self-complacent air. He had for several years been in the habit of attending Mansfield as guide in his hunting excursions, and always attached himself to the

* The wild race who inhabit the jungles, on the western coast of India, are called Seedeas. They are evidently of African origin, and are said to be the descendants of African slaves who fled from the early Portuguese settlers at Goa, and took refuge in the jungles.

camp during his stay in the forest. He had acquired a sufficient knowledge of Hindostanee to make himself understood on all ordinary occasions, and the wonderful sagacity, almost amounting to instinct, which he displayed in following up the trail of wild animals, made him an invaluable addition to a hunter's camp. He was fully aware of his own importance, dignified himself with the title of Jaggardar, or Prince of the Forest, and comported himself with becoming dignity. He never condescended to act as guide to the hunters, except when in pursuit of Bison. It requires great skill and perseverance in following up a trail, to surprise these animals in their wild haunts; and some little nerve and presence of mind to attack them with success when they are found. He was the only man of his tribe who could reduce the finding and killing of Bison to a certainty. He therefore considered the hunting of them a royal sport, worthy of his superior talents. But if deer or any inferior game were the object of pursuit, his son, a boy about twelve years of age, was deputed to attend; the old man remarking, with a glance of proud superiority, "The boy can find deer."

Mansfield had announced, on the previous evening, that it was his intention to seek for Bison in the morning; and old Kamah was waiting impatiently to lead the sportsmen into the jungle, whilst the Bison were still feeding and afoot.

"Hugh!" exclaimed he, uttering a deep guttural sound, as he pushed Heels, and pointed with an impatient gesture towards the eastern sky, which was fast brightening into day.

"Hah! daylight come?" cried Heels, starting up; "time to call master:" and wrapping his *cumley* more tightly around him, he glided into the tent to rouse the sleeping sportsmen.

In a few minutes Mansfield and Charles made their appearance: the latter had discarded his green hunting-coat and top-boots, and now appeared in a dress better adapted for the jungle; with a hunting-knife in his girdle, a heavy rifle on his shoulder, and all the other accoutrements of a well-equipped shikaree. Kamah rose as they approached, and extended his hand to salute them with the air of an equal. Charles looked with astonishment at this piece of unwonted familiarity on the part of a native.

"Allow me," said Mansfield, leading up Charles, and obliging him to shake hands with the grinning savage, "allow me to introduce my friend Kamah, the Jaggardar; his appearance is certainly not prepossessing, and, like many other illustrious characters, it is his pleasure to affect great simplicity in his dress."

Here Charles could no longer retain his gravity, but burst into a laugh, and Mansfield was obliged to bite his lips hard to avoid following his example. "But, let me tell you, he is a person of no small importance in my camp. He is the best shikaree, and the staunchest hand at following up a trail, in the whole western jungle. He knows every haunt of the Bison as well as if he had reared them himself; but you will be better able to appreciate his extraordinary talents when you have seen him at work. In the mean time there are just three little cautions which I must beg to impress upon you: always treat him with marked civility;—never attempt to disturb him when running a trail;—and, above all things, avoid laughing at him. He is as gentle as a lamb when well treated; but his savage nature cannot brook an insult,

and if once offended, his revenge is implacable. I have more than once seen the vermin grind his teeth, and handle his knife, on very slight provocation."

This was, of course, said in English, so as not to be understood by their savage friend, who stood showing his white teeth, and looking very much pleased at the formal manner in which he had been introduced, as well as by the accompanying speech, which he, no doubt, thought was uttered in his praise.

"Well, Jaggardar," continued Mansfield, now speaking Hindostanee, "can you show us any Bison this morning?"

The jaggardar drew himself up to his full height, and assumed a lofty air.

"Can the shepherd of the plain find the pasture-ground of his flock? Does that vulture," pointing to a black speck which was seen sailing high above the tree tops—"does that vulture require a guide to lead him to the carcase? Follow me; the Prince of the Forest knows where to find his herds."

"Come, Master Charles," said Mansfield, smiling, as he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee; "shoulder your rifle and march; our swarthy friend is waxing impatient, and if we ruffle the old pagan's temper he will show us no sport to-day."

Charles promptly obeyed the summons, and our two sportsmen, bringing their rifles to a long trail, followed old Kamah as he stalked into the jungle with rapid strides.

At this early hour, when the morning air is still fresh and the ground sparkling with dew drops, the tropical forest seems suddenly to burst into life. The woods resound with the buzzing of innumerable insects. The jungle cock and wild pea fowl are heard calling to their mates in wild discordant notes. Chattering troops of monkeys frisk amongst the branches overhead, showing their white teeth, and making threatening grimaces at the strange intruders. The startled deer bound across the open vistas of the forest, their bright speckled sides flashing for an instant on the sight, and as suddenly disappearing, like passing meteors; whilst wandering herds of Bison are now on foot, returning slowly from the open glades, where they have pastured during the night, to the thick covers of bamboo, under the shades of which they find an agreeable shelter from the mid-day sun.

Having penetrated some distance into the forest, the savage guide suddenly slackened his pace, and, making a sign to his companions to keep silent, glided on in front with the stealthy and noiseless tread of a fox, his ears erect to catch the faintest sound, and his lynx-like eye rolling from side to side, now peering into the dark tangled masses of bamboo, and now roving over the ground in search of a fresh track.

"Now," whispered Mansfield, "not another word, as you value the friendship of the Jaggardar; step lightly; avoid as much as possible treading on the dry twigs which crackle under foot; and mind you do not attempt to fire at any deer which may cross your path; we can get plenty of them at any time; but the report of a rifle, at present, would be death to our hopes of finding Bison."

"Hugh!" exclaimed their guide, suddenly stopping short, and kneeling down to examine more carefully some marks, which his experienced eye had detected amongst the dry leaves and withered herbage. To the

less delicate organs of the European there was nothing particular to be observed, but the Jaggardar had evidently made a discovery of importance. After carefully regarding the signs he had observed for some time, he arose with a broad grin of satisfaction on his swarthy features, and merely uttering the word "Koolgie!"* whilst he held up the fingers of both hands, to denote the number ten, proceeded with a more rapid step, and more confident air, like a hound running breast-high on the scent.

"It's all right now," whispered Mansfield; "the imp has struck upon a fresh trail, and the devil himself cannot throw him out when once he has fairly settled to it; we may, therefore, reckon with certainty on finding Bison at the other end, although it is very uncertain how long we may have to follow it before we come up to them."

Charles smiled incredulously at the idea of any one being able to follow the track of an animal for miles over ground where not the slightest vestige of a foot-mark was visible to ordinary eyes, but, at the same time, expressed a hope that they might succeed.

"Look here," said Mansfield, as they approached a dry watercourse, where the fresh foot-marks of a herd of Bison were deeply imprinted in the half-baked mud. "You may now satisfy your own senses that our guide is on the right scent. Here, you see, is the fresh trail of ten or a dozen Bison, at least, and one of them an old bull, who will show fight, I'll be bound for him, and put your metal to the test, my hearty, before you take his scalp; but we must push forward, for old Kamah is fuming at this delay."

After following the trail for some miles, at a rapid pace, the Jaggardar became sensible, from certain signs which he observed, that the game was not far in advance. He now slackened his pace, and, renewing his signal to observe profound silence, began to creep along the bed of a small water-course with great caution and circumspection.

"See," whispered Mansfield, as they passed a bank of wet sand, where the trail was distinctly visible, and the water, which still continued to flow into the deeply indented foot-marks, had not yet filled them up—"we are close upon them now. Keep your wits about you, my boy, and be ready with your rifle, for the old bull is apt to make a charge, with but scanty warning."

Every faculty of the sagacious savage was now on the full stretch. He crept along with the air of a tiger about to spring on his prey: his rolling eye flashed fire; his wide nostrils were distended to the utmost limits, and even his ears appeared to erect themselves, like those of a wild animal. Presently he started, stopped, and, laying his ear close to the ground, listened attentively, then proceeded with more caution than before, stopping and listening, from time to time, till at length it became evident, from the triumphant beam of satisfaction which lighted up his savage features, that he had fully ascertained the position of the enemy. He now stood erect, cast a prying glance around, to make himself master of the locality, held up his hand to ascertain the direction of the wind, and, having apparently satisfied himself that all was right, motioned to his companions to follow his movements. Having scrambled cautiously out of the watercourse, he laid himself flat upon the

* Bison.

ground, and, separating the tangled brushwood with one hand, began to worm his way through it, with the gliding motion and subtle cunning of a snake. Mansfield and Charles tried to imitate the serpentine motion of their savage guide, as they best could; but they found their less pliant limbs but ill adapted to this mode of progression, and the noise which they occasionally made in forcing their way through a thorny bush called forth many an angry frown from the Jaggardar. Having proceeded in this manner for some hundred yards, they suddenly came upon an opening amongst the bushes; and here a view burst upon the astonished sight of Charles, which made his eyes flash, and sent the blood coursing through his veins like quicksilver. They had gained the edge of a natural clearing in the forest, an open glade about three hundred yards in diameter, clothed with rich green herbage, and shaded by gigantic teak trees, which surrounded it on all sides, stretching their broad-leaved boughs far into the opening.

In the midst of this a herd of fifteen Bison were quietly feeding, perfectly unconscious of the near approach of danger. A mighty bull, the father of the herd, stalked about amongst the females, with the lordly step of a three-tailed bashaw in the midst of his seraglio; his ponderous dewlap imparting an air of grave dignity to his appearance, and his sullen eye, glaring from beneath the shadow of his thundery brow, menacing with destruction the hardy foe who dared to intrude upon his woody dominions. But Mansfield had tamed as proud as he, and feared not his glance. A grim smile of satisfaction passed over the harsh features of the Jaggardar, as he pointed out the stately herd; then raising himself cautiously from amongst the long grass, he posted himself behind a large tree, which effectually concealed his person, folded his arms across his chest, and, leaning against the stem, remained cold, still, and motionless as a bronze statue. Every trace of intense excitement which had so lately strung his nerves to the highest pitch had passed away; and he once more assumed the stoical, passionless air of the haughty savage. Pointing again towards the Bison, he nodded expressively to his companions, as much as to say, "I have done my duty; there is the game, and now, gentlemen, let me see what you can do."

Charles, furious with excitement, pitched forward his rifle, and, although his hand shook violently, from anxiety, and the exertions he had made in scrambling through the brushwood, was about to pull the trigger at random, when Mansfield seized his arm with the gripe of a blacksmith's vice, and pulled him down amongst the long grass.

"Are you mad," said he, in a low whisper, "to risk a shot in your present state of excitement? Why, boy, you are panting like a broken-winded post-horse, and the barrel of your rifle vibrates like a pendulum! I suppose you fancy it's a drove of Zingabee bullocks we have to deal with; but wait a bit till you have seen the charge of a wounded Bison, and I am much mistaken but you'll think twice before you risk another shot with an unsteady hand. Here," continued he, pulling Charles behind the stem of a large tree, "get under cover of this, in the first instance; you will find a breastwork somewhat useful before we have done. Now then, sit down till you have recovered breath, and, in the mean time, put fresh caps upon your rifle; I have more than once narrowly escaped death from neglecting this precaution."

Charles, having rested for a few minutes, declared his hand to be as steady as a rock.

"Well then," said Mansfield, rising slowly on one knee, and peeping from the large knotty stem which sheltered them, "we shall put your steadiness to the test. Take that cow next you, and mind you aim for the heart, just behind the bend of the elbow; hit her there, and she is your own: go six inches to the right or left, and you must stand by to receive a charge, for charge she will, and the charge of a wounded Bison, let me tell you, is no child's play."

Charles, now perfectly cool, raised his rifle, took a deliberate aim at the nearest Bison, and fired. The enormous brute dropped heavily to the ground, and, uttering one deep groan, expired without a struggle: the ball had passed through her heart.

In the excitement of the moment, Charles was about to raise a shout of triumph, when Mansfield checked him, and pointing to the Jaggardar, who had already laid himself flat amongst the long grass, made signs to him to follow his example.

The herd, startled by the report of the rifle, suddenly raised their heads with a loud snort, gazed around them wildly, as if to ascertain from whence it proceeded, and trotting up to their fallen companion, began to snuff at the warm blood. The smell of this excited them to a state of phrenzy. They galloped round the open space in wild confusion, kicking their heels in the air, goring at each other with blind fury, and bellowing fearfully, in that deep tremulous tone so expressive of mingled rage and fear. Then, suddenly rallying, they slowly approached, in a body, to the object of their dread, again snuffed at the blood, and again bellowed, gored, and scampered with more violence than ever.

This wild scene had lasted for some minutes, and Mansfield was beginning to fear that in the course of their evolutions the maddened brutes might happen to stumble on their place of concealment, when, as if seized with a sudden panic, the whole herd stopped short, snorted, wheeled round, and uttering one tremendous roar, dashed into the thickest part of the jungle, crashing through the dry bamboos with the noise and resistless fury of a passing whirlwind.

The old bull alone stood his ground, lashing his sides with his tail, tearing up the earth, and bellowing with a voice of thunder that made the woods re-echo for miles.

"Our friend is very pugnaciously inclined," remarked Mansfield, indulging in a low chuckle, as he slowly raised his rifle, and brought the sight to bear upon the broad forehead of the bull, "we must see if a gentle hint from *Clincher* will not bring him to reason."

The report of the rifle was followed by a crash, as if the ball had struck a plate of iron, and the bull dropped upon his knees with a surly growl.

The Jaggardar, uttering a wild yell, brandished his knife, and bounded forward to despatch him, whilst Mansfield, stepping from behind the shelter of the tree, cheered on the eager savage with a hearty shout.

But their triumph was premature: the ball had flattened against the massive skull of the animal, and merely stunned him, without inflicting any serious injury. He had regained his legs before the Jaggardar

could reach him ; and now, perfectly mad with rage and pain, rushed with headlong fury upon old Kamah. Quick as thought the active savage darted behind the nearest tree, and scrambled into the branches with the agility of a monkey. The bull, disappointed of his intended victim, turned with redoubled fury upon Mansfield. The hardy hunter, well accustomed to such scenes, and confident of his own coolness and presence of mind, stood by the side of the tree motionless as a statue, his eagle eye steadily fixed upon his mad antagonist, and his rifle on full cock, ready to act as occasion might require : but the weapon was not raised ; he had but one barrel remaining, and was determined to reserve it till it could be discharged with deadly effect.

On came the bull at headlong speed—his tail on end, his blood-shot eye rolling in the frenzy of madness, his tongue lolling far out of his mouth, and the white foam flying in spray from his distended jaws. Mansfield awaited the charge with perfect coolness till the furious brute was within a few yards of him, when, stepping behind the shelter of the tree, he allowed the bull to pass in his headlong career, and, as he did so, discharged the remaining barrel of his rifle into his shoulder. The wounded monster uttered a surly growl, staggered forward about a hundred yards, stumbled, and fell heavily.

Charles, who had been watching Mansfield's movements with breathless anxiety, sprang from behind the tree and levelled his rifle—Mansfield struck down the barrel before he had time to discharge it.

"Gently, boy, gently," cried he ; "wait till he is steady ; the brute is tumbling about like a wounded grampus, and it is a hundred to one against hitting him in the right place—recollect this is our last shot and must not be thrown away rashly." As he said this the wounded bull regained his legs. "Now then, my boy, be cool ; stick close to the tree, and reserve your fire till I tell you."

Mustering his whole remaining strength, the frantic brute fixed his glaring eyes upon the hunters, and, lowering his head, dashed at them with determined fury. But his shoulder was stiff ; the life-blood was ebbing fast, and his sight was bewildered. He stumbled over the trunk of a fallen tree—made one desperate plunge forward—his wounded shoulder failed him—and he rolled over at their feet, making the earth tremble under his enormous weight.

"Now then," shouted Mansfield, "at him, before he can recover his legs. One shot behind the horns, and we have him."

A peal of fiendish laughter followed the report of Charles's rifle, and next instant old Kamah was seen clinging to the prostrate body of the bull, and clutching the hilt of a long hunting-knife, which was buried in his heart.

"He was a gallant brute," said Mansfield, dropping the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, and wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead.

KOONDAH.

(To be continued.)

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

Cordelia. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know : when did you die ?

Physician. He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me :

I am a very foolish, fond old man ;

do not laugh at me ;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady

To be my child Cordelia.

"EDWARD OTWAY is a very fine young man, and most uncommonly agreeable," said Miss Priscilla Singleton, addressing her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, as they sat together, one summer's evening, in a sunny verandah overlooking the Regent's Park. "What a pity," she continued, "that he is so ugly !"

"Opinions might vary on the latter point, although scarcely on the former," replied Mrs. Wilmot, with a smile ; "and certainly he appears to me (even admitting your assertion to be the general impression) a man most expressly calculated to turn the heart of any woman not especially guarded by some previous engagement ; for which reason, as I now see him walking in the garden with Cecil, I ought, like a prudent mother, to play the Duenna, since I have not a very exalted opinion of the steadiness of her little head, and doubt much that her heart has been fortified against him, by any impression in favour of her admirer, or rather adorer, Sir Hargrave Grenville, although you, Priscilla, might consider him as a much handsomer man."

"Certainly I should," replied Miss Singleton, following her sister a few steps as she passed from the verandah through the drawing-room, in order to join the young people in the garden. Priscilla turned to the pier-glass, and continued in soliloquy.

"And I do wonder what Sir Hargrave, who is undoubtedly a very sensible man, though not so fluent in conversation as Edward Otway, can possibly see in a girl like Cecil to admire to *such* a degree, as it must be confessed he does ! Indeed all the men make a most unaccountable fuss about her beauty, which I cannot see—I am sure her mouth is immensely too wide, and, though her teeth are very dazzling and her lips so uncommonly red, yet"—she continued, biting and pinching the narrow thin edges of her own mouth, which were only distinguishable from the rest of her face from their being of rather a darker yellow—"that belongs so exclusively to her youth ; once she passes twenty we shall have no more sonnets addressed to her 'scarlet lip.' Then, though her skin is so very white, black hair would make any skin look white"—putting aside her own sandy locks, and trying a black satin riband in their place, without, however, producing the desired effect. "Indeed, she is *too* fair, as she never has the least colour, except on horseback, or in a heated room in the evening, and then she

looks exactly as if she was rouged. Miss Eelskin said, the other night, she would have been *convinced* of the fact, if Cecil had not happened to come into the room quite pale, and the colour only rose whilst she was dancing—I think it was partly owing to something Otway said to her: I saw it mount as she spoke with *so much* earnestness—what could he have been saying, I wonder? His eyes are so brilliant, too, that when he is speaking, particularly in *that* manner, he really does not look so very ordinary; and he has such a fine figure, is so graceful and gentlemanlike, and dresses so well—I *do* wonder what he said to cause Cecil to blush so much—that colour certainly improves her; but, as to her so talked-of eyes, they cover half her face, which is so small, and besides so shaded with those black ringlets, that really, at first, it appears all eyes and mouth; but the *men* admire her—that is a fact which cannot be disputed,” added Priscilla, with a deep sigh, as she turned hastily from the mirror on hearing the sound of footsteps approaching.

Mrs. Wilmot and Cecil entered laughing. The dazzling brilliancy of the so criticised eyes and mouth were at the moment heightened by a slight tinge of the envied colour, produced either by the warmth of the evening, or the exercise of walking, or, as Priscilla more than suspected, from the recollection of the just passed conversation with the *agreeable* Edward Otway. Whatever was the cause, Cecil seemed in high spirits and looked unusually lovely. Otway was gone, and the ladies had come in to dress and prepare for a private concert, which was to take place at the house of a friend who lived about a quarter of a mile distant across the park.

Cecil's father, Philip Wilmot, was an artist of considerable ability and eminence in his profession. In the beauty, talents, and various fascinations of his youthful daughter, which were the admiration of her friends and acquaintance, he found, not only an untiring subject for his pencil, but an object for his own almost blind adoration: she was the charmer of his home, a solace for every care, and a brightener of every enjoyment. And his enjoyments were generally of that highly refined nature which belong to the rarely gifted few who are, by the world, designated as people of *genius*—a word too often misapplied. In respect to Wilmot it was, however, correct; for the powers of his mind were not limited to any one direction. The spirit of poetry pervaded his writings, his musical compositions, and his pictures. Cecil, young and lovely, with all the gentleness, timidity, and vivacity of her age and sex, seemed to have inherited his talents, combined with a thousand original graces and charms peculiarly her own.

Wilmot's abilities as an artist had procured him, if not absolute wealth, yet something more than a mere competence, even in London, where a moderate income is not considered a sufficiency by those who wish to mix, and are sought for, in society. Wilmot and his daughter were the fashion, by means of the powerful aristocracy of *talent* which often (there) supersedes that of wealth, and sometimes, in appearance at least, the reality of birth. His powers of amusing, and hers of charming, caused them to be sought for and invited everywhere, from the dull, cold patrician dinner party, to the gayer, more social, and infinitely more intellectual suppers amongst their own peculiar class, with whom they lived on terms of greater intimacy—that is to say, authors, first-

rate actors, singers, artists, &c. This society was really refreshing in its contrast to the formality and restraint imposed by the former. Wilmot enjoyed, appreciated the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" to be met with amongst those congenial spirits; yet, strange to say, he absolutely preferred the display, the *lionising* of the other: this is in human nature—even the most highly gifted are not exempt from vanity. In his own class Philip Wilmot was only one amongst many; in the other he stood alone, the admired of all observers.

Cecil was scarcely old enough to feel such a distinction: her youth, beauty, and talents caused her to be admired everywhere, and she did not seek very deeply into the origin of that admiration, which she nevertheless relished most exceedingly. She had many lovers; and amongst the most prominent of those was one of that aristocratic class in which she moved, but to which she did not belong. As the wife immediately steps from her own rank, be it what it may, into that of her husband, a marriage with Sir Hargrave Grenville would have transferred her to his, without delay or impediment; for which reason alone he was vehemently patronised by Mrs. Wilmot—a woman of the world in every sense of the word, but loving her daughter and anxious to promote her welfare.

Sir Hargrave was a country gentleman, of ancient family and large fortune: a man of strong rather than clear intellect; clever, worldly-minded, as coarse and unrefined in his ideas as he was in his person; for the latter—although handsome (commonly so called), with regular features, florid, healthy complexion, redolent of field-sports and exercise, broad chest and shoulders, strong, well-made limbs, somewhat heavy, ungraceful, and inclined to flesh—was as unlikely to please a romantic, enthusiastic young girl, as was his mind (a very fac-simile of his body) to assimilate with hers. Heir to a large, unincumbered property, he had been educated by a private tutor *at home*; he had never been removed from his paternal acres—for the purpose, it may be supposed, of attaching him more strongly to every pride and hereditary prejudice thereunto belonging. Well read, *book-learned*, he had read and remembered almost all the best writers both ancient and modern; he had read, marked, learned, but *not* inwardly digested; they had not emancipated him from a single hereditary prejudice; he had studied, as it were, with green spectacles—everything took the peculiar colour of his own mind. He was five-and-thirty, and till now never had quitted the shadow of his paternal oaks. Why did he quit them? For what purpose did he come to London? To seek a wife: some person fitted to become the mistress of Grenville Hall, and the mother of *his* children. But Sir Hargrave found difficulties which he had by no means anticipated. The owner of Grenville Hall and ten thousand a year was not in London a personage of quite so much consequence as he had fondly imagined, and as he certainly was at home. Shy, awkward, unpolished, occupied with *self* in company, and not sufficiently attending to others; an unhappy mixture of sulky pride and ungainly *mauvaise honte*—an utter want of *tact* caused him to become an object of ridicule to all the daughters; and although some mothers thought his rank and fortune might be a tolerable speculation for such of their daughters who either *had* lain on hand, or were likely to do so, he was rather cavalierly

treated by those fair ones who had hopes of *doing better*. Piqued to the soul by this, disgusted by those young (or not young) ladies who were "thrown at his head," enraged at those of "metal more attractive," who withdrew so scornfully from his advances, Sir Hargrave, with very misanthropic feelings, retreated from the immediate class of society in which his birth and connexions entitled him to move, and threw himself among those more *éveillée*, more delightful spirits who composed, in their own circle, the "aristocracy of talent." Sir Hargrave did this in little-souled peevishness, and not on account of any superior charm in their society; but solely because he had been, or fancied that he had been, affronted by his own "caste." He turned away from the titled dowagers, and their titled or honourable daughters, to the equally fair, and certainly more natural-mannered denizens of those districts lying north of Grosvenor Square, and, "tell it, not in Gath," sometimes east of Temple Bar.

In one of these excursions, away from that patfician world which had so mortified his *amour propre*, at an immense dinner party, given by a wealthy and witty solicitor, dwelling in a magnificent mansion situated in one of the *streets off the Strand*, Sir Hargrave first conversed with Cecil Wilmot, whom he had once before seen at a concert in Grosvenor Square. The Baronet had sufficient taste to be charmed—fascinated; for he had some taste in ideas, if not in feelings—of the head, if not of the heart. Her smile, her perfectly unsophisticated, open manners, so fresh, so genuine, so totally different from those of the forward, overbearing, and *decided* young ladies, whom it had been his hap to meet with ere he had forsaken his native lawns and woods; or the languid, still-life, artificial candidates for the matrimonial wreath whom he had seen, and by whom he had been scorned, since his arrival in London.

Cecil did not admire him in the least; (who did?) but she had in her manner that only true politeness which, springing from a gentle and benevolent heart, and that delicate "tact" of feeling which guards against a word, or even a look, calculated to wound another, even if that other be indifferent or disagreeable: this is not hypocrisy, or even an overweening desire to please; no, it springs from that genuine spirit of benevolence, philanthropy—call it what you will—which would not unnecessarily hurt a reptile, which could not

- feel its pleasure or its pride
In sorrow of the meanest thing that lives."

Sir Hargrave was in love with Cecil Wilmot as much as he was capable of being in love with anything—except himself: he began to fancy that those genuine, bright, and playful smiles were more exclusively bright when directed towards him; he began to build castles respecting the delighted gratitude with which his offer would be hailed—the unexpected offer of raising her to an eminence which she never could possibly have anticipated—of binding for ever to him the most grateful and dutiful, as well as the most charming of wives, whose natural gentleness and humility would always cause her to regard him as a superior, and whose talents and accomplishments would serve to amuse his leisure, when dutifully exerted for *him alone*. So thought Sir Har-

grave. Cecil did not think about him—her mother meditated on the subject sufficiently for both.

On that evening in which Miss Priscilla had expressed so much surprise at the universal admiration excited by Cecil's beauty, the three ladies re-assembled at coffee in the drawing-room before nine o'clock, in expectation of two gentlemen, who had promised to escort them on this occasion—Sir Hargrave Grenville and Edward Otway. Mr. Wilnot had dined out, and was to join them in the concert-room.

Miss Priscilla—dressed in a bright yellow satin, with knots of lilac riband liberally disposed, heavy amethyst necklace and ear-rings, a wreath of gold flowers on her dull, sandy hair, rattling and tinkling whenever she moved her head, which was not seldom; all the colour (at least all the red) in her face fixed at the top of her nose—looked as she felt, very hot and unhappy; fretfully doubtful as to whether her dress, which she had spent some days in arranging, was likely to prove quite as becoming as she had anticipated; and, somewhat dismayed by the different effect produced by Cecil's white crape frock and blonde tucker, totally divested of ornament, her jet-black, silky hair, parted so much on the forehead as to show the transparent temples with their blue veins, and then descending in long spiral ringlets on each side of her white throat, a very few starry flowers of jessamine gleaming bright amongst the raven tresses.

"She has dressed herself to please Otway," thought Priscilla; "I heard him say the other day that white was more becoming to her than anything else."

At this moment Otway entered the room laughing.

"Sir Hargrave is coming," he said; "the most extraordinary and absurd figure—I passed him just now in Baker Street, in a full dress suit of black, I believe, covered with dust, an *opera*-hat in his hand, and, from time to time, applying a white handkerchief to his blazing countenance; he has evidently *walked* from Piccadilly, and has quite forgotten the effect which his pedestrianism will produce—but lo! he comes—what an appearance!—don't laugh, Miss Wilnot."

This recommendation, combined with the uncouth apparition of her admirer, of course produced the contrary effect, and had very nearly caused Cecil to be guilty of that breach of decorum, against which Otway had cautioned her, in what spirit of sincerity may easily be imagined; and notwithstanding her endeavours to preserve a proper degree of gravity, and all her mother's cautioning looks, Cecil's countenance was too expressive to be altogether passive, and the rebellious impulses would not be controlled. Otway never made the slightest attempt to conceal the "laughing devil" in the sneer which curled his lip, as he sat reclining, with one arm thrown over the back of Miss Wilnot's chair, looking as he felt towards one whom, *as a rival*, he utterly despised.

Mrs. Wilnot anxiously endeavoured to turn the attention of the confused Sir Hargrave from the pair at the tea-table. She arose to meet and receive him with *empressement*.

"But where did he get the dust?" whispered Cecil, in a suppressed tone, to Otway, whilst Sir Hargrave stood in the verandah, with his back towards them, mopping his face, and undergoing the discipline of

the footman's clothes'-brush. "Where could he have found such a quantity in the watered streets? He looks absolutely as if he had been rolled in the deepest part of the turnpike-road."

"Hush!" answered Otway, in the same suppressed tone; "he is relating his adventures to Mrs. Wilmot."

"I have of late," said Sir Hargrave, addressing Mrs. Wilmot and Miss Singleton, both of whom were listening to him with every manifestation of sympathy,—the latter on her own account, the former on that of her daughter, with whose conduct and manner she now, for the first time in her life, felt displeased. "I have of late," continued the still panting baronet, "so much felt the want of my usual exercise, that I thought to take a good walk in the cool of the evening; and go," he added, with increasing embarrassment, "I thought I would dress first, and come round here by the way of Kensington; but I found it much warmer, and more dusty on the roads, than I had apprehended; indeed, your roads about here are much more dusty than *mine*;—besides, this kind of hat, which I am not in the habit of wearing, gives so little shelter from the sun, that——"

Here Cecil, totally unable to command her countenance, arose, and, followed by Otway, moved to the piano-forte, and stooping her head over the keys, struck a few chords. The sound aroused Sir Hargrave's attention, who had actually, for the time being, forgotten even the existence of his lovely mistress, so completely engrossed had he been with *self*, and occupied by the assiduous attentions of Mrs. Wilmot, and the more officious interference of Miss Priscilla.

It now, for the first time, flashed across his mind that Cecil had not only been utterly neglectful of him and his annoyances, but actually seemed to be amusing herself with another person. And who was that Mr. Otway, who had thus dared apparently to supersede one of the oldest baronets in England, and thus engross the attention of the woman whom he had selected for his own especial property?

Sir Hargrave gazed on Cecil with a feeling scarcely to be described. His love (as he called it) was undiminished, for her charms were undiminished; but there was with it a mixture of doubt—of resentment—springing from wounded vanity. A bitterness arose in his soul with the idea of the *possibility* of *his* having been deceived by her gentleness of manner—the *possibility* of her preferring another.

These thoughts rushing through his head did not contribute to cool him. Cecil and Otway still continued at the piano-forte, apparently occupied in practising a duet, which they were to sing at the concert on that evening; and Mrs. Wilmot, anxious to put an end to a scene which she thought was likely to produce an effect very unfavourable to her views, looked at her watch, and declared it was time to proceed to their friend's house.

Sir Hargrave now excused himself from accompanying them immediately. He said he did not yet feel sufficiently composed, after his long walk, to encounter a crowded room, and requested permission to remain for half an hour, particularly as he had a note to write;—that done, he promised to join their party.

Cecil, whose childish propensity to laughter had totally subsided whilst she was, with Otway, running over some of the exquisite pas-

sages in "Guira che ad altra mai, la destra io porgero," would, had she not been led astray by evil example, never have been disposed to laugh even at the absurdity of Sir Hargrave's self-inflicted predicament, since it had ended in annoyance even to him, in whose feelings she had such small sympathy; but the words and music which they had been singing had turned both her thoughts and those of Otway from the passing scene. Sir Hargrave's awkwardness and want of tact were forgotten; and Cecil only saw in him, at that moment, a person whom she could oblige by an act of attention and politeness however trivial. He had said he wished to write a note; she instantly opened her writing-table, arranged paper, wax, &c., placed the lights in the most favourable position, and was herself again.

Sir Hargrave gazed on her with renewed admiration. Her lovely smiles were once more directed towards him, and with even more than their wonted softness, for she felt that perhaps she had hurt his feelings.

What Sir Hargrave had *intended* to write it matters not to relate.

"What lost the world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye."

In this instance, however, it was not a woman's tears, but her smiles, that altered Sir Hargrave's intentions, whatever they might have been. Hell, they say, is paved with good intentions. Good or bad, his were effectually changed; and he actually did write two notes—one to Cecil, containing a passionate offer of his hand and fortune; and another, to Mr. Wilmot, requesting to speak to him on particular business at three o'clock the following day. He then wrote a third epistle, addressed to his agent in the City, appointing to meet at the hotel in Piccadilly where the baronet held his temporary residence. This last he put into his pocket, left the others on the writing-table, and then (although he had composed a love-letter), feeling cool and refreshed, he prepared to join the party at the concert.

Before his arrival several pieces of music had been performed; and at the moment when he entered the room Cecil had just taken her place at the harp. Her right hand and arm, whiter than unsunned snow, rested on the upper part of the instrument; with her left she was trying some chords on the bass strings; whilst Otway, holding the key, stood beside her, and turned it according to her directions,—directions given by her eloquent eyes alone, which were raised to his, and were, to his quick apprehension and delicate ear, a sufficient indication of her will, as she sounded the string requiring alteration. Wilmot, holding a music-book, gazed intently on the pair, evidently only occupied with the beauty of the picture which they presented; for Otway, although not in Miss Priscilla Singleton's opinion a handsome man, was, in grace, *tournure*, and expression, a study to entrance a painter. As Sir Hargrave gazed on the group, the green-eyed monster again took possession of his soul.

The harp was tuned, and they sang—

"Who comes so dark from Ocean's roar?"

their rich and melodious voices blending like a gushing stream of water. Otway's fine bass in the rolling passages had the effect of a cataract thundering against the rocks in some deep cave.

At the close, when the murmur of applause had a little subsided, Sir

Hargrave, in as composed a manner as he could assume, asked a gentleman who stood near—"Pray, *who* is that Mr. Otway? He does not look in the least like an Englishman."

"Why, no," replied with a smile the person thus interrogated, "he can scarcely be considered altogether as such, and I believe has lived much abroad with his mother."

"But *who*," repeated Sir Hargrave, "pray *who* is he then? He appears to think a great deal of himself."

"I understand," replied the gentleman addressed, "that he is supposed to be a natural son of the Duke of —; his mother is Signora Cantabile, the celebrated Italian singer. This relationship accounts for his sallow complexion and foreign air; but he has also a strong resemblance to the Duke of —'s family. He has not been many months in London, yet he has already contrived to make himself tolerably notorious in a certain set."

Before Sir Hargrave, in the hope of hearing something to his rival's disadvantage, could command his voice to ask how—a preluding symphony on the harp imposed silence on the company. Cecil sang, but this time alone, "Angels whisper," and her own voice seemed that whisper.

Not to deaden the sound, every one stood back, forming rather a wide circle around the harp, which was raised above the level of the carpet.

"On her each courtier's eye was bent,
To her each lady's look was lent,
The centre of the glittering ring."

"This is too theatrical," thought Sir Hargrave. "A woman who can endure this, and command her voice to sing without embarrassment, is not fit for the wife of an English gentleman."

He now wished his notes unwritten, and meditated how he could recover those left on the writing-table.

"Yet how gentle, how modest, how timid, and unassuming she looks, although graceful and self-possessed! After all, it is only because she has been accustomed to this kind of display from childhood—custom is second nature," thought Sir Hargrave. "Yet I wish I had taken a little more time to consider, and then the close intimacy with this half-bred—, I never saw her eyes bent on me with such an expression."

He turned as the song ceased, in order to continue his inquiries respecting Otway; but his informer had moved away, and the place was now occupied by Miss Priscilla Singleton. It was a proof how much Sir Hargrave was absorbed in his own reflections that he had not been aware of that lady's proximity, from the rattling of the golden wreath of wheatears and corn-flowers, which, Ceres like, she bore on her head.

"Miss Wilmot looks very graceful at the harp," said Sir Hargrave, partly pursuing his thoughts aloud, and partly addressing himself to Miss Priscilla; "and yet it requires some share of self-possession to endure the fixed gaze of such a number of people."

"Oh!" cried Miss Priscilla, "Cecil never minds anything in the world; just whatever her father wishes, *that* she does directly, without troubling her head in the least as to what other people think of her proceedings, provided *he* is pleased."

"That is certainly not a bad disposition towards a good and devoted wife," thought Sir Hargrave.

"But, really," continued Miss Priscilla, "I am quite surprised at her being able to keep her countenance and her voice so steady with so many people looking on. To be sure, she thinks they are admiring her, and *that*, I conclude, is the reason of her being so composed; but I know I could never do such a thing—oh, not for the world. I should certainly die with terror, or run away and hide myself," she added, affectedly, covering her face with her hands.

Sir Hargrave thought she would be quite right in adopting such a measure.

A long piece of instrumental music followed, during which Sir Hargrave meditated, and observed Cecil and Otway seated together, and the looks which passed between them. The result was, that in the interval between this and the next performance he once more addressed Miss Priscilla, who had remained at his elbow in the hope of such an event; and said, with even more than his usual embarrassment and shyness of manner, "I have a favour to request, Miss Singleton, and you would oblige me most infinitely if you ——" he paused, and the lady eagerly hastened to reply, but in almost equal trepidation.

"Certainly, Sir Hargrave, there is nothing *you* could ask, that I should not take the greatest possible satisfaction ——"

"A trifle, Madam, a mere trifle," he interrupted, somewhat alarmed by the warmth and vehemence of the lady's manner. "It is only just—I wrote a note—that is to say, two notes—which I left on Miss Wilmot's writing-table, and it would oblige me most exceedingly if, on your return home, you would have the goodness to throw them into the fire. I have changed—that is to say, I prefer speaking on the subject in question to writing."

Priscilla's hopes sunk a little at the conclusion of this speech. The subject of a letter left on Cecil's table, must be pretty obvious that he had changed his mind respecting it, and wished it withdrawn, was fuel to Priscilla's *hope* of some time or other securing the wealthy, portly, fresh-coloured baronet for herself—(what strange fantastic tricks that same Hope sometimes plays with us poor mortals!)—but the conclusion of his speech spoiled all; his declaration was then only deferred, and he still intended to speak. However, she determined to lend her assistance, and most faithfully promised to execute his commission, and most sincerely did she intend to perform it.

Miss Priscilla, on her return home, was in such a hurry to secure the epistle directed to Cecil, that hearing some one coming, and "starting like a guilty thing," she totally forgot there was another directed to Mr. Wilmot, of which she omitted to take possession, and conceal. Consequently it was delivered to him at breakfast the next morning, by the hands of Cecil herself, who had found it lying on her writing-table.

This note contained no explanation whatever—did not *commit* Sir Hargrave in the least; it was simply a request for leave to call on Mr. Wilmot at three o'clock on business of importance.

"And what business can Sir Hargrave have with me?" said Wilmot, throwing the note aside, and proceeding with his breakfast.

Mrs. Wilmot smiled complacently and looked at Cecil; she thought

she could guess, and regretted to observe that her daughter looked unusually pale.

"I hope most devoutly," continued Wilmot, "he does not want me to paint his portrait—the thing of all others that I eschew the most."

"Why so, papa?" said Cecil: "you have painted mine twenty times, I think, at the least; besides introducing it into so many of your historical pieces."

"Yours, dearest!" replied Wilmot, smiling, as he ran his delighted eyes over her graceful figure and lovely face, "ah, *c'est toute autre chose*; but for him—I should infinitely prefer being obliged to copy his zigzag pot-hooks and hangers there (I never saw such a hand-writing) as to be condemned to the task of transferring his heavy monotonous features to canvass."

"How can you, Philip," said his wife, angrily, and at the same time endeavouring to direct his attention towards Cecil by a significant glance; "how can you speak in such terms of Sir Hargrave Grenville? Besides, he is generally considered to have very handsome features and a fine—fine," here she hesitated a little, "well made person."

"*Peut-être*," replied Wilmot, gaily; "nevertheless such features, and such form, are, and ever must be, a painter's abomination; indeed, Fanny, you used to say the same when we were first acquainted with him, whatever has altered your fancy at this present."

Mrs. Wilmot looked excessively provoked, but made no reply.

"Now there is Edward Otway, whom Priscilla declares to be very ugly—there would be something exciting in endeavouring to catch some of the rainbow changes of his countenance; not that the expression is always such as one would desire to see in a friend, or even in an acquaintance, unless——"

He paused, struck by Cecil's appearance, whose fair and pale face was now suffused with the deepest crimson: to conceal in some degree the excess of her embarrassment, she took up Sir Hargrave's note, and seemed to be occupied in examining the hand-writing and signature.

"I quite agree with you, papa, there would be infinitely more amusement in copying, or trying to copy, those extraordinarily shaped letters, which really have some appearance of *character* (without a pun) when the face has none. I think," she added, rising from the breakfast-table, "I must try my skill in copying this strange autograph."

As she spoke, Otway entered the apartment with a roll of music in his hand—a new song, which they had agreed to practise together on that morning.

"What strange autograph have you there?" he said; "let me see it, for I am making a collection of originals in this way: truly this is unique,—you really must copy it for me, Miss Wilmot," he continued, drawing her towards the writing-table in the adjoining room. "My collection would not be complete without this '*rara avis*;' and certainly I could not think of depriving you of such an original."

Cecil, glad of any employment which might assist to cover her confusion at the moment, willingly undertook the task, although the steadiness of her hand was not improved by the unpleasant feelings inspired by her father's remarks on Otway's countenance; she dared not look at him to try if she could find out on what the opinion was founded: yet

that there *was* some foundation she felt convinced. She had never known Wilmot mistaken in his observations on countenance; his knowledge of character derived from thence was intuitive, and, aided by close study and inspection of the human face divine (or other), seemed to give him an insight almost magical; and yet, strange to say, endowed with this *gift*, he was the most careless, indiscreet, the easiest to be imposed on, and, to those whom he loved, the most blindly trusting of any *man* living. Mrs. Wilmot now drew him on one side, and favoured him with so sharp a conjugal reprimand for his thoughtlessness in speaking in so slighting a manner of the wealthy baronet in Cecil's presence, that the indiscreet artist was glad to make his escape, and take refuge in his painting-room, where he soon became so completely absorbed in the splendid creations of his pencil, as totally to forget both the lecture and its occasion.

Meanwhile the more prudent mother followed her daughter and Otway into the drawing-room in order to keep guard on their proceedings, and to prevent his coming to a *declaration* before Sir Hargrave's, of which she had now no doubt, should be received, and (as she was determined it must be) accepted. She found them apparently occupied in trying to copy the baronet's odd-looking signature, which seemed to amuse them much, at least Cecil endeavoured to appear greatly amused, and Edward's countenance betrayed the most intense interest as well as agitation—far more than was warranted by so trivial an occupation for ostensibly so trivial a purpose. The anxious mother regarded him with suspicion, and a firm determination not to lose sight of him whilst he remained on that morning; and, ere three o'clock, she hoped Sir Hargrave's proposal would be made, and matters arranged, so as to put an end to any projects which Otway might entertain respecting her daughter; for, notwithstanding he lived in the world in apparently easy circumstances, still he had not any known means to support his position even as a bachelor, far less to maintain a wife. From his father, the Duke of ———, he received certainly a 'handsome yearly allowance, but it was *during pleasure*, and consequently depended on many contingencies; most probably, also, it would end with the Duke's life, who was an old man. However this might be, the tacitly acknowledged connexion enabled him to live much amongst that which is called *good society* in London—young men of fashion above him in wealth and also in legitimate rank. These, combined with his accomplishments, personal *graces*, musical talents, and fascinating manners, procured him the *entrée* to the dwellings of the highest and the fairest. Yet the abiding place of our young heroine had for Edward a paramount attraction: there, when welcomed by the sunny smile of Cecil, whilst her scarlet lip and dimpled cheek seemed fresher and more blooming than the flowers which blossomed around her—*there* he felt his heart repose from the feverish excitement too often the result of a previous night passed in dissipation; there, whilst he gazed on her, he marvelled how he could ever have felt even a momentary enjoyment amongst scenes and persons so different: but habit, time, and opportunity, the solicitations of his many *soi-disant* friends, drew him again, and again, into the vortex which he had so often sworn, and so often, whilst he was under the influence of her gentle eye, determined to avoid.

Mrs. Wilmot was only acquainted with *some* of these circumstances, yet as much as she *did* know was quite sufficient to justify her apprehensions lest Cecil should be drawn into an attachment towards a person certainly very attractive, whilst it was equally certain that he was not one whom any rational mother could wish to see united to her child. So far Mrs. Wilmot was right, although wrong in her anxiety to encourage Sir Hargrave's attentions, who was by no means calculated to form the happiness of any woman of delicate and refined feeling.

"There, you are very near it now: that last attempt is exquisite," cried Otway, as, leaning over Cecil's chair, he encouraged her rather successful imitations of the singular cipher in which the baronet had the habit of signing his name: he leaned over her laughing, but his laugh sounded hollow and unnatural, while his shaking hand and quivering lip formed a strange contrast with his affected, and overstrained mirth.

"Try again," he continued, "and it will be quite perfect;—here, take a fresh sheet of paper, place the cipher at the bottom,—there, at the right-hand corner—ha! ha! ha!—I have just now thought of an appropriate device to place above it,—so ridiculous—ha! ha!—but we must have the autograph perfect first;—here, on this paper," taking a sheet from a quire which lay on the writing-table.

"If you really mean to make a drawing, and intend the whole for your book of autographs," said Cecil, "we must get my father to copy the cipher; his eye is so accurate, and his hand so steady, he can copy anything—even such a thing as this;—if I was to work at it till doomsday, I could not accomplish the effect which he could produce by three strokes of a pen." She caught up the paper as she spoke, and ran towards her father's painting-room. Otway arose, made an ineffectual effort to detain her, staggered, and, turning deadly pale, leaned for support against the window-frame.

Mrs. Wilmot, alarmed at his appearance and extreme agitation, immediately went to him; and her natural kindness of feeling quite overcoming her previous annoyance at his presence and attentions to Cecil, she tried every means in her power to alleviate that which she chose to appear, at least, to consider as mere bodily indisposition—a fact of which she was extremely doubtful. She wheeled a fauteuil into the air of the window; and whilst offering him her vinaigrette, and persuading him to unfasten his stock, we must follow Cecil into her father's painting-room, whither she had run with the blank sheet of paper and Sir Hargrave's note.

Wilmot was deeply engaged in finishing an exquisite group representing Rebecca at the stake. The enthusiastic artist would not have been much pleased with any interruption, except from Cecil: *she* was always welcome; still, his mind being deeply engaged in his occupation, she had to repeat her request twice before he seemed to understand what she was saying. She leaned on his shoulder, with her arm round his neck, whilst his encircled her slender waist; she held the paper and the note in her hand, but her eyes, as well as his, were fixed on the painting.

"How beautifully you are finishing that picture!—it is quite a pity to interrupt you—but it will not take a minute to scratch this thing for

Edward's collection of autographs; do, papa, for it is beyond my powers—nothing is beyond yours—and I should be glad to gratify——” She paused, but Wilmot not attending to her words, said—

“You must give me another sitting, dearest, for Rebecca's hands and arms. I am not quite satisfied with them.”

“Yes, papa, when you please: but really you have flattered me too much in this portrait; it is quite a shame. Surely I have not such a beautiful straight nose; the hair is like, I grant, and perhaps the eyes a little,” she added, blushing and laughing, “only for the expression with which you have gifted them—but then, as I have never been on the point of execution, I cannot exactly say how I should look on such an occasion; and I doubt if I could have made a devoted heroine like Rebecca: I am terribly afraid I should have gone off with Bois Guilbert, rather than stay to be burned alive.”

Wilmot smiled, and sighed at the same time, as he looked up at her youthful and innocent countenance, and said—

“May those dear eyes, however capable, never be called on for such an expression as I have been obliged to give to their semblance. But what have you in your hand? What do you wish me to do for you, dearest?”

“A trifle, papa; only just to scrawl a copy of this ugly cipher.”

“And what does my Cecil want with this ugly cipher?” said Wilmot, carelessly taking up a pen, whilst his eyes were still fixed on the picture opposite.”

“Only for a little drawing which Edward wants to make. I don't know what it is, but he wishes to have it; and I—I will come presently, papa, to sit for the hands, when I have sung over a new song with——Oh! thank you, dear papa; that is just the thing! How exactly you have copied the horrid scrawl!” she continued, laughing. “Edward will be delighted;—good-bye, papa. I'll come back to you in an hour, or two at most.”

Cecil ran into the drawing-room, laughing and triumphant, with the successful imitation of Sir Hargrave's signature; but her raptures were changed to alarm when she beheld the strange state in which Otway appeared, her mother, bending over him, forgetting all her own doubts and fears in the feelings excited by his illness or distress of mind, whichever it was.

Cecil flung aside the paper that she had been prepared to show with so much pleasure, and pale, or even paler than the invalid, advanced to inquire what was the matter. His quick eye had instantly observed her countenance lit up with pleasure on her entrance, and its subsequent change of expression as she threw the written paper away from her. He immediately arose, endeavouring to shake off whatever had oppressed him; and, notwithstanding the presence of Mrs. Wilmot, tenderly kissing Cecil's hand, said he would now go home and try to recover himself from a dizziness caused by having walked so far in the heat; “like Sir Hargrave,” he added, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. Then confusedly seeking about the room for his hat, and brushing, as he passed, some of the papers from the writing-table on the floor; attempting to pick them up, he suddenly desisted, being, he said, unable to stoop from the “lightness in his head,” and abruptly took leave.

Cecil stood gazing after him, her lips trembling and her eyes full of tears.

"Very unaccountable all this," said Mrs. Wilmot, musingly. "Cecil, my love, Otway is a most extraordinary young man; I wish he had never entered our doors."

"Amen!" responded poor Cecil in her inmost soul, and rushing from her mother's presence into her own apartment, she relieved her oppressed heart by a passion of tears; yet, had any one asked her what sudden apprehension and foreboding of evil had taken possession of her mind, she would have been utterly unable to give an explanation.

She sent an apology to her father for not giving him the promised sitting on account of a sudden headache, and Mrs. Wilmot, in delivering the message, was careful not to mention the cause of this indisposition, lest her husband should be too much inclined to sympathise with the sufferer, and thereby unfitted to give a proper and sufficiently encouraging answer to Sir Hargrave when he came at three o'clock, according to his own appointment.

However, to her great surprise, the hour and the day passed and he did not arrive. Miss Priscilla could, if she had chosen it, have told why;—namely, that he did not know such appointment had ever been made, depending on her promise of destroying *both* notes.

The day passed, Sir Hargrave did not appear, and Mrs. Wilmot was astonished, puzzled, unhappy: the evening passed, and Otway came not; Cecil was miserable. The next day passed, and still Sir Hargrave did not call, although he had by that time heard of the mistake respecting his note of appointment; but he was, in fact, occupied by business of importance, in which love had certainly no share, although resentment and jealousy might have had some.

The second evening wore away dismally. Cecil, oppressed with terrors to which she could give no name or "local habitation," stole into the garden after dusk, to try if the cool night air would relieve the throbbing of her aching temples. She seated herself in a small green arbour, was unconscious of the lapse of time, until she was aroused by a rustling amongst the bushes. In a moment more Otway was at her feet. The terrified girl uttered a half-stifled scream, at this so sudden apparition; but, laying his hand on her lips, he said, in a low hollow tone—

"Hush, my angel, hush!—stir not—breathe not, or you are lost!—all are lost! A dreadful misfortune has befallen, in which you and your father, as well as myself, are implicated. Come, let me save you at least. I have a carriage in waiting—four fleet horses will convey us to Dover, and then——"

"Unhand me, Edward!" cried Cecil; "what is it you say?—what has happened?—where is my father? Oh! let me go—let me see my father!"

"Not now, dear one!—not now!" returned Otway, detaining her with a firm grasp. "You cannot be of any use to him; indeed your presence at this moment would only be injurious. Let me place you in safety—I have left a letter for him to follow us. I will explain all on the way—a moment's delay may be fatal to all. Come!"

He addressed himself to one whose ears were closed to all sounds. Cecil had fainted—one of those long, deep, *mental* swoons, in which the

sufferer is happily unconscious of all external sounds and movements. Rejoiced at this circumstance, so favourable to his views—for he almost despaired of persuading her to accompany him—Otway lifted the unconscious girl in his arms, bore her to a carriage which he had in waiting, and the next moment they were on their way to Dover, with that desperate speed which may be accomplished in England by four post-horses.

They received every facility to proceed during the night, as this headlong speed, combined with the youth and appearance of the parties, warranted the supposition of a runaway match; and with that kind of escapade people generally sympathise even in England. Morning found them at Dover—Cecil scarcely alive, and certainly not rightly in the possession of her senses. She listened passively to Otway's request that she would endeavour to take a few hours' repose, whilst he went (as he said) to try if her father had as yet arrived, who, he asserted, had set out before them. To Cecil his words conveyed but one idea—that of seeing her father; and in the mean time she promised to compose herself.

Edward Otway—elegant, accomplished, fascinating, gifted with various talents, and a considerable share of intellectual power—was, from the circumstances of his birth, carelessly educated and brought up in desultory and lawless habits. Plunged early into every species of dissipation attending on the society with which he chiefly associated on the continent, with means ineffectual to support the extravagant expenditure necessary to his habits and modes of life, he became a gambler from *principle*, not from *passion*—that is to say, he was a systematic gambler, for the sole purpose of making money. It is needless to expatiate on the consequences likely to result from such a system.

He loved Cecil, really loved her—for he had a heart naturally susceptible of refinement, had not that heart been corrupted and hardened by circumstances and education. He loved, and yet was utterly hopeless of obtaining her with the consent of her father; who, however agreeable he might find Edward as an acquaintance, or even as a companion, must, if he appeared in the character of a candidate for Cecil's hand, inevitably proceed to minute inquiries, the result of which Otway too well knew would crush his pretensions for ever. He detested Sir Hargrave, although knowing that worthy baronet could not compete with him in attractive qualities: yet his position in life was all in all—with Cecil's mother at least, perhaps with her father. To Cecil herself he turned her ungainly suitor into ridicule with perfect success—still that neither mended his own fortunes nor added to his chance of obtaining her.

A run of ill luck, and some unpleasant disclosures at the gaming-table, had driven him to extremity. A few days must, he was conscious, bring to light circumstances which must banish him for ever from all respectable connexion—even from that of the least *ostensibly* degraded of his principal associates; for amongst the most inveterate gamblers it is necessary to keep up a certain code of honour, *so called*.

He had in Paris been more than once engaged in lawless transactions, which, if known, would have overwhelmed him with disgrace—as yet they had not come home to him. One step more—one bold and daring step—might give him wealth and the possession of the only woman whom he had ever really loved.

The idle conversation and jesting which had taken place respecting Sir Hargrave Grenville's very singular hand-writing, had suddenly struck him as offering a means of perfecting his nefarious plan. He knew he had not himself sufficient skill or steadiness of hand to execute the forgery, but he was convinced the cipher could be successfully copied *in that house*. He believed that Cecil was capable of drawing with sufficient accuracy; but on her failing, and running with the paper to her father, a dreadful apprehension of his motives being detected, or at least suspected, caused that excess of agitation which overcame his nerves, and so much surprised Mrs. Wilmot, and distressed Cecil. Her flinging away the written paper in alarm was a circumstance of which he gladly took advantage—in the confusion of searching for his hat contriving to secure it unobserved.

The signature in his possession, he lost no time in executing a letter of credit on a banker at Paris for an immense sum. To secure the payment of this, before the forgery was detected, required almost super-human speed; but to depart without Cecil was impossible, since it was chiefly to gain possession of this loved one that he had risked the desperate measure.

When he left her it was only to go down to the quay, in order to prepare for their embarkation the moment the packet was ready to sail. Six o'clock was the time appointed; it was then four, and the two hours that must intervene seemed to the unhappy and guilty man like ages; all that *might* occur passed in review before him—all that had been, and that never could be recalled—

“—in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll.”

He hoped that Cecil would sleep during his absence, and when all was ready he would only have to hurry her to the quay, telling her that her father was on board. He trusted to love to pardon the deception—he trusted that the Bow-street officers would be less vigilant, or have worse information than is their wont by which to track a culprit. In both expectations he was mistaken.

On the preceding evening, just before Cecil had so unfortunately quitted her father's house, Philip Wilmot had received a note from Sir Hargrave Grenville, containing a cool but civil request to meet him on particular business at the house of a city magistrate. Wilmot, although somewhat surprised, immediately complied with the summons. On his arrival he was shown the forgery, and it was pointed out to him as coming from *his* house, by the evidence of the paper, which was of a remarkable kind, and the same on which it may be recollected Sir Hargrave had written a note to his agent, but had not sent it; which note he now produced and compared with the paper on which the forgery had been executed.

Sir Hargrave, when he sent for Wilmot, had not the slightest idea of *his* being in any way implicated in this nefarious transaction; but he suspected Otway, whose general character as a gambler had become known to him: and being convinced that the forgery had been executed in Wilmot's house, he summoned him to bear evidence for the purpose of convicting Otway, and, as the baronet fervently hoped, of hanging him.

The moment the unhappy father beheld the use which had been made

of his heedlessness and abstraction, he stood as one paralysed—the hue of death stealing over his features. His daughter! his adored Cecil!—it was *from her* hand he had received the fatal paper—at *her* request he had written that which no man in his senses, or attending to what he was about, ought or would have written. Cecil!—could she have known or connived at—the thought was madness!

His wife had told him on that morning, that Otway was certainly a lover of Cecil's, and, she feared, a favoured one; that their daughter's mind had been violently prejudiced against Sir Hargrave; and that the latter was prevented from keeping his appointment, and coming to an explanation of his intentions, she verily believed, by some arts and instigations of Otway's; and that Cecil had spent her time in tears ever since his sudden and strange departure.

All this returned to Wilmot's mind with the rapidity of lightning. Cecil!—his own innocent Cecil!—was *she*, could *she* have been, the willing, artful instrument to implicate her father? He groaned deeply, covering his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out the light of heaven. Those present looked at each other in astonishment. Was it possible that Wilmot could be the perpetrator of such an action?—his pure unspotted character—his easy if not absolutely wealthy circumstances—his morals, his religion,—all forbade such an idea; yet there he stood, the very personification of guilt and shame!

Even the obtuse Sir Hargrave was shocked—he had not anticipated this. He had never admired any one so much as Cecil—loved, indeed, if a selfish man can love; and he was really distressed to see the father of her whom he had honoured with his regard in so degraded a position; he felt it as a sort of degradation to *himself*, that so near a relative of her whom he had but two days since almost resolved on raising to the dignity of being his wife, could be indeed guilty, and of such a crime.

There was a dead silence; at length Wilmot spoke unquestioned. In a hoarse and choking voice, he said, looking wildly around—

"I am guilty!—*I alone!*—I executed that signature myself—*unasked!* Yes, yes; believe me it was unasked. No person persuaded—no person induced me. 'Oh God! oh God! what do I say?' Yes, yes; I assure you it was my *own* premeditated act."

"Recollect yourself, Mr. Wilmot," said the Magistrate kindly; "if you hold this language, and thus criminate yourself in a court of justice, your life will be forfeit to the laws which you have offended. Surely there must be some mistake here, Sir Hargrave—some sort of palliation. It cannot be as this poor gentleman declares; his senses appear to be wandering. Yet it really is not a bailable offence. We shall be under the necessity of committing him until this affair is inquired into, or until the real culprit can be brought forward."

Otway's apprehension did not tend to throw much light on this mysterious transaction. He denied the fact of having committed the forgery, and Wilmot confessed it. He, finding his first terrible suspicion of his daughter's perfidy confirmed by her elopement with Otway, and her being actually taken at Dover in his company—cared not for life, and obstinately persisted in pleading "guilty."

Every one, even the most black-letter man amongst the lawyers, was perfectly convinced that Otway was the real perpetrator of the whole, and that the unhappy father was innocent. Cecil was not implicated;

her name had never been mentioned by any one; and her elopement with Otway, however damning to her fair name, did not come within the cognizance of a law court. Miss Priscilla was very willing to tell Sir Hargrave all she knew, but in fact that was nothing, except that she herself in her hurry had omitted to secure the second note. Mrs. Wilmot's testimony was not required; the evidence of a wife, either for or against her husband, not being admissible in law.

We do not intend to trouble our readers with an account of the legal proceedings in this case, especially as not being ourselves either professional lawyers or learned in the law; and, as *amateurs*, we might possibly make some desperate blunder in the detail. It is sufficient to say, that after a tedious investigation and examination, testimony respecting character, &c., Otway was found guilty of uttering the cheque, knowing it to be a forgery, and with intent to defraud; and Mr. Wilmot was found guilty of having executed the same, but on account of his previous character (and every one being perfectly convinced of his innocence) he was recommended to mercy.

Many years subsequent to the events here detailed, the medical attendant of a lunatic asylum was called in to a patient, who, after years of hopeless insanity, had suddenly been restored to consciousness and feeling. Philip Wilmot, gazing on the wasted form and faded face which bent over him as he lay—even through the mournful change wrought by time and sorrow—recognised his own Cecil, whom he had in his heart so cruelly wronged when he believed her capable of falsehood and perfidy towards him—whom he had often and often, in the wild ravings of a maniac wronged with his lips, unconsciously that she stood beside him—unconscious that the humble untiring attendant, who ministered to his wants, endured his violence, shrunk not from his reproaches, was indeed that unhappy Cecil whom he thus vilified. But in the short interval of reason which preceded his death, he recognised his once happy, innocent, and beautiful child, whom he had loved so devotedly, so exclusively, even through the veil of what she *then* was, through the dimness which years and wasting grief, and hopeless watching, had cast over her beauty. He knew again his own Cecil—ay, even in the lustreless eye, the pallid lip, the once raven tresses, shaded, alas! with grey—he knew again his own. Her whom he had deemed lost—lost here and hereafter—was by his side, devoted to him alone.

"Oh my child! my child!" he murmured, as with dying clasp he pressed her to his heart, "my own, my wronged, my devoted Cecil!"

And Cecil believed that momentary recognition, and implied blessing, a full recompense for all—for her blighted youth and long years of hopeless endurance.

C.

THE HUMORIST.

THE LIVES OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"SMITH! BROWN! JONES! and ROBINSON!" We can see the eyes of the reader sparkle as they meet the names of his schoolboy friends. And now, they trelt, and the reader lays his hand upon his pensive heart, sighing at the untimely fate of "Smith," who "was drowned." The reader mourns for the dead—for the red-checked, curly-headed little Smith, prodigal of apples when apples fell to his lot—cunning at taw—agile at leap-frog—knowing at kite: for Smith who, like many a Chancellor of the Exchequer, had surmounted multiplication only to sink; for Smith who, like many philosophers and metaphysicians, sounded the lowest depths of things only to leave the world in ignorance of his discoveries.

It was our first purpose to make no further allusion to the spelling-book tragedy than that already set down; in our simplicity we thought the mere names, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, would be all-sufficient to awaken a full recollection of their perils past—of the punishment they suffered—of the immortal reasons of the schoolmaster for the chastisement he weepingly bestowed.

"We will trust," said we to our prosaic friend Wagstaff—"we will trust to the recollections of the world," and we looked about us proudly.

"Dearest —," said Wagstaff, "do no such thing. No—no; give your text. Give the whole story *Of the Boys that went into the Water instead of being at School or at Home*, and then, whatever you may have to say upon the matter—though I believe Mr. Daniel Fenning has said all that can be said—state briefly afterwards. But, answer me, —, what can you purpose by your present whim?"

"Whim, Mr. Wagstaff? We feel that we are about to become a great moral teacher. We have documents, yes, Sir, documents, containing the future lives of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, which will enable us to show the paramount value and influence of early impressions. When at school, Mr. Wagstaff, were you ever whipped?"

"I never was at school, Mr. —," and Wagstaff seemed to rise a good inch higher. "But what has whipping to do with early impressions?"

"You shall find, if you will patiently listen to the lives of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. But first I will set on the head of my story—where it will glitter like a coronet—a passage from Mr. Fenning. Mark the simple beauty of—

"LESSON I.—There were several boys that used to go into the water instead of being at school, and they sometimes staid so long after school-time, that they used to frighten their parents very much; and though they were told of it time after time, yet they *would frequently go to*

wash themselves! One day four of them, *Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, took it into their heads to play the truant, and go into the water. They had not been in long before *Smith* was drowned! *Brown's* father followed him, and lashed him heartily while he was naked; and *Jones and Robinson* ran home half-dressed, which plainly told where they had been. However, they were both sent to bed *without any supper*, and told very plainly that they should be well corrected at school next day!"

We pass the "second lesson," as it contains little worthy of thought, save the benevolent promise of the schoolmaster, who, as they say in the play-bills, "in the most handsome manner" pledges himself to flog the delinquents; a pledge which he redeems in a spirit of punctuality more than satisfactory to the sufferers. We now come to "*Lesson III.*," which shows "*How Brown, Jones, and Robinson were served.*"

"Next day, *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* were sent to school, and in a short time were called up to their master; and he first began with *Brown*.—Pray, young gentleman, said he, what is the reason you go into the water without the consent of your parents, and even when you should be at school? I won't do so any more, said *Brown*. *That is nothing at all*, replied the master; *I cannot trust you*. Pray can you swim? No, Sir. *Not swim, do you say?* Why, you might have been drowned as well as *Smith*. Take him up, said the master. So he was taken up, and well whipped.

"Well, said he to *Jones*, can you swim? A little, Sir. *A little!* said the master; *why, you were in more danger than Brown*, and might have been drowned if you had ventured much farther. Take him up, said he.

"Now, *Robinson* could swim very well, and thought, as *Brown and Jones* were whipped because they could not swim, that he should escape. Well, *Robinson*, said the master, can you swim? Yes, Sir, said he (very boldly), anywhere over the river. You can swim, you say? Yes, Sir. Then pray, Sir, if you can swim so well, what business had you in the water, when you should have been at school? *You didn't want to learn to swim, you say?* it is plain then you go in for idleness' sake. Take him up, take him up, said he. So they were all *severely corrected* for their disobedience and folly!"

Brown, Jones, and Robinson were whipped, but *Smith* was beyond the vengeance of the schoolmaster. *Smith* might blandly smile at "the silvery stems of delicate birch-trees." He was secure from the strong arm, and the stronger reason of the pedagogue. His future days were not like the days of his surviving companions, doomed to feel the influence of "early impressions." Little *Smith* was borne to the churchyard by boys and girls in comely white; flowers grew on his grave, and in due time a chernb head, considered to be a likeness of the deceased, wept enormous tears—a touching type of his watery fate—above him. The mortal part of *Smith* was assuredly laid in dust; but, to this day, his ghost is said to be in many waters. "I'm sure," exclaimed a little fellow of six years' old, gazing on a brook with solemn eye, "I'm sure that's the pond where *Smith* was drowned!" How many an urchin, with a vague sense of curious awe, looks for *Smith* in puddles—the "*Proteus rising from the sea*," of childish apprehension!

The reader cannot have failed to mark the wisdom of the inexorable

'schoolmaster, who scourges Brown because he "cannot swim," and who notwithstanding "goes into the water." Brown should have first learned to swim on dry land, ere he ventured to wet himself. The life of the man Brown showed that the schoolboy was fully impressed with the golden lesson of the teacher; that to the end of his days he had never forgotten the wise maxims of his master. It is the accidents befalling the man, Brown, we are about to narrate; and thereby, as we fondly hope, to display a vivid illustration of the effect of early impressions. The pearls let fall by the schoolmaster, Brown gathered up, and wore as amulets through life.

I. BROWN, WHO "COULDN'T SWIM."

• CHAP. I.

Young Brown inherited from his father the equivocal sum of a thousand pounds. He had better inherited nothing; for, in the present state of society, we hold a thousand pounds to be not merely a useless, but a mischievous, sum: it is not a negative good, but a positive evil. What is to be done with a thousand pounds? Put it in the funds, says Quiet, and philosophise upon thirty pounds a-year! There are exquisite essays written to prove the sufficiency of thirty pounds a-year, allowing at least five shillings per quarter for the conversion of the Jews; essays, in which the expenses of a pauper gentleman are so nicely calculated that it must be his own wilful eccentricity, if, at the end of the year, he either owes a shilling or has one. We happen to be honoured with the short acquaintance of the author of some of these *libretti*. He had thrice been shut up in the Fleet on an income of three hundred per annum, and was consequently enabled to preach on the competence of thirty pounds a-year. It was during his third visit to the gaol that we had some interesting talk with him. He was lamenting the extravagance of the present generation; and passing his right hand under his velvet cap, and turning his pensive and eloquent eye upwards, asked us if we had ever read his book? Of course we had. We, however, ventured to question the correctness of its conclusions; in a word, we were hardly enough to express our doubts of the possibility of existing "as a gentleman"—for such were the author's premises—on thirty pounds a-year. "Look at Higginbottom," said we, "he has followed your system to a chop, and yet Higginbottom is in debt." "Pardon me," quickly returned the author, "I grant his obedience so far as the chop goes, but there were three days in the year that Higginbottom would not take his chop without pickles. Now, my system is so philosophically arranged as not to admit of even a single onion. Depend upon it, my dear Sir, with a wise economy, a man may always on thirty pounds a-year obtain his chop; the ruin lies in the pickles." We were about to dispute the point, when the temperate author began to swear at a boy who entered with a bottle of port. "And where, you scoundrel," cried the author of a treatise on the sufficiency of thirty pounds per year, "where, you miscreant, are the olives? What! forgot them? Vagabond! to suppose I could drink port without olives! Vanish! Stop! Don't make the blunder you made before: mind—*French olives!*"

We are satisfied in our belief of the worse than worthlessness of a single thousand pounds. Laid out at interest, it may bring daily bread;

but what is life, without its pickles? Such was the wise conviction of young Brown, condemned to a thousand pounds. Brown had, at five-and-twenty, done nothing; a circumstance which supplied him with an inducement to go on as he had begun. When at school, he "couldn't swim," and he had been soundly birched for venturing where only he could learn. Throughout his life it seemed that the argument of the schoolmaster exercised a subtle power over the mind of the scholar. He was ignorant, and how vain the endeavour to be wise!

Brown, though a fervent admirer of the beautiful sex, had never ventured to intrust the secret of that admiration to any person the most likely to be interested with it. At one-and-twenty, he was moderately in love with Maria, the daughter of the village attorney; Maria Writly, whose honoured father would have been but too happy to assign his seventh child to the protection of our hero. Brown, however, was conscious of his inexperience: he never had made love, and it was so awkward to begin to learn. He was sure that his passion became stronger and stronger; he thought, too, that the young lady saw it, and smiled benignantly upon its growth: still, he never had spoken to any woman upon a subject generally so offensive to the sex, and, perhaps, it was not yet time for him to open his mouth.

"Bless you, it's nothing," said Jack Simmons, clerk to old Writly. "Take my word for it," said Jack one day to Brown, "it's nothing!"

We fear our lady readers will be somewhat scandalised when they learn that what Jack Simmons proclaimed to be nothing, was no other than that most important passage in the life of every biped, whether the active or the passive party,—a declaration of love. Nothing!

"Well, it may be," said Brown, "very likely; but then, Jack, the fact is, I—if I must speak—I never did make an offer."

"I'll defy Solomon," replied Jack, "to find any young gentleman a better reason for beginning at the very earliest opportunity."

Brown thrust his fingers through his hair, and looking upon the ground, and then into the sky, and then turning his head, and staring in the face of Jack Simmons, said, in a very serious voice, "Jack, I never did it." Jack laughed.

Time passed on, and Brown remained silent, because he had been silent; every hour and every day adding, in his opinion, a new reason for his taciturnity. Jack Simmons ceased to advise where his advice bore no fruit, and the early friends became mere acquaintance. Jack was one of those enviable, prosperous spirits, who look upon the very best things of this world as things made for themselves, and hence when fortune offers her goods, taking them with scarcely a flushing of the face or a trembling of the nerves, to betray a delicious feeling of surprise. Jack would have taken a coronet from the hand of the goddess, and clapping it upon his head, as if it were no more than a new beaver, would have walked airily away. While a humble, scared spirit would have offered thanks for a hedge-side crab, Jack Simmons would have helped himself to a pine at five guineas, whistling as he cut it. Hence, Jack Simmons had many pines, when other Jacks were gazing for the crudest little apple!

Two months had flown since the meeting of Brown and Jack, when Jack had, in the opinion of Brown, sacrilegiously avowed a declaration of love to be "nothing." It was a beautiful morning in June, and

Brown—with thoughts of Maria Writly in his heart and head, and fishing-tackle in his hand—crossed the paternal threshold. Now he thought of Maria, and now of trout; now of his long-deferred declaration, and now of his bait. With the mixed feelings of a lover and an angler, though they may be thought the same, Brown plodded onward. He passed the school: his former master—his benefactor—was dead: a stranger flogged another generation; and, let us hope, with justice, strength, and wisdom equal to the gifts of the departed. Brown turned the corner of a lane; an action that, although lost upon the reader, denoted the two possessing passions of the pedestrian: the lane led to the stream wherein Brown hoped to catch his fish, and half-way up the lane stood the cottage of Jeffrey Writly, attorney-at-law.

We know not whether the reader has felt a surprise that has often smote us in our many wanderings through little country towns. If so, we could wish to exchange opinions on the matter. Why is it that the house of the lawyer and the house of the apothecary are nine times out of ten at some distance from the crowds of houses composing the town? Why do they stand—if we may use the term—pushed away from the sociality of neighbours? We believe there are certain statutes which confine the workers in unhealthy and noisome trades to the outskirts of a city; but what—we ask it of the curious—what principle *can* operate to the banishment of the lawyer and the apothecary? “We pause for a reply.”

And Brown “paused,” but for what, we will leave the imaginative reader to guess. He stood, his rod upon the ground, looking at the chamber window of Maria Writly, his unaccosted mistress!

“Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;”

cries the vacillating Hamlet stumbling on the kneeling Claudius. Now, thought Brown, as he gazed upon the lattice, now could I tell my love, although I never did before. Brown stood and looked.

Oh, reader! if you have ever been in love—and if you have not, you are worse than any beast of years of discretion—and if, having been in love, you have ever stood and looked at the lattice of your sleeping mistress, have you not felt your heart drawn up—up—to the casement? Has not the house lain in the sweet moonlight, or basked in the morning sun like a living thing? That within it you have loved has given a sense, a vitality, to the outward walls: you could with reverent, pilgrim-lips have knelt and kissed the threshold: the martlet building beneath the eaves was to you a sacred thing—a household religion. There was not a part of that habitation—we care not whether of stone or mud—that was not enriched by the unconscious magic of the dear sleeper within. As the sun rose, from the very chimneys, as from the olden statue, it drew forth hidden harmonies.

We cannot answer for the feelings of Brown, but we put it to the reader to say what our hero ought to have felt, gazing at the sweet domestic cot, where his own unpaired dove lay nestling. No stranger would have thought the cottage the house of Jeffrey Writly, the town attorney. It was a very bower built of roses, jessamine, and honeysuckle—an abode for Flora. Not a brick but was hidden by some climbing shrub. “Jeffrey Writly live here! who’d have thought it?” Such was the cry of those suddenly made aware of his practice, but

before ignorant of his dwelling-place. We remember a circumstance which provoked a like surprise in an elderly lady admiring, with others, a most beautiful foreign snake. "What a lovely skin! What a beautiful outside! What a dear! *Ha!*"—and the lady gave a truly feminine shriek—"look at its sting! Well, who'd have thought it!"

Brown continued to gaze in silence, when there suddenly broke upon his meditations a sound of wheels. He turned his eyes from the window of Maria, and bending them upon the dusty, white road, walked, trailing his rod behind him, slowly on. He was absorbed, fighting his infirmity; yes, he felt his silence to be weak—foolish: he certainly would declare himself to Maria; because he had not spoken, should he always hold his tongue? Because he knew not how to make love, was he never to learn?

"Hey! hillo! hey! Want to be run over?" shouted a voice behind.

Brown started to the side of the road, looked round, and, amidst a cloud of dust raised by the vehicle, caught a rapid but a very certain glance of Maria Writly, about three minutes before lifted from her bedroom window by Jack Simmons, who, for his politeness, had been rewarded by the lady with a seat by her side. Brown had been wafting all sorts of prayers and wishes to the sleeping Maria—the said Maria at the time waiting with her hand-boxes for Jack Simmons and a post-chaise. Within the past month a dead aunt had considerably enhanced the value of Maria Writly, at least in the judicious eyes of Jack Simmons.

Angling is a contemplative employment: hence, Brown having lost his mistress was, we presume, in the best mood to fish. He walked to the stream—to that very stream into which in bygone years he had ventured with Jones, Robinson, and the hapless Smith!

It was evening when the suffering Brown returned from the "great waters." The day had, indeed, been luckless; a truth that unconsciously escaped him. He returned down the lane; but, could he pass the cottage of Maria? No; again he paused before the door; again, he stared at the window.

"What sport to-day?" asked a yeoman of the rapt angler, still looking at the window. "What sport?"

"Too bad—too bad!" said Brown, pondering on the flight of Maria.

"What! got nothing—ch?" cried the farmer.

With a profound sigh, and an unutterable look at the casement, Brown incoherently exclaimed, "Not even a nibble!"

CHAP. II.

We have seen Brown fail in his first hopes—we have seen him a victim to the dogmas of his schoolmaster. The judicious sentence of that profound teacher continued, as we hope to show, to influence the conduct of the pupil through all his days. The fate of Brown was a practical example of the wisdom of the pedagogue. Jack Simmons and Maria Writly are man and wife, and Brown is gone from his native village.

"A thousand pounds! What can I possibly do with a thousand pounds?" asked Brown with an air of deep distress. The question was put to a middle-aged man with a pounds-shillings-and-pence face,

who shrank from the question as a devout Mahometan would recoil from the profane inquiry of a Jew.

"Do with it, Mr. Brown?" cried Dribbleton—he had been left executor by Brown deceased—"do with it!" Dribbleton raised his eyes to the ceiling and was dumb.

"I have never been used to money," observed Brown; "and—and—" the helpless condition of the speaker was really pitiable, "what *can* I do with it?"

"Do with it!" exclaimed Dribbleton, for the third time; "why," and the advice was quite paternal, "lay it out, to the best advantage." Solon, turned huckster, could not have spoken better wisdom. It was, however, lost upon Brown, who still excused himself from future action on the cogent ground of past and present passiveness.

"Suppose, Mr. Brown,—for I think I can put you in the way of turning your patrimony to account,—suppose you go abroad, and—"

"I should have no objection, none whatever; only, the fact is, I—I never *was* at sea," said Brown, "and how *can* I go?"

"Then what is to be done with you?" cried Dribbleton, with a look of despair, and the look was exchanged with interest by Brown.

The main points of the above brief dialogue were for several days repeated. At length, Dribbleton, on the seventh meeting with Brown, had prepared himself to end the difficulty, at least so far as it involved his duty as an executor.

"Well, Mr. Dribbleton!" said Brown, entering the room with his customary sickly smile, "Well, Mr. Dribbleton!" and he sank resignedly upon a chair.

The executor acknowledged the greeting; lifted the lid of his desk; took from it a bank-note; produced a stamp; and then held out a pen to his visitor, who continued to stare wonderingly at the action. "Here is the note," said Dribbleton; "and now sign me a receipt. My time is precious, Mr. Brown, and—you see—if it is a thousand pound, and—" and still Dribbleton proffered the goose-quill.

"But I never did sign for such a sum," said Brown; "and if, Mr. Dribbleton—" but the executor was inexorable. He almost forced the pen between the rigid thumb and finger of Brown, who, after a great internal struggle, signed the receipt: as he let fall the pen, he broke into a perspiration, for he had never signed for a thousand pounds before!

Brown quitted Mr. Dribbleton, and, with a thousand pounds upon him, found himself alone—alone in the hungry streets of wicked London. Here was a situation! With his hand griping the note in his pocket, he stood and stared about him. As his fingers played with the flimsy treasure, he felt as if his whole anatomy was turning into bank paper. He could scarcely breathe, so much was he oppressed with a sense of his own value. He seemed sublimated into one piece of treasure! And then—for we will not be silent on the infirmity—the uncharitable looks he darted upon every passenger! Brown, with only a trifle in his pouch, was really a benevolent fellow,—thinking the best of everybody about him. But the same Brown with a thousand pounds in his pocket looked upon every man, woman, and child as a trickster and a cut-purse. With his fingers still playing about the paper to be sure of its presence—with his whole anatomy drawn in and up, and

his eyes, like the eyes of a bandit in the phantasmagoria, rolling from side to side, Brown pursued his way, starting at intervals from the too near approach of suspected passengers. It will impart a vague idea of the morbid terror of Brown—of his fantastic weakness, transforming goodness itself into something evil—when we inform the reader that our hero absolutely trembled and grasped his note with a convulsive hand as he was accidentally jostled by what he considered to be three notorious pickpockets, when, in very truth, they were a leash of the most respectable stockbrokers; nay, once, in his fright and fumbling for the note, he was about to scream “Stop thief!” after an elderly gentleman, who proved to be not only a Quaker, but a corn-dealer. May all our friends be preserved from a thousand pounds, say we: and, with the long ears of our imagination, we hear the reader respond “Amen!” Who would not rather choose philanthropy with empty pockets, than low suspicion with a thousand pounds?

“My dear fellow! the very man I wanted to see! How are you?” Such was the rapid greeting of Miles Butcherly to Brown, as he walked, or rather slunk, feverishly down Ludgate-hill, his fingers still at his treasure. “Eh? Why, don’t you know me? What’s the matter? Lost anything?” asked Butcherly.

Sooth to say, the manner of Brown fully authorized the question and the assumed calamity. For Butcherly having, with all the face of good-fellowship, thrust his arm suddenly within the arm of Brown—the arm belonging to the hand, the fingers of which played with the bank-note—caused that valuable document to rise up to the very brink of Brown’s pocket, and in so doing, we may, in popular phrase, declare brought Brown’s “heart to his mouth.” Indeed, the analogy of the accidents is very striking. Thus, it was no wonder Butcherly was astonished at the strange looks of his recent friend—it was no wonder that Brown looked at Miles Butcherly as if he did not know him. Brown had a thousand pounds in his pocket, and such forgetfulness under such circumstances may have often happened. However, Brown felt that his bank-note was perfectly safe, and then held out his unemployed hand to Butcherly.

Miles Butcherly was one of the ten thousand men on town who, according to the vulgar notion, live upon nothing. There was once the same popular fallacy respecting the nature of cameleons; they sustained themselves, it was asserted, by merely breathing. Later science has shown the error of this conclusion; has proved that the animal finds its nourishment in flies. Now, Miles Butcherly was a human camelon; his enemies declared he had nothing whatever to exist upon; whereas, Miles Butcherly lived, and well too, upon flies; from the “small gilded” insect to the big blue-bottle, every fly was food to him. For the present we must beg the reader to consider Brown—a fly.

“Where are you going?” asked Butcherly; and, without waiting for a reply, hospitably observed—“You must dine with me: must; I have said it.”

Brown suffered himself to be walked away under custody of Butcherly, and, the effect of the first shock being past, even looked upon his friend as a sort of body-guard to the thousand pound note. They walked some distance in silence; at length, Butcherly broke the peace.

“Did you ever have a French dinner?”

“Never,” said Brown; “and, as I never did, I think I——”

"Ought to have one directly," concluded Butcherly.

"My dear Sir," said Brown, with new gravity, "pardon me; I assure you, as I never have, it is quite against my principles—to——"

"Nonsense," cried Butcherly: "principles! pooh!—I hate the bigotry of patriotism. A man doesn't love his own country the less for eating the dishes of other people! In the matter of dining, Mr. Brown, a man should be a cosmopolite." And on this point no man carried his theory into more frequent practice than the speaker. "Mr. Brown, whilst you live, never let politics interfere with the liberty of knife and fork. Come along."

"But I tell you, Mr. Butcherly, it is against an established rule of my life——"

"Won't have it, Mr. Brown: if you have a hatred of the French, dine with 'em three times a-week, and you'll wish to be naturalized. Cat and dog are natural enemies; but when puss and the terrier are made to eat out of the same dish, you can't think how soon they become friends. The cooks, Sir, have done more to destroy national antipathies than all the philosophers. For myself, I wouldn't declare war even against New Zealand until I had taken dinner with the chiefs."

"The New Zealanders, Mr. Butcherly! Dine with the New Zealanders!—wretches who——" and Brown was really indignant.

"Abuse 'em, if you like," said Butcherly: "very economical people; we only kill our enemies—they eat 'em. We hate our foes to the last; whilst there's no learning in the end how they are brought to relish 'em."

Brown, making wry faces as he walked, was led victoriously off by Butcherly, who, in his ignorance, believed Brown to have some social prejudice against the French, which, in his own words, Butcherly was resolved "to dine out" of him. The reader, however, will hardly fail to attribute the disinclination of Brown to its right cause: he never had taken a French dinner, and, therefore, he never—but, in this instance, the resolves of Brown were as threads of flax against the strength of Butcherly. Brown, with his fingers still upon his nose, was safely deposited in a house, where the steam from the kitchen, with its first cloud, transported the visitor direct to Paris.

"Capital, isn't it?" said Butcherly, at about the fourth dish. "I dare say, Brown, you have heard of frogs?"

Brown sat suddenly upright, casting a suspicious eye at Butcherly.

"All safe, now—not in season." Brown again stooped to his plate. "Ha! frogs have been a dear dish to me." Brown looked interrogatively. "I'll tell you: I hate national prejudices; so brought an uncle here to 'dine 'em out' of him. He enjoyed his dinner amazingly, ate, I may say it, like a chaplain. Well, he was rich—very rich, indeed—or I hadn't brought him here." Brown cast his eyes up at Butcherly. "You know, he wasn't the capital fellow you are—little wine with you, Brown;—well, when he had dined, I asked him what he thought of the French? He could say nothing; he blushed to the edges of his ears with shame. I, however, pushed the question—'What do you think of the French *now*, uncle?' 'Not so bad,' said he, with a look of contrition; 'not so bad, if they wouldn't eat frogs.' There I had him. 'You recollect the third dish,—delicious, wasn't it?' The old fellow smacked his lips with recollections of delight. 'In that dish, there

were two-and-thirty frogs!" Well, what do you think of prejudice, Brown? My uncle insisted upon falling ill immediately—was carried home—went to bed—scratched me out of his will—and died!"

"But not of frogs?" exclaimed Brown.

"Would you believe the wickedness of woman?" said Butcherly: "a nurse was found to swear that, in his last moments, she heard 'em croak! See what comes of national prejudice. A little burgundy?"

A little, and a little burgundy, and the heart of Brown melted like a jelly in his bosom, and Butcherly, with an educated eye, remarked the amiable softness of his friend, and thus, in few but significant words, addressed him. Squaring his elbows on the table, and looking up in the face of the genial Brown, Miles Butcherly observed—"My dear Brown, you couldn't lend me twenty pounds?"

In an instant, the face of Brown was as rigid as carved walnut, and his glistening eyes became like the eyes of fish. "Twenty pounds! Why, I should have no objection—none, whatever,—only, as I never did lend money, I—I——" Brown could say no more, notwithstanding Butcherly felt that he had said enough.

"Not another word," said Butcherly; "'tis no matter, none in—— Ha! boys,—glad to see you—sit down—my friend, I may say, my bosom friend—the kind creature I've so often spoken of—my dear friend, Brown." And Butcherly introduced our hero to two young gentlemen, who acknowledged the honour with a knowing stare at the innocent Brown; who, by degrees, felt his blood glow again, again felt his heart expanding with the wine.

"I don't know how it is—surely, the hours are longer than they used to be—only ten o'clock—shall we have a bout at cards?" said one of the new comers.

"Brown, I am afraid," said Butcherly, in a voice of unaffected regret, "doesn't play."

"I never have played—never," said Brown, intending to imply that he never would.

However, the cards were brought, and one of the strangers, shuffling them with miraculous grace, lounged towards Brown, and, with a benevolence lost upon its object, observed—"Oh! light stakes, Mr. Brown—light stakes, for beginners. Must kill time in self-defence. What do you say, Brown?"

For a minute Brown replied not; it was plain enough that he was absorbed, paralyzed by some sudden horror. He sat, his head sunk in his shoulders, his right leg raised tremblingly from the ground, as though he had trodden on a snake, and his hand—nay, half his arm—plunged into his pocket. His jaw fell, his eyes started, and his very nose curled with terror. Had he been struck with sudden paralysis? Worse: with sudden poverty.

"What's the matter, Brown?" asked the gentleman, the cards still flying from his hand like sparks from an anvil. "What's the matter?"

"Thieves! my money—I'm robbed—robbed!" cried Brown, and he looked accusingly at Butcherly and his two friends, who rose together from their seats, and exclaimed "Sir!" Brown, however, heeded not their injured dignity; but, with a violent action of the hand, displayed that most affecting spectacle within this world of sorrows—that Gorgon to friends—that pestilence to best acquaintance—that type of worthless-

ness, and badge of shame—an empty pocket! Butcherly and his companions beheld the exhibition with proper disgust, repeating with additional emphasis, “Sir!” Brown seized a candle, looked under the table; in an instant replaced the taper, and fell back in his chair, breathing the softest sigh. As he lay, his face broke into smiles, and opening his eyes, shaking his head, and showing a paper pellet between his finger and thumb, he merely observed, “I thought I had lost it.” The truth is, Brown, too careful of the thousand pound note, had kept his fingers upon it, and rolling and rolling it until it had become as round as a bolus, it had escaped from his pocket as he rose to bow to the new comers, who, now aided by Butcherly, sat with darkening brows, staring destruction at our hero; he merely repeating, with a new smile, “I thought I had lost it.”

“You called me a——but you know, Sir, what must follow,” said the stranger with the cards to Brown; “satisfaction, Sir,” and he tapped his fingers on the table.

“Satisfaction, Sir,” said the second stranger, adjusting his shirt-collar.

“Honour demands it, Mr. Brown,” said Butcherly, somewhat tremulously: “I am sorry for it, but—satisfaction.”

Brown smoothed out the note upon the table, and folding it, and placing it in his waistcoat-pocket, observed, “I am perfectly satisfied.”

“You must fight, Sir,” said the first stranger, speaking very confidentially to Brown.

“Fight, Sir,” said the second.

“Exactly,” corroborated Butcherly.

“But I never did fight,” exclaimed Brown; “and therefore, I—I never can—I never will.”

“You are a poltroon,” said the first stranger.

“And a scoundrel,” added his friend.

“A poltroon and a scoundrel,” confirmed Butcherly, adding the weight of his authority.

“Poltroon—scoundrel,” repeated Brown; “why, Mr. Butcherly, you don’t mean to call me——”

“A poltroon, and a scoundrel,” said the imperturbable Butcherly “and, Sir, if you have any doubt of the fact——”

“Well, Sir?” asked Brown. “And what then, Sir?”

“Then, Sir, myself and friends will have no hesitation in giving it you on a stamped receipt.”

Brown was not so punctilious as to demand any such instrument. On the contrary, he seemed disposed to be perfectly satisfied with the verbal acknowledgment of the parties, who were about to quit the apartment, when one of the strangers stopped, as if he had suddenly recollected some serious duty: then, returning to Brown, he thus briefly addressed him:—“You have insulted me, and you deny me the satisfaction of a gentleman: I am very sorry, but I must——” and, with incredible dexterity, the speaker caught the nose of Brown between his thumb and finger.

“Sir—what am I to think?” exclaimed Brown, jumping from his seat; “I say, Sir, what am I to think?” Brown could, for the moment, say no more, for the second stranger had suddenly caught the nose as suddenly quitted by the first. “Very sorry—very sorry,” and the stranger tweaked.

"Sir—Sir," cried Brown, when released, "what am I to understand—I ask, Sir, what am I to understand——" but the executioner had left the room, and Brown looked upon Butcherly alone.

"Take a seat—be quiet, Mr. Brown—take a seat, I have something to say to you," said Butcherly; and the calm dignity of his manner awed our hero into obedience. Brown sank upon a chair, gasping and rubbing his nose that burned and glowed like a red cinder. "We have known one another some time, Mr. Brown," said Butcherly, and Brown bowed assent. "It was my wish that our intimacy should ripen into a lasting friendship." Brown rubbed his nose. "You have many admirable qualities, no doubt, Mr. Brown: it was my fond hope to endeavour to discover and appreciate them. I believe you have an excellent heart—that, altogether, you are, despite some human weaknesses, a most estimable person." Brown clasped his hands, and was overpowered by the eulogy. "But, Mr. Brown, whilst I appreciate the virtues of another, I cannot forget what is due to myself. Therefore, although I believe you to be a most humane, a most amiable, a most upright man, still, Sir, the stern duty I owe to myself and to society, compels me—believe me, much against my will—to pull your nose."

The unrelenting vigour with which Butcherly asserted the right due to society and himself was in terrible contrast to the meekness, the almost mellifluous softness of speech with which he passed sentence. Had the nose of Brown been jammed between an iron staple its owner could not have roared more lustily. The landlord, the waiters, the chambermaids—the whole household—rushed to the scene of punishment. Butcherly quitted his hold, and with astonishing equanimity, and a graceful inclination of the body, passing his hand around his beaver as he spoke, he thus addressed the sufferer—

"Mr. Brown, it has cost me much to do this; I have had to struggle against the force of friendship: but, Sir, society has its claims; and believe me that, in pulling your nose, I have only considered what is due to the usages of the world and to my sense of self-respect. In having pulled your nose I disclaim anything personal. I have been grieved to do it, but self-sacrifice, Mr. Brown, makes a part of the social compact." And Butcherly, with a low bow, and pressing his hat to his breast, retired. Now, had Butcherly cut the throat of Brown in an "affair of honour," could he have given a more profound, a more philosophical reason for the necessity of the sacrifice?

"Why, Sir," cried the landlord to Brown, "what's the matter?"

"Matter!" exclaimed Brown—"matter!—I—I was never so served in all my days!"

"What's the matter?" asked a gentleman who entered the room.

"The gentleman has had his nose pulled, Sir," said the waiter, pointing to Brown.

"Yes, Sir," said Brown, "it's true—perfectly true; and what to do I don't know."

"You don't?" exclaimed the visitor.

"No, Sir, I don't," cried Brown. "How should I? I should be happy to know, Sir; for the fact is, Sir, I—no—I—I never before in all my life—never had my nose pulled!"

The nose of Brown had been pulled—tweaked—pinched with impunity; and Brown was to all his friends a banished man. He was

touched—blown to all the world. In after days he could have cut off the tainted part—could, at one stroke, have excised the curse that still stood prominently forth between his cheeks, so that with the loss he might have gained his former friends. The nose, before its degradation, had an aquiline tendency; since its fall, it inclined somewhat upwards, at least to the morbid eyes of its wearer, as if shrinking from the approach of all things human. It was the nose of a modern saint raising itself to the sky, by scenting^g this world as it were a dunghill. However, in time, Brown grew forgetful of the ignominy his nose had suffered, and found for it a sweet oblivion of misfortune in rappee. Moreover, Brown, reading the works of a certain philosopher, discovered that man sloughs his whole mass of clay once in a certain number of years; and, therefore, that the nose he wore was not, in fact, the nose in years by-gone assaulted, but every particle of it a new nose—an untouched, untweaked organ: a virgin nose, a nose unpulled! Here is comfort for the family of the Browns; here is consolation for the kicked, to know that in a few years—we think seven the stated number—the shame is gone, exhaled, hour by hour and day by day, with the suffering region. Let us, however, not too far pursue this delicate disquisition; for if in seven years such changes come, what pleas may criminals put in! The pickpocket of 1837 may plead an alibi for the accused hand of 1844! “Thou canst not say ’twas *I* that did it!” exclaims the palm of later date. But we have done: there are some subtleties to be discussed only by philosophers over their spring-water and—brandy; and this question of physical identity might create confusion among even the most respectable families. In a word, in a few years Brown felt that the nose he wore had never been pulled; his moral man was comforted by his material. His late dear friends and best acquaintance “bore a brain,” it is true; but Brown himself slumbered in a wise forgetfulness.

CHAP. III.

Brown continued to creep through life; every day serving him to accumulate justifying-reasons for present and future inactivity. He had, fortunately, fallen into honest hands; for, shortly after the accident narrated in our last chapter, he was received into the family of a small tradesman, who, relieving our helpless hero of his new perplexity—that of laying out his own money on his own wants—gave him board and bed for the interest of his inheritance, he slumbering through twenty years of his existence, with no more thought of the world around him—of its cares and its delights, than the counter of Jeremy Quick, his indefatigable landlord.

Brown, according to the theory of philosophers, was already wearing his third nose from the date of the assault by Butcherly and his friends, that is, upwards of twenty years had elapsed since that memorable catastrophe, when Jeremy Quick, with his shining, prosperous face, and his blithe, chirping voice, entered the room of our hero with a gay “Good morning!”

“Good morning, Mr. Quick!” said Brown, laying down a morning paper—a journal that had twenty times performed the noisome feat of devouring its own words, but which was still the oracle of Brown, for the best of reasons—he never *had* read any other paper.

Mr. Quick drew a chair opposite to Brown, and seating himself, with his clasped fingers in his lap, and a more than usually lustrous smile on his smooth countenance, he looked benignantly in the face of his lodger, cleared his throat, and said, "Mr. Brown, we have now been together in this house upwards of twenty years."

"Twenty years, Mr. Quick. It quite seems to me that I have never lived in any other," said Brown. "A charming house!"

"Tolerably well," said Quick; "but the fact is, I came to tell you that I am about to give up the house." Brown started and looked grave at this piece of intelligence—for it threatened his repose. Could a spider comprehend the mischief of a hair-broom, it would view that instrument with a dread akin to that with which Brown contemplated the face of Quick.

"Give up the house! explain yourself, Mr. Quick," said Brown.

"Mr. Brown," and the smiling landlord approached his lodger, and shook him cordially by the hand—"Mr. Brown, it is now upwards of twenty years since we were introduced to one another. At that time, Sir, you had a thousand pounds."

"A new sum to me—I may say it, quite a trouble. It was a happy day for me when I met you, Mr. Quick," said Brown.

"You had exactly one thousand pounds," repeated Quick, "and that—that was twenty years ago."

A cloud fell upon the face of Brown. From the manner of Quick, our hero rashly divined that his landlord was about to exhibit a long account for bed and board, placing him in the light, or, rather, in the dark shadow of a debtor. "I told you, Mr. Quick," said Brown, his face colouring somewhat—"I told you, you couldn't afford it. To have lived and lodged as I have, and on the interest of only a thousand pounds, I told you it was not to be done. I knew that when you came to reckon——"

"Hear me, my dear Mr. Brown—compose yourself"—for Brown began to shift restlessly in his seat—"compose yourself, and hear me. Ha! Sir, you can't tell what I suffered for six months after I received you."

"And I have been a burthen, and I—I have never seen it!" cried Brown, in a contrite spirit.

"You have been a blessing to me, Mr. Brown," said the whipmaker—for Quick, the kindest of men, was, in the way of business, a dealer in scourges—"listen to me, Sir; pray, listen. When we met I had been married two years——"

"Martha was thirteen months old," said Brown.

"To a day," said Quick. "I had no capital—none; all my stock was in my window. I hadn't a friend when I met you. Well, you forced your money on me; it was, you said, of no use to you; you had never been in trade; all you wanted was——"

"What I have had, Mr. Quick: your roof, and your board, and no trouble," said Brown.

"'Tis all over now; but you don't know the days I was worn, the nights I lay awake, the blame I heaped upon myself for having used what was not my own; the dreams I had, seeing you houseless, and in rags, and I—I the cause, Mr. Brown."

"But that hasn't happened, Mr. Quick; and as it never has——"

"I bless my stars, Mr. Brown, there's little fear of it now. There, Mr. Brown," and Quick laid a slip of paper in the hand of his lodger.

"What is this? A cheque for a thousand pounds?"

"Your money, Mr. Brown," said Quick. "You had a thousand pounds when——"

"Well, but that—that is in the three per cents.," cried Brown.

"Very true; but then, you see, compound interest," Mr. Brown.

"Interest! but hav'n't I lived upon you?—Heaven forgive me!—for, the last twenty years," cried the lodger.

"Mr. Brown,"—and Quick rose, and tears came into his eyes as he caught the hand of his tenant—"without your money I might have had no roof, no bed. Now, all I have to ask of you is, that you'll think yourself to have been my guest from the first day you came here."

"Impossible!" cried Brown.

"You must. And, what is more, you must leave this house," said Quick.

"How can you ask it? As I have never lived in any other for the last twenty years, how is it possible that——"

"The truth is, Mr. Brown, we have made money enough. I am rich—rich beyond every want. Now, had you but used your own thousand pounds, I might have been penniless, and you a man of wealth."

"Very true, very true," said Brown; "but then, as I never *had* ventured any money, how could I begin?"

This argument, the text of his whole life—a text whipped into him by his schoolmaster—was sufficient to Brown, who was perfectly satisfied at having been the cause of wealth in others, he remaining poor himself.

It was a hard task for the retired whipmaker to carry Brown from London. For a long time he stuck with the tenacity of a lamprey to his old abode: but was at length induced to emigrate by the circumstance of Quick purchasing an estate in the neighbourhood wherein Brown had passed his schoolboy days.

Brown was close on fifty when he returned to his native place; the self-same Brown that left it. Here he found, retired in ease and dwelling in the house of her late father, the widow of the bold, decided Jack Simmons, who had arrived at the honours of city clerk ere he slept beneath the sculptured glories of a marble monument. Quick died; his girls were married and carried off; his boys were thrifty dealers in London; and Brown, at sixty, had consumed so much food—had slept so many hours—had breathed so many tons of vital air.

Nothing was left our hero, save fishing and the evening society of Mrs. Simmons. Neighbours, with unseemly levity, would wink knowingly, and prophesy a marriage. Nay, the curate once boldly put the question to our bachelor. "People would talk; Mr. Brown was very constant in his visits to the cottage; did he really intend to marry Mrs. Simmons?"

"Really, Mr. Ringdove, the fact is, I—whatever my intentions might have been forty years ago—bless me! is it so long?—I remember, Sir,"—and Brown pointed to some noble elms—"those trees were then no thicker than my stick—whatever my intentions were, I—as I—~~that is~~, as I never have married, could I marry now?"

Another year elapsed, and the widow Simmons was gathered to her departed lord. Her death was somewhat sudden. To Brown it brought peculiar pain; for in their last interview high words—such was the term his self-accusing spirit gave the following syllables—had passed between him and the deceased.

"Indeed, Mr. Brown," said the widow, flinging down her cards, "I am quite tired of crabbage. Don't you play chess?"

"No, ma'am," said Brown.

"Come, then, I don't mind if I take the trouble of teaching you. Susan, bring the board."

"Madam, I feel your kindness," said Brown, calmly shuffling the cards; "but, as I never *have* played at chess, it appears to me very absurd that, at my time of life, I should attempt to learn."

"Ha! Brown, Brown!"—and the widow looked mournfully at the bachelor—"if you had but known everything from the first, what a man you might have been!"

Brown was alone. He had no wife, no child, no kin to care for him. His sole companion was his fishing-rod; and in the long summer days he would stand or sit dreamingly upon an old plank, projecting above that stream wherein he once went to learn to swim, and was sagely whipped for the imprudence. What were his thoughts—what his meditations on the nothingness of the past, and the consequent barrenness of the present, we will not consider. Thinking of the wisdom of the schoolmaster, Brown may have sometimes seen the pedagogue rise from the water, as the Saracen saw the ghost of Angelica's brother,

"*Insino al petto uscir, d'aspettadero.*"

Perhaps it was at some such moment that Brown hastily leaned his back against the rail above the plank, and that the rotten support, snapping with the weight, suffered our elderly angler to fall into the water, which had been to him the bitter waters of his youth. Happily—for Brown had never learned to swim—his mishap was witnessed by a younger brother of the line, who plucked the struggler from the death below, and, in a brief time, conducted him to his lonely home.

"It is nothing—nothing at all," said Brown to his housekeeper, who begged her master to go between hot blankets. "He never had cared for wet, and ought he to care now?"

At eleven o'clock next morning Brown was still in bed. "Medicine! he had never taken medicine; and, if he were a little feverish or so, it was sure to go off. He never had kept his bed for a day, and he would get up." Brown rose.

The next day Brown kept his bed. "Your hand, Sir, if you please," said the doctor, brought, on her own responsibility, by the housekeeper. "Humph! very feverish; a blister, Mr. Brown."

"Pshaw! I never had a blister," said the patient.

"And I must bleed you."

"Bleed! I tell you, Mr. Squills, I never lost a drop of blood in my life—and, therefore, I never will."

Brown was obstinate: no blister, no lancet would he suffer to approach him. The fourth day the doctor appeared, and shook his head as he looked upon the eight uncorked bottles on the sick man's table.

"He had lived sixty years without medicine, and was it likely physic would do him good now?"

Squills opened the curtains, and shook his head still more anxiously.

"If I had only bled him," said Squills to the curate.

"Never—never—never was bled in all my life," said Brown, and died.

Such was the life and death of Brown. Are there not Browns political—Browns philosophical—Browns scientific? Truly, the Browns are a great family.

Our next shall speak of "JONES."

AN ELECTION ANECDOTE.

Hail, glorious day, on which the Bill was pass'd,
That gave at last
Reform to Britons free!
The Boroughs which had long been rotten,
Are dead and clean forgotten,
As they ought to be.
No more can seats be bought and sold,
We've done with such abuses;
No more can gold,
Or flimsy notes,
Purchase base votes:
The poorest man can now vote as he chooses.
But what 's a moral without illustration?
None can avail,
Without a *tale*.
To fit it—so here goes for my narration.
At th' last election for the borough town
Of Guttlebury,
A spick and span new candidate came down,
A fit and proper person, very:—
He vow'd that he the people's man was,
And drew a glowing picture on his *canvass*
Of rights and wrongs, and England's Charter,
And swore for liberty he 'd die a martyr.
He call'd upon a cobbler in his rounds,
One Jacob Sneak,
His vote and int'rest to bespeak:
Says he, "You are a patriot to the bone,
And, zounds!
A cobbler now may say his *sole's* his own:—
Come, friend, your name enroll,
And show *your* face, when I display *my* poll;
Your face is but a lean one now,
I must allow,
Or tell a monstrous thumper:
It shows dejection;
But on the day of our election
I hope to see you with a *plumper*."

True blue 's the colour that can ne'er be beat !
If you'll but make a *stand*—I'll get a seat."

Says Mr. Sneak,

(As soon as *his* turn came to speak,)

" I 'd like to give a vote, no doubt,

But I 'm afraid,

My rates ar'n't paid,

And so, perhaps, they 'll scratch me out !

What 's worse than all, I know a dozen more,

Good men and sure,

Will raise their *voices* with me for the blue,

• If I but axes

And yet can't raise,

In these starvation days,

A sous

To pay their taxes !" •

" A dozen votes in jeopardy !" exclaims

Th' impatient squire ;

" There 's surely some mistake—I'll straight inquire ;

Give me their names."

They parted ; and, no matter how or when,

The rates were paid of these same men,

Who never paid a rate before,

Except by *rating* the collector soundly,

And roundly,

And shutting in his face the door.

The candidate his visit soon repeated,

And for their votes his friends again entreated.

" All 's right," said he ;

" You 're safe *now* in the registration ;

And if you will but vote for me,

"Twill be

For the good o' the nation !"

" What !" replies Sneak, " and have you done the trick

So quick ?

Now, that 's what I calls clever !

Me and my friends must all shout—*Blue for ever !*"

And so we will, my hearty !

We 'll strain our throats

Until they crack ;

But as to votes—

Good lack !

A-hem !

I 'm very sorry—but we 've promised *them*

To th' *opposite party* !"

NEMO.

Athenæum, 12th August.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

“ Au superbe festin tous les dieux invités,
Partageoient le bonheur des époux enchantés.
La main de la discorde, entr'ouvrant un nuage,
Du désordre prochain fait briller le présage :
Elle tient un fruit d'or, où ces mots sont écrits ;
Le sort à la plus belle a réservé ce prix.
On sait quel fut le trouble entre les immortelles,
Qui toutes prétendoient à l'empire des belles ;
Et qu'enfin Jupiter, qui n'osa les juger,
Fit dépendre ce droit de l'arrêt d'un berger.

LAMOTTE.

WITHOUT the walls of the far-famed city of Troy or Ilium was an extensive forest well stocked with game. Acteon, who was one of the keenest sportsmen of the period, was abroad at break of day, and had already slain many a dappled denizen of the forest, when Apollo, who was also an early riser, accidentally met, and thus accosted the hunter—

“ What sport, my noble buck ? ”

“ As for the sport,” replied Acteon, “ ’tis pleasant enough, for you perceive I have won the game ; but as for the title of buck, Master Apollo, I do not consider myself entitled to it, having, like the rest of my brothers of the chase, only one horn.”

“ A good conceit, by Styx ! ” exclaimed Apollo, slapping him on the shoulder. “ Well, then, my unicorn, what game’s a-foot that you are making such provision ? ”

“ I’m astonish’d ! ” said Acteon. “ What ! have you not heard that Peleus is about to celebrate his nuptials with the lovely Thetis ? Have you really received no card ? ”

“ Not an inch of pasteboard have I seen, I assure you,” answered Apollo ; “ nor do I regret it, for these same weddings are, after all, but melancholy things, for the bride generally looks as blank and white as her robe, and the groom as silly as possible.”

“ But this is a love-match, I assure you.”

“ Then, in respect of Peleus, your labours must be superfluous, for Thetis ought to be *too dear*, or at least *dear* enough without your venison.”

“ Thank’ye, Pol ; I owe you one,” cried Acteon, laughing : “ but you must come, — we shall never be able to get up a glee without your able assistance.”

“ Well,” said Apollo, evidently flattered by his compliment, “ provided I receive a card in due time——”

“ Oh ! I’ll take care of that,” replied Acteon ; “ in fact, it must be an oversight of the stewards ; but I’ll see to it. ’Twill be a ‘ crack ’ affair, for Bacchus provides the tippie, and——”

“ I’m glad of it,” said Apollo ; “ for the last jollification I was invited to, they pretended to prodigious gentility, and gave us a villanous imitation of champagne that played old gooseberry with me ; and as for the port (black-strap at one-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings a bottle), it really produced an acidity that required all the skill and magnesia of Æsculapius to neutralize.”

After having assured Apollo of the groundlessness of any such appre-

hension on the intended celebration, they parted with the understanding that Apollo would keep himself disengaged for the occasion.

An invitation was accordingly sent on the following morning in due form. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant there had not been such an assemblage of "nobs" as honoured the wedding of Thetis. All the Gods and Goddesses were there, and there was nothing omitted to give due *éclat* to the marriage feast. Gifts, as customary on such occasions, were presented, and, as usual, received. Pluto gave the young couple a toasting-fork, and Eolus a pair of bellows. Minerva proffered a handsome pocket edition of the fashionable novels of the day, superbly bound. Nothing could excel the good humour and hilarity of the company. Toasts were drunk, and compliments flew about like snow-balls.

Upon the removal of the cloth, Apollo arose, and, accompanied by two of the Muses, sang the following

HYMENEAL CHANT.

Lo! Hymen of the saffron robe,
 Attended by the Graces,
 And Love, who governs half the globe,
 Appear with shining faces
 To bless the happy, happy pair,
 And bid to care a truce, Sir.
 The bride's as brisk as bottled beer,
 The bridegroom, too, is spruce, Sir.
 Ri fol de riddle lol,
 Tiddy dol de da.

Chorus by the whole company.
 Ri fol de riddle lol,
 Tiddy dol de da.

O! may the link that Hymen lights
 To lead 'em to the altar
 Burn brightly all their days and nights,
 And neither trip nor falter.
 Though life is full of bogs and ruts,
 Pit-falls and holes, all sizes,
 Yet Love carves out some smoother cuts,
 And well Macadamizes.

 Ri fol de riddle lol,
 Tiddy dol de da.

Chorus—Ri fol de riddle, &c.

Then fill your goblets to the brim,
 Reverse them in a twinkling,
 A blessing call on her and him,
 And give old Earth a sprinkling.

(Here Apollo and the whole company according to custom poured a solemn libation.)

May she be fruitful as the earth,
 And be a happy mother,
 And every little son of mirth
 Be followed by another.

 Ri fol de riddle lol
 Tiddy dol de da.

Chorus—Ri fol de riddle, &c.

Words are inadequate to describe the loud and enthusiastic applause which followed this classically-beautiful effusion. The harmonious

hammering of pots and glasses upon the table which accompanied the "bragoes," produced altogether an effect so novel and electrifying that even Jupiter, who had seen a great deal of "high" life in his time, emphatically declared, with his hand upon his heart, that he had never before witnessed such a scene.

The bride and bridegroom being drank with the customary honours, Peleus arose:—

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it is with some hesitation I intrude myself upon your notice, but I should be utterly devoid of feeling were I to pass over in silence the handsome and flattering manner in which you have condescended to notice me and mine. On behalf of myself and lady permit me to return you our most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and may you all enjoy health, happiness, and prosperity."

Symptoms of applause breaking out at this juncture, Peleus remained silent until the peal had burst, and then continued:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—With your permission I will propose a toast. There is a gentleman among us who is ever ready to add to the harmony of the company by his vocal abilities. The elegant composition which he has just poured forth, no less than the warm and friendly manner in which you all joined in the heart-stirring chorus, demands my gratitude. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg leave to propose the health of Apollo with nine times nine!"

Apollo was drank, and rising, placed his right hand upon the rim of his goblet, bowed with the most winning grace to the bride and bridegroom, and then to the guests both right and left.

All was hushed in a silence that was almost audible, longing to catch every syllable anticipated from the lips of the God of Eloquence. Shaking back his golden locks, and raising his replenished goblet in his hand, he said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen—I thank you."

Every head was outstretched, every eye was in a moment rivetted upon the youthful orator. Apollo, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, looked calmly around, and placing the wine to his lips, quaffed it at a single draught, and then—seated himself.

For a moment the whole company was lost in surprise; but mirth soon broke the silence in loud and repeated shouts of laughter, for they were one and all taken in and tickled by his laconic mode of returning thanks. The merriment of the jovial party was further increased by the following comic song, which Momus gave in his best manner upon the call of Jupiter for a "volunteer:"—

THE SONG OF MOMUS.

Miss Syrinx was washing her socks

In Ladon's meandering stream.

When Pan just peep'd over the rocks

And caused the young lady to scream.

With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,

Cried Pan in delight, "Here's a lass for me!"

She snatch'd up her garments of lawn,

And bundled up quickly her togs,

Then scamper'd away like a fawn

Affrighted at sight of the dogs.

With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,

Cried Pan, "Sure the girl can't be frighten'd at me!"

On! on!—and away, like a brook,
She ran o'er the pebbles so fleet:
Cried Pan, "Though light-heel'd, by my crook!
I think I can outdo her feat."

With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
"I think she can't trot along quicker than me."

"I'll pursue her all day; for, in truth,
She has a sweet ancle and foot;
And philosophers say that a youth
Is nothing without a pursuit.
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
A maid that is hunted must surely *chased* be!"

Away rattled Pan, like a cat
With walnut-shells stuck on her feet;
His heart beat a strange pit-a-pat,
Like a debtor in sight of—the *Fleet*!
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
Cried he, "She has won and still wins upon me!"

The beauty at last reach'd the plain,
And finding she still was pursued,
She turn'd to the river again,
In terror, lest Pan should be rude.
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
Cried she, "What can Goatlegs be wanting with me?"

"One good turn another deserves,"
Cried Pan, and whisk'd round with a dash:
But the river her honour preserves,
She jumps into the stream with a splash.
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
"What a splash the young lady has cut!" cried he.

He rush'd to the bank, where he found
Miss Syrinx transform'd to a reed;
He thought her sincere, but was bound
To confess she was hollow indeed.
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
Cried Pan, "I'll cut her who has surely cut me!"

She could not now run from the blade
That cruelly cut her in bits,
Of which Master Pan those pipes made,
Well known to both rustics and city.
With a harum-scarum, fiddle-de-dee,
Cried Pan, "This is fair—she once play'd upon me!"

Both wine and wit flowed in sparkling abundance, and there was every prospect of a happy termination to the joyful meeting, when Discord, in sheer envy of their enjoyment, and determined to spite them for having purposely neglected to send her an *invite* to the wedding-feast, concealed herself in the umbrageous covert of the trees which formed the leafy walls of the rural saloon, and, watching her opportunity, threw a Golden Pippin upon the board, whereon these words were carved—"For the most beautiful."

Juno seized the fruit, which was really of surpassing beauty, and observing the words, although unable to decipher them (for she was by no means a literary lady), she beckoned to Minerva. "Minny, my love,"

said she, "construe me these pothooks, will you; for I must confess they are all Greek to me."

Minerva took the pippin, and the attention and curiosity of all the goddesses were aroused. The Goddess of Wisdom smiled as she read the words aloud. A pause ensued, which was interrupted by Momus.

"I propose," said he, "that the pippin be given to Vulcan!"

A laugh, in which the ill-favoured blacksmith joined most heartily, followed this proposition.

"And wherefore?" demanded Jupiter.

"In the first place, it will prevent any jealous feelings on the part of the young ladies; and secondly, I think him in justice entitled to it, for, both in face and person, we must acknowledge he is matchless."

"No, no," said Juno, who really felt a longing for the fruit; "it must be intended for a lady. Let Jupiter award the prize."

Venus gave Jupiter a look which it was impossible to misconstrue; and apprehending either a curtain-lecture from his spouse, or a tiff with Venus, determined not to be the arbitrator in this delicate affair.

"Apple of my eye!" said he, leering tenderly at Juno, "I fear I may be deemed too partial if I bestow it according to my inclination," and here he trod emphatically on the toe of Venus. "I therefore refer this momentous affair to the decision of the equitable and renowned Paris."

"Who is Paris?" whispered the bride timidly to Minerva.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Minerva, "don't you really know—have you never seen him?"

"No, indeed," replied Thetis.

"Then pray, child, hold your tongue," said Minerva, with the grave authority of a boarding-school teacher, "or you'll expose your ignorance woefully. Why it is a proverb even among the Gauls, '*Qui n'a vu Paris n'a rien vu*,' which, literally translated according to the Hamiltionian system, means 'Who has not seen *Paris* has seen nothing.'"

They were all eager for the adjudication; and Mercury was instantly despatched to request the favour of the presence of the shepherd-judge. Paris, having hastily attired himself in his wig and gown, promptly appeared to answer the flattering summons of Jupiter. Bowing gracefully to the company, he seated himself upon a green bank under the shadow of an umbrageous tree. A circle was formed about him, and he received the pippin from the hands of Mercury.

"Open the court," said he to the winged messenger of the gods.

"One would think the court was open enough already," said Momus to Apollo.

Mercury stepped forward, and, waving his caduceus, cried aloud,

"O yes! O yes! O yes! By the decree of Jupiter the wise and renowned Paris is instituted judge. Let the candidates come forward and listen to his just award."

Juno, Venus, and Minerva immediately entered the circle and preferred their claims to the pippin; and no one else appearing, Paris sagely grasped the contested fruit in his left hand. Regarding the three beautiful goddesses as they advanced with a scrutiny that made them blush and look more lovely than ever, Paris seemed doubtful on which of the trio to bestow the prize. Juno, who had more boldness than discretion, gracefully approached the judge.

"Paris," said she, in a whisper, "far be it from me even to give the remotest hint where or on whom you should bestow the fruit. I would not for the world attempt to influence the decision of one so wise, so just, so discriminative; but, I must say, the fame and admiration of your wisdom long since induced me to regard you with an eye of favour. You understand me?"

She retired, and Minerva, following her example, advanced with becoming dignity to the bench, and thus "ear-wigged" the puzzled arbitrator.

"Wisdom is light!" said she.

"And has great weight with me," replied Paris, bowing; "and I admire the sage Minerva, from the beak of her owl to the toe of her blue-stocking."

"I have no doubt," continued the goddess, "that that minx, Juno, with her great staring eyes, has endeavoured to dazzle your judgment with great promises. But remember, most upright judge, that knowledge alone is power, and without any wish to bias your verdict (for I heartily despise so mean and unwarrantable a tampering), I promise you—provided my expectations of your intellectual discrimination and probity are confirmed—to bestow on you the best quarto edition of the 'Statutes at Large' and 'Burns' Justice.' *Pauci verba*, you know—*verbum sap.*:"—and, winking significantly, she made way for the enchanting Venus, who, in her turn, tripped with the most winning grace to the side of Paris.

"Really, Paris," said she, smiling archly, "'tis a thousand pities so charming a youth should disguise himself in that odious gown and wig. They may do very well to conceal the wrinkles and deformities of all those babbling old fools whom yonder 'blue' is so fond of patronising; but on a proper man like you they are truly absurd. I know one of the prettiest women in the world, who, *cette nous*, would soon laugh you out of this masquerading, and make you the happiest man alive. She has charms enough to set all Troy in flames—she is moreover over head and ears in love with you already: but I shall have the pleasure of introducing you, for, as a matter of course, you will adjudge the golden prize to me; justice no less than gallantry demands this at your hands. Why, a single glance at her bewitching countenance is worth a bushel of pippins."

"Withdraw!" said Paris, sternly, as if indignant at being so entreated; and then slowly rising, he again regarded for a few moments the three goddesses, who were drawn up in a line before him for his judicial review.

"Would I had three pippins," said he, "that I might grant to each of these fair ladies the desire of their hearts. When I look upon the noble and majestic beauty of the imperial Juno, and the sweet face of Minerva, beaming bright with the fire of immortal intellect, the scales of justice waver in my trembling hand. Their charms are balanced equally; but when I turn my eyes upon Venus, I feel that I am mortal—her beauty is less majestic, less intellectual, but more earthly—and, as a man, I bow to her influence, and adjudge her the golden pippin." And bending lowly upon his knee, he presented the fruit to the delighted Venus.

"He's no judge!" said Minerva, turning away in a pet.

“He’s a fool!” said Juno, her fair complexion growing scarlet with vexation and disappointment.

The bride and bridegroom had stolen away during the discussion, and the meeting presently broke up in most admired disorder, to the infinite pleasure of the envious Discord.

As they paired off, Momus said to Apollo, “What a precious dessert to a wedding-feast! First, a *meddler*, unknown, provides an *apple* of contention, which Venus carries away, making my sweet mistress Juno and Minerva a melancholy *pair*—and then comes the judgment of Master Paris, which I have no hesitation in saying is *nuts* to Jupiter!”

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

A SPORTING BET.

THE Gordon Highlanders, the Limerick county militia, and a brigade of Artillery, constituted, in the year 1811, the garrison of Athlone. Its central situation, and the extensive works which had been constructed on its north-west side, required, at least, as large a military force as the above for the various guards daily mounted over the barracks, ordnance stores, and the lines.

The best possible feeling existed between the officers of these regiments, although the gallant Highlanders maintained, on all occasions, an air of conscious superiority over their militia friends.

It was my good fortune to be on terms of friendship with both corps. That worthy son of Caledonia, Lamont of Lamont, would greet me with a hearty shake of the hand, and “Hoo’s a’ wi’ ye the day?” whilst the courtly old peer, Lord Muskerry, had a kind word to say, in the blandest brogue. So much for the colonels. Majors, captains, and subs were all known to me, many of the two latter grades my companions in divers choice pieces of mischief; but I am not going to relate any adventure of my own, and have only made the above remarks, as my good feeling towards both nations is in a measure of consequence to the story I now venture to relate.

I was lounging one morning at the door of the 92nd mess-room, with a bevy of kilted cronies, when our attention was attracted by an arrival in the barrack-square. A fine lad, who had joined the Limerick only a few days, rode through the gates. He was not a native of the county to which his regiment belonged, but boasted of high Milesian blood, doubtless with abundant right to such a distinction, his father being an apothecary in Newtownlimavaddy, and withal most celebrated for the wondrous cures which he had wrought on quadrupedal patients; not that I mean to insinuate this “physicianer” was nothing better than a “cow-doctor;” but the district in which he resided was remarkable for the salubrity of its air, as affecting the “humane species,” and for a variety of diseases among hoofed and horned cattle.

But to the son and heir of this Irish farrier-surgeon and bulls’ apothecary. No sooner was he aware that our gaze was upon him than he insidiously applied the spur, promoting various capers and caracoles, “to

witch the world with noble horsemanship ;" nor did he cease to display his proficiency in the mysteries of the *manège*, as he approached the barracks ; on the contrary, he caused his steed to rear, kick, and plunge so violently, and so very near the mess-room door, that it was a service of danger any longer to watch the evolutions of this Connaught Centaur.

"Ech, my man, be carefu'; d'ye no ken the stanes are het and slippery? ye may get a fa' before ye'r aware o't," considerably remarked the good-hearted old Major —

"Och, the devil a fear, Mejur! I'd like to see the horse that could spill me," replied the youngster. "It's only the feed he gets that makes him so full of spirt; he's been used to't in my father's stables, who has as ilegant a stud of hunters and racers as ever you seen."

"And which, Sir, may I ask," continued the Major, "do you denominate your chesnut?"

"Why, he's aqual to aither; I'd hunt him in Roscommon, or match him at the Curragh, for any sum under a thousand."

The poor half-starved, cwe-necked hack had, during this dialogue, stood perfectly quiescent, so we descended from our place of vantage, and, much to the surprise of the lad, took a regular survey of this "high charactered" animal, determined to derive entertainment from man and horse.

"As pretty a pair of broken knees as I ever beheld," remarked one.

"You're a mighty big judge of horse-flesh," replied the rider, colouring up to the eyes at the unlucky discovery; "a mere graze the crature got, topping a six-foot dyke."

"How wad he come on his knees, in crossing a dyke, Sir? the thing's no possible! Certes, ye may baith have stuck in the mud; but supposing that the dyke were perfectly dry, the banks woudna be that hard as to cause sic an awfn' disfigurement as yon."

"It would be mighty well, Sir, for you when you talk about anything to know what you're talking about," retorted the vexed equestrian. "Them as knows their mother tongue can tell you that in Ireland the English for dyke means stone wall. And if any of ye has a fancy to go out schooling* with me, I'll engage to show you some sporting leaps, that ye'll not be in any kind of hurry to take yourselves."

"That's a tolerably good imitation of a string halt," observed another of the party.

"Now, you're out; it's only the remains of a strain he got the day he won the cup at Ballyswillyhooleystown; but I'm not going to stand here to have my horse—better naver was crossed—pulled to paces by them as don't wear the conveynances for riding. I wonder where that lazy vagybone of a groom of mine is? I must send the Bar'ny boy to stable and get ready for the afternoon drill. The devil ride a-hunting with our serjeant-major that has the impertinence to say I'll not be fit for duty this month!"

"Couldn't you prevail on Lord Muskerry to let you fall in on horse back?" asked Captain R——, with a somewhat malicious expression.

"Nabochlish!" returned the Milesian. "I know 'tis funning me ye are, but I'm not so 'aisily hated' as poor Larry in the song was; so onc't for all, if you are for a match,"—and again the armed heel of the speaker made the poor beast curvet,—"*I'll run against any of yez!*"

* The game of "Follow the leader" on horseback.

"Hoot, man! don't run against me!" cried little Wallis the quarter-master, who was at the moment trying to make his way through the group to the colonel's rooms. "Ye micht keep your garron still, I think; it's just sinfu' to be digging them great butchers' spurs into the ribs of the beast, for the Lord kens there's nae flesh on the back of it to cover him."

"Come, come, Wallis," cried Captain R—, "don't disparage the noble animal; it's a racer, man, and has won a cup."

"Ca' ve the likes o' that skaleton a racer? I'd wager a year's pay that I'd find a beast to beat him in a month."

"There's a sporting bet for you, Sir," said Captain M'P—; "will you take it?"

"Let's hear what it is," replied the equestrian, dismounting from his steed, and handing him over to the charge of a soldier in a fatigue jacket, who had previously been named with the brevet rank of groom.

"It's this just," answered Wallis. "I'll undertake to race a beast o' mine against that poor, miserable, herrin'-gutted animal o' yours, within a month from this very day, on condition, d'ye perceive, that four-and-twenty hours' nottis o' time and place be deemed good and sufficient on my part, and that the choice of the ground to be run over, the coorse, ye ken, be left entirely to me; and the stakes shall amount to the vally of a month's pay, and no the twelve I was fule-like enuch to name the noo."

As there was a numerous clan of little Wallis's running about in the worthy Quarter-master's quarters, I took the liberty of saying—

"Excuse me, my good Sir, but recollect you will have all the expense of training, &c.; supposing we make up a purse of ten guineas amongst us, and let the officers of the Limerick know that a day's sport is intended, they will join in the fun with pleasure, and back 'the Barony boy,' for such is the name of this high-mettled racer!"

"I'll back the Bar'ny boy meself entirely, without being beholden to any one," was the spirited remark of the owner of the animal.

"Barney boy, or Barney boy, is it a bet?" asked Wallis, drily.

"It is, for tin guineas—that's eleven pounds seven and six-pence Irish,—done!"

"And noo, gentlemen," said Wallis, "I think we con'dna do better than appoint Maister Hell the umpire, for ye see its a sort of a—kind of a naational competetion; the lad's Irish, and sa are a' his freends; we're frae the land o' cakes, Hell's an Englisher, and sae ye see he'll no be prejudeeced on ane side or tither."

"Bravo, Wallis! ye're a canny chiel, and your choice is accellent," said the Major: "will you take the office, my freend?" he added, turning to me.

"Willingly, if the other party consents."

The young Hibernian, his handsome face beaming with good humour, and by no means displeased at his having thus suddenly become an object of interest to "the Regulars," advanced towards me, saying—

"I'll be right glad, Sir, to have you for my umpire; I was promised to be made known to you by Major Spread the next time you dined at our mess."

"Let us waive ceremony, Sir," I replied; "I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance, and you may be sure that I will exercise what

judgment I may possess most impartially in the responsible situation Mr. Wallis and yourself have been pleased to confer on me."

The beat of drum broke up our meeting, my friends hastening to their rooms to put on belt, sword, and sash for the coming parade.

I shall not trespass on the patience of my reader by describing what passed during the month allowed for training, but content myself with saying that the frequent questions put to Wallis were invariably answered by,

"Wait and ye'll see jist. I'll win the race, ye may depend on't, though I've hard that they Lim'rick lads are offering awfu' odds against me."

This confidence on the part of the Quarter-master seemed to me well founded, as two or three times, whilst visiting the lines, I encountered him, with a smiling face, and a look of anticipated triumph. Why he should choose this particular *locale* for his daily walk I could not guess, as no stable existed nearer than the long range within the high walls of the barrack-square; it was possible that he loved to promenade where, unobserved, he might calm his aspiring thoughts and elegant ideas, after visiting the Flying Childers he had chosen to humble the pride of the Barony boy's master.

It was within the time allowed, by a day or two, when I received notice that "the match would come off" the next afternoon at three, and I was requested to attend at the spot selected by Wallis for the trial of speed and skill. It appeared to me a somewhat extraordinary place for the purpose, being no other than the interior of the works already mentioned; and I must here apprise my reader that this irregular fortification consisted of two or three spacious bastions, connected by long walls, technically called curtains, presenting a formidable altitude on the exterior, but having broad ramparts within, on which the ordnance were placed, and where infantry could act if occasion required: the hollow space between these high banks of earth was not sufficiently capacious to allow of a ring or a straight course upon it, being incumbered with store-houses and piles of shot and shell.

Time would, however, bring truth to light; I should be sure to know all ere twenty-four hours had passed, and therefore awaited the event with patience.

At an early hour of the day—

"The important day,
Big with the fate of Wallis and his bet—"

an unusual bustle was observable in the barrack-yard; nor was the stir confined to the male part of its inhabitants; it was evident that this wager had excited the most lively interest among the fair sex.

"Ye'll gang and see the race, na doubt, Mistress M'Alistair?" asked an old woman, whose grey hairs and decrepit figure ill accorded with the vivacious tone of her question.

"I canna preceesly say whether or no I shall be able, Mem," answered her friend; "for I've nearly a' the hose and sarks o' twa companies—my gude man's and ane the Adjutant ga' me—in the suds the noo, so I'll ha' to stick to my tub, I'm thinking, and lose the sight that I may na' lose the siller, ye ken."

I say, Mother Gladle, a *caishla**, are ye goin' to see our young officer take the shine out of the *omedhaun*† of a Scotch Quarter-master?" demanded a young private of the Limerick.

"Is it meself that would miss the fun, *ma vouchal*‡? sure, and aint I goin' to back the darlint, a *lanna ma chree*§? Don't I know his flesh and blood cousin, Squire Murphy of Castle Murphy? nice place it will be when its built! And has'n't I got an old thirteen and three fi'penny bits in the pocket of me, that I mane to sport upon the coorse this blissed day?"

"It's well to be you, Misthress Gladle, entirely; sure the fi'p'nies will be enough for the bets, and wid the thirteen you and I can have an ilegant snack before we go, a *hinnee* ||!"

"Who ax'd you for your company, you *rauberagh***! I'm goin' wid dacent people, and not wid the likes of you, tall fellow as ye are, and handsome as you consate yourself."

These and such like "discourses" I could not avoid hearing as I passed the speakers. As the hour approached, the barracks were left to the undisturbed possession of the sentries, all who could keep holiday making their way to the works.

In order that the necessary preliminaries might be arranged in good time, I was early on the ground, which I found nearly covered by the men, women, and *childer* of the garrison, with here and there a knot of civilians, who had heard of the match, and "wouldn't lose the fun on no account." Wallis soon joined me, and I could not but smile at observing the extraordinary contrast of his present excited appearance with his usual meek sonsy deportment.

"Noo, then, Maister Hell, my freend, the first thing for me to do is to show you the ground I have fixed on, and then we'll clear the course, and prepare for the run. Serjeant Anderson, stuck a bandyroll down here; that's the starting-post; and come awa' wi' me, and I'll show you the winning-post."

Saying this, he elbowed his way through the crowd for about a hundred and fifty yards along the principal rampart of the work, and again a banderoll was fixed.

"It has chapped twa mair than half-an-hour, so we'll lose no time:" then elevating his voice and his person, he bawled out in Gaelic for the Highlanders to move away from the space between the two flags. Oddly enough, his directions were completely intelligible to his Hibernian hearers, and the dense maes began to stir. It struck me that no possible harm could occur to the parapets by their occupation for so brief a space, and I bade the by-standers jump up and take their seats upon them. It would be in vain should I attempt to describe the scrambling and crushing which followed this order: the derangement of the draperies of the females who were handed or hauled up, did not occasion so much uproarious mirth as accompanied the awkward escalade of my kilted friends; those who were not so fortunate as to obtain seats in this enviable situation, contented themselves with forming a double and sometimes treble line upon the edge of the opposite slope.

* Term of fondness.

† Child of my heart.

‡ Fool.

|| My honey.

‡ My boy.

** Rake.

Scarcely had this arrangement been completed when a loud shout from the Limerick lads announced the arrival of their hero. Young Mr. O'Fogerty, in a racing jacket of sky-blue with yellow sleeves, and a pink jockey-cap, mounted on his fiery steed, and surrounded by a large body of his brother officers, now advanced to where Wallis and myself, attended by an equal number of the 92nd, stood.

"Here I am, Sir, for the honour of Ireland!" gallantly exclaimed the equestrian. "I hope you're not going to disgrace the Bar'ny boy by naming any blackguard, broken-winded hack to match him. Is yours well bred?"

"He's well fed, and that's enuech for me, or, at least, he will be by and by," replied Wallis, with a knowing wink, and glancing at the condition of his rival's steed, on whom the month's training had produced the effect of anything but an increase of flesh.

"Well, Sir," said O'Fogerty, burning with impatience to prove himself a Chifney, "where's the winning post?"

"You wee bit flag; you can judge of an animal's speed as well in a hundred and fifty yards as in a three-mile course; and the terms, ye ken, are a' of my ain proposing: but, ech, Sirs! there's ane thing I was clean forgetting. Maister Hell will be at the winning post, ye must name some gentleman to gi' the signal for starting. Will Major Spread have the goodness to do it?"

"Why, my good Sir, as we have in this country the highest legal authority for stating that no man can be in two places at one time, unless he is a bird, I will start you with pleasure."

A loud huzza from the sons of Shannon's side followed the Major's acquiescence.

"Noo, then, I'll bring up my beast"—saying which a square wooden machine, carefully covered with tarpauling, was wheeled to the spot by four men of the Wallis faction.

"Death alive! Do you mean to say your horse is in that case?"

"I didna say horse, I said 'beast; and if my beastie does na win, why you'll put the gowd in your poke, and crow over me, and welcome."

The appearance of this black and somewhat mysterious-looking object attracted the most lively attention.

"It's no horse but a *sheog** he has there," remarked one of the Hibernian spectators.

"You're not far out, my man," observed Wallis.

"My heavy hathred upon you; is my countryman to have dalings with the likes o' them? Sure he's not such a *kiolawn*† to venture."

"Hould your whist, Ned Collopy, and don't be spiling sport wid your shuperstitions," rather angrily remarked a corporal of the Limerick to his alarmed comrade.

"Noo then, Maister Hell, to your post; just gi' us a shake of the bandyroll when you're there, and then the Major will say the ane, twa, three, and awa'!"

"Do you ride the animal?" I asked, as I was about to leave.

"Me ride? the Lord keep me from crossing siccan a steed."

A few minutes brought me to the appointed spot; there I found Serjeant Anderson, flag in hand, with something at his feet, covered up

* Fairy.

† Mad Fool.

in like manner to what I presumed contained the Quarter-master's Bucephalus. Through the long and somewhat narrow lane of human beings I could clearly see what was going on at the starting-post. The moment Wallis removed the tarpauling, shouts, roars of laughter, and deep groans burst from those near enough to discern the contents.

"It's a powney just," observed one close to me.

"Faix, I'm after thinking it's a monkey, or may be a bear."

"Bathershin! how would the likes of them bate a horse? Ye'll find it's a buck-hound or some fleet devil that will run with the speed o' light."

"Be aisy now, can't you be quiet, sure there's the Major by the side of young O'Fogerty; they'll be off in a jiffy."

Wallis, too, was to be seen holding the door of the wooden pen, ready to pull it open at the signal. It was given. Forth rushed a Pig, who, no way terrified at the shouts which attended his appearance, hastened with incredible speed towards the goal; not so the Barony boy, who, at sight of his strange competitor, reared in the air, threatening to unhorse the astonished and discomfited jockey. On came the hog, grunting and sniffing the savoury wash that awaited him, and which his friend and ally, Serjeant Anderson, had by this time uncovered. Piggy had made good two-thirds of the distance before the spurs of O'Fogerty, rowel deep, had urged the frightened courser onward; his rider, hoping yet to overtake his porcine foe, leant forward in true jockey style, using bridle, whip, and spur, with all the dexterity he could master.

But vain his efforts! The snout of hungry Toby had been for some seconds immersed in the wash, when the career of the rider was checked by his horse stumbling against the trough, and pitching him over the head of the Barony boy and the curly tail of his rival into the arms of that portion of the assembled multitude who were, luckily, behind the winning post, and who placed him in safety upon the legs he had adorned with a new pair of jockey-boots for this occasion.

Wallis was declared the winner, and the stakes paid on the spot. The wily Scot had taken the opportunity of training his sapient pig at hours when he knew the officers of both regiments were at mess; and, after making him run for his dainty fare for more than three weeks, had only to keep the animal without food on the previous day to insure a super-porcine speed.

Congratulations poured in on the victor from all sides; his Irish friends acknowledged it was "a sporting bet," whilst his countrymen evinced their joy by carrying the pig round the barracks in triumph, preceded by the pipers of the regiment, who appropriately played "Peggy o' Knoch Winnoch," not a few singing Hogg's words to that scarce old air, instead of having to chant "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," as they might have done had the Caledonian party been obliged to pay the ten guineas staked on these pork-chops.

BENSON E. HILL.

THE OLD WATCHMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

THE older I get, the older I grow, the more I feel, hourly and daily, that I cannot choose but join in my querulous pipe with the chirping voice of that playful poet, who, in his "antic disposition," sang these tristful triplets :—

"I have had playmates—I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

"I have been laughing—I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !"

Many are gone, and many are not gone, who might go, an' they would, with all my heart. I miss many that are gone ; but I miss none who are gone so much as the ancient goodly Watchmen of this ancient goodly City. There are a thousand parts and parcels that formerly formed part and parcel of the life of London, which have gone, and "made no sign" that they were going. I miss none of them so much as those veteran weatherers of all weathers—whether it was Winter, the Winter of the City—how wretched ! Spring, the Spring of the Strand and Fleet-street, and those unpastoral parts adjacent—how flowerless, bowerless, budless, and blossomless ! Summer, the Summer of St. Dunston's—not half so long, not half so warm, not half so welcome, as the intrusive nose of that old enemy of man, taken, in *flagrante delicto*, by the tongs of that good saint—Summer, only known by the annual coming round of that incontinent luxury of your parish authorities, yellow green peas ; and that stall-spread delicacy of your pennied apprentices, gooseberry-fool ; with that damp indulgence, the parish water-cart, pauper-pumped and pauper-drawn, sent spirting and squirting about the cleanly streets, to put down and ~~down~~ the few poor lively particles of powdered dirt that dared to kick up something like a dust in dry weather, and, by a sort of unholy-water sprinkling and unreligious exorcism, lay them ! Autumn, the Autumn of the damp dwellers around St. Clement the Dane, who, shrinking from the first threatenings of the winter blasts, run shivering to the wharfs upon the water-side with a cold, chattering cry of "Coals, coals ! an' you love us, goodman Pegg (or Sant, as it may happen), keep sending us continually more coals !"——I say again, I miss those weather-beaten followers of "mine ancient" Time—the Watchmen of old London ! They are gone ! Comfort be with them, poor, workhoused wretches, "where-soe'er they are—wherever they abide !"

"Blessings go with them wheresoe'er they go !"

May a warmer woollen nightcap take place of those Welsh wigs wherewith they comforted their wise old ears in winter weather—wise ears, for they distinguished wisely, and could tell whether the whoreson noon-of-night brawler who invoked them were wise or simple—country-born or civic-bred—gentleman Templar, too powerfully refreshed—maudlin merchant—plain shopkeeper—learned or unlearned clerk—thorough

town-taught vagabond—Delilah or honest woman, drunk or sober, going upon her lawful or unlawful business. And wise enough was he, the good old Watchman, to distinguish whether a watch were lost or to be lost—a nice point: for if it were gone, and fobbed off so, wherefore should he follow it, and expose himself to a like danger?—an' it were not gone, but predestinated to go, he who was to part with it anon had but patiently to “wait a wee,” and, “all things agreeing,” he, the most watchful of Watchmen, would, in his turn, attend on him and ease him of his commodity. Meantime, if the gold-watched citizen were too drunk to go, he could hold on by the post till he came up to him in the due course and circuit of his round, when he would take friendly charge of him; perhaps see him to his door, if not far distant; and haply take care of his true Tompion, by right of place, as one holding office under the administration of that old watcher and warder, Time. And if he, the *Bacchi plenus*, wot not, when he sobered, what had gone with his gold watch, it was well: if he remembered who had taken so much care of it, it was not well—he took it ill, he that took it, but he gave it up for “a consideration.” Nice discernments these, which no ears but such practised ears as theirs could easily distinguish: they relied upon them—took counsel of them—stirred and interfered—stood still, or laid perdue, till the brawl blew over, the cry of “Watch!” had cried itself to sleep, and the dangerous coast was clear—did these cautious justicers. “My dainty Ariels, I miss ye much!” Where are ye gone, ye “old familiar faces?” “What accident has rapt ye from me?” I had, in my benevolence, almost wished that

“Never House, misnamed of Industry,”

had received ye; but it is too late: there ye are, all laid upon the shelf, your lanterns out, and your own lives’ “brief candles” flickering and quivering in the socket. Ye “old men eloquent,” do ye never start up now in your still watchful sleep at the counting of the Poor-house clock, or at the crowing of the cock at the dairyman’s across the way, and call the hour, and call it wrong, as ye were wont to do in your best days, or, rather, nights, when suddenly awakened? Have they—the hard Economists—taken away from ye that childish and yet watchmanly toy, the rattle, with which ye

“Oft in the stillly night,
When slumber’s chain had bound us,”

kept yourselves from sleeping by playing with it, and turning it round and round, solacing your serious, silent hours with it? Do ye never spring it in your beds, and “fright the *workhouse* from its propriety?” Do ye never make charges, in your dreams, against the rude disorderlies before his worship the Ward-constable? And are they entered? And do they stand in damning white and black upon imaginary charge-sheets? And do ye go in your dreams, as ye were wont to go in sober reality, drunk with the now sobered delinquents before my Lord Muggins the mayor, and swear to some new charge—invented “for the nonce”—that of the next morning being anything but that of over-night? And do the sapient Solons listen to your charge, and turn deaf ears to the innocent fools, your victims, as they were wont to do? Do ye never, in your imagination, collar some lusty rascal roisterer, and, waking, find that ye have clutched the poor old crone, your pauper-

nurse? Do ye never, in your now undisturbed sleep, as ye were wont, hear some late Templar, "training for the law," having let fall a guinea in the street, cry "Watch!"—and when ye answer hoarsely to his cry, and walk reluctant up to where he stands, till he grows more explicit and explanative, and hurries your shuffling, slow feet by adding, "Here, bring your lantern this way, my good fellow, for I've dropped a shilling!"—too-thoughtful student of mankind, fearful that, if he had named the larger sum, it might have tempted ye to withhold your light and your besought assistance? And do ye run up to the spot to be "first oars"—see where the golden glitterer lies at the first glance—clap your broad foot upon it to cover it up from his dim eyes—dim "with excess of law," or punch—lend him your lantern to look round for it, but stir not from your "vantage ground" till he has given the guinea up and gone his way, not rejoicing, but lamenting the loss, mayhap, of his first fee? And have ye the conscience still to take a shilling for your trouble? And when you have heard him knock, and seen him enter in at the Middle Temple gate, do ye now "put out the light," lest any eye should see what 'tis ye do; and then stooping down to your shoe, pick up the "one pound one" as lawful waif and stray, glorying that you have "done" the legal "knowing one?" Do ye still rouse up the bakers' men when "the sponge has set," and get large hunks of "deadman" for your trouble? Or, are all your services, uses, abuses, authorities, powers, and all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious" Watchmanry extinct and clean forgotten? Then, indeed, is "Othello's occupation gone!" Out, alas! "Where be your gibes now" of the tipsy straggler, provoking him to a quarrel? Where be "the rows" ye kicked up and "the rowers" ye picked up? Where be those "lesser lights," your lanterns? "Night's candles are burnt out." Where be your staves?—where do the wood-worms peg them through like cribbage-boards? Where do the moths make eyelet-holes in your right reverend watch-coats? "Oh fallen, fallen from your high estate!" "How are the mighty fallen!" But I will pity ye, though oftentimes pitiless. May those old "blankets of the dark," your many-milled watch-coats—inflexible as board—which could have stood alone, an' there were need on't, fitting ye like your watch-boxes—may they be superseded now by softer woollen appliances, lapping your superannuated bodies and rheumatic bones

"—— in one extreme-sweet pleasure,"—

the unusual pleasure of warmth—the old man's chariest luxury, and best of blessings!

Watchmen—most ancient Watchmen—and all the long line of the dynasty of the Dogberries—went out with what I understand to be the true "Light of other days,"—those winking, weak-eyed lenders of a light to the purblind leaders of the blind—the old parish lamps. The "garish eye" of Gas glared through the "darkness visible" of our streets, and these old owls, dazzled and blinded with the threatened excess of moral light—for so it was—shrunk from before its hated presence. I saw that all was over with them from that hour: that their infirmities and inefficiencies, thus exposed and brought to light, they could not stand the survey and investigation of these days. While the old obscurity reigned, men—watch-rate-paying men—were satisfied with hearing hourly and half-hourly the feeble cry of some old creature

whom the cruel parish (meaning to be kind) kept out of his warm bed; and were content to think that "their doors were blest from nightly harm" by these poor ministers and mumblers. The new light thrown upon the old darkness showed them up in their true "false presentments;" and it was seen at once, that these old "halt, and lame, and blind" infantry—this veteran battalion, commanded by old Colonel Time—were not the effective men your watch and ward committees said they were, but feeble, frail, and impotent. From that hour their doom was sealed—their dissolution was inevitable. Had they been Janissaries, one night would have seen them swept away from the face of the City; but as they happened to be indifferent Christians, they were spared. The fiat, however, went forth—that they should cease to be—and they were seen and heard no more!

"Fear no more the heat o' the moon,
Nor the wintry storm that rages;
All your worldly task is done,
Home ye're gone, and got your wages!
Golden lads and lasses must
All follow ye, and come to dust."

Not uncheerful—though strangely inverted—was the life of the old Watchman. Day was his night—night was his day: his life—or the latter years of it—was all night. It was, indeed, a not incurious speculation to your physiognomist and your physiologist to get a sight of one of the old Watchmen by day. Plants which grow in cellars and in mines, far from "the healthy breath of Morn," and the genial influence of the sun, are white, colourless, and unwholesome-looking. A Watchman seen by day reminded you of these plants. He had that "interesting paleness" which a certain noble poet so much affected; and blended with this was a cold blueness, as though his blood wanted the ripening redness of the sun; and so, no doubt, it did. There was a hue in his aspect "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of watching and lone-wandering through the solemn silence of a city asleep—a thoughtful circumstance with the least thoughtful;—a look as though he felt somewhat out of his element in keeping such unseasonable hours as twelve at noon and one in the afternoon among a mob which he could not disperse—among a rude and noisy rabblement whom he could not command to keep the peace: he was, indeed, as much abroad and out of his place and element by day as a bee at Billingsgate. Meet him by day, and you saw at one glance at the old Watchman's face that he was no every-day man—that day knew him not well, and that he only knew the day as you might haply recognize in some young man, who has become a shining character, some once scrubby boy, the morning of whose life was palpably obscure, and whose "little day" looked as though it would be a dull one: you are not sure that it is he, and yet you hope it is. The old Watchman cared not for day:

"What had day with him to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!"

Day was of no further consequence to him, than that its coming marked the time when his services might be dispensed with for awhile. He thanked Heaven for "his *nightly* bread." He went to bed with the owl—the Northern nightingale; and left it to the foolish lovers of long

life to "rise with the lark, and go to bed with him," at such improper hours as that eminent vocalist—the skiey Incledon—keeps. He had but one favourite author—Dr. Young: he sometimes dipped into his "Night Thoughts," when his own perchance were drowsier, or the streets were more than commonly silent and well behaved. Sometimes, with the gentle Hervey, he contemplated the starry heavens. God knows! many an old man who has held the lantern in the midnight search for a dropt sixpence may have been an ill-starred, undiscovered Newton; and instead of following at the heels of Time, and telling, for his fellow-mortals, how fast he goes, might have walked with him as one of the few great companions of that untiring old Traveller, till both disappeared in the far distance of Eternity. But if he was an astronomer, he knew it not, or we know it not. He could point out the place of the Great Bear; but you might as well rely upon his direction to the Brown Bear, Bow-street, where the night-wanderer could, in those days, "wet his clay." He loved, even to over-indulgence, (which spoils a taste as much as it spoils a child,) a colourless liquor, looking, to the simple eye, like veritable water, but, tasted, was much stronger—at least, than any water, save that miscalled "Thames water:" that is sometimes strong enough to knock you down. The old Watchman would, as hath been remarked by some one, "take any given quantity thereof." It was, haply, not unnatural that he whose office—whose "vocation" it was to trip up the heels of run-a-gates, and cry "Stand!" to an unsteady man, should love a cordial whose simple cognomen reminded him of that old "spring to catch woodcocks," the *gin*.

The old Watchmen were valiant, if need were, and could strike; but they ever had an eye to the measure of capacity of the recipients. If they were small, weak vessels, they thumped away like carpet-beaters, and slackened not till they, perchance, had cracked them, and they began to *run*. If they were stout and sturdy vessels of war, which could maintain the fight "against any odds" which the Watch could wage or wager, their blows being weak, and of "none effect" upon such "bully Bottoms," they would have been lost upon them, and so they threw them not away. Therein was their discretion.

There was something warning the evil-doers to flee away, even in the very shuffling of their old shoon along the stones, which always "prated of their whereabouts." Long before you saw the slow, old, creeping guardian of the sleeping hours, you heard him afar off, in the strict silence of the night,—

"Poor traveller!

His staff trail'd with him: scarcely did his feet
Disturb the summer dust,"

or the summer silence: you would not have heard his feet, only that they were the sole things which were stirring. In the solemn moonlight nights of autumn, when this City seems most picturesque, and streets, which you see no beauty in by day, are turned by night, with its black shadows, and strange, loose, scattered distributions of light, into perfect pictures, that set the imagination wandering to old Venice, and you see Canaletti at every corner of the streets that slope towards the Thames—that fresher stream than the old Grand Canal gliding through all with calm majestic pace—"in such an hour as this," when all the City slept, and not a sound alarmed "the peace-fond Night with noise,"

save the old Watchman's feeble cry, and his soft, feeble tread, *he* seemed the only living creature in the city of the dead—the only living link between the death of one day's life and the birth-time of another, as he crept along, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," like the Last Man; or like the solitary traveller in that old city of the desert, where all that lived were dead and turned to stone. The coming of your now watcher of the night is as sudden and unexpected, and yet as stealthy, as the stealing along of a thief. The burglar had time to finish his business, or, if not, to escape, ere the old Watchman had tottered up to where his booty laid. If, from some want of precaution on his part, the feeble old man caught him "at his dirty work," was he honest, his fears would counsel him to silence: was he a rogue, he "listened to reason," drew his hush-money at the time, was silent, passed on, winked, and saw nothing, but could say something, "upon compulsion," or if tempted to speak by "Fifty Pounds Reward."

The old Watchmen had their admirers and their envious. There is no rank in life, however low, but there is some one, lower still, who looks up to it, and thinks it were promotion to rise to that high station. This admiration leads to imitation, and imitation, not unfrequently, to a sort of excellence.

The old Watchmen, I repeat, had their admirers. The little sweeps—those "starvelings in a scanty vest" rising before the day, as they went chattering along the silent streets in a black, murky morning—loved to hear their reverend voices—quavering with cold, and age, and the excess which only kept them up in the unnatural conflict with nature—sleep, rest, and nursing their infirmities. Those tender younglings, having their share of vulgar superstitions, as well as their betters, dreaded the silence of the darkness, but felt assured of their poor safety whenas they heard the old familiar quail-pipe of some grey Nestor of the night dwelling with an elaborate delight and "drowsy charm" upon "Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning!"—an hour dear to him in winter, for it dismissed him to his bed. How those youngers revered him, and called him "father," and looked up to him as a man—a warm man, when they compared his large white watchcoat with their black tatters—as one high in authority, and yet not proud, nor stern, but full of humble condescensions to those small inferiors. The early labourer lit his three inches of pipe *per* favour of his lantern, and thought him no mean man. The houseless wretches with which this wealthy City abounds—greatly to this wealthy City's disgrace—when he was merciful to them, and drove them not about from pillar to post, from door to door, but let them huddle in a corner, if out of the way, and broke not their death-like sleep; or if, as he sometimes did, he shared with the starving creatures the cold orts given him by some good-hearted servant-girl, who "pitied the poor Watchman," as the hungry outcasts ravened over the dry morsels, they wept, feebly wept, that some one felt for them, though only a poor Watchman. That poor little devil—the printer's devil—that *white* sweep—(why not? as we have such nice distinctions as black smith and white smith?)—that indispensable imp—small go-between great printer and great poet—running indifferently from Davison to Byron, from Byron back again to Davison—first carrier of those immortal works consigned in parcels to the care of that best critic, Time, for the use of that young master, Posterity, now thumbing his small horn-book, who, when he

has got through his letters, and can read, is to say whether he likes or likes them not—That wee devil, too soon for the *late* warehouseman by a good hour, would fly to the old Watchman's box as to a sanctuary, and felt a poor comfort and a warmth in looking at the light that shone through the lantern;—perhaps held his cold hands, which knew no comfortable gloves, over its top, from whose vent-holes the heat would radiate, and there would warm his chapped and frozen fingers—an indulgence which the good fatherly man allowed. The late lodger—a single man, given to clubs—when he was locked out, or had forgot his key—walked round his beat with him, and found him sociable, and one who knew the world—by night. The 'prentice-boy, or hobbledohoy, just beginning to grow rakish and disorderly, returning late from private theatre or spouting-club, clung to his box, neighbouring his master's house, and while he went his round, took forty winks, snugly shut up in it, as that good man advised; and when "our maid" got up, as was her wont, at six, a gentle tap of the Watchman's staff against the area-railings brought Betty to the door; Master Dick's delinquency was apologised for, and looked over by the good-natured girl "as no business of *her'n*;" and all being now made right, Dick stepped out from the portico next door, thanked her for her kindness, entreated her silence, and slipping his shoes off, slid softly to his bed-room, past "the governor's door," just in time to hear his wakening bell ring him to his work, and, yawning, answer it. And so he 'scaped the Chamberlain, that severe Censor of your City 'prentices.

The Watchman's box was eminently social, like a snuff-box; for all honest men and boys might "beard the lion in his den," an' they were known and of good repute, or were well-favoured. His box was political, too; for the Morning-paper compositor, if any extraordinary news was stirring, left the heads of it there, for further circulation, ere he went, tired of it himself, to bed. Next came the newsman, with his wet, cold quires under his rheumatic arm, who, if he had time, read out the brief particulars, while he, good Watchman, now thoroughly waked up, with mouth wide open, swallowed the important intelligence, trembled to hear it, but held his lantern steadily while his indifferent reader now fluently went on, and now boggled at, and sometimes spelt, a villainously hard word. It was a picture to see them—a picture of the past.

"But those *days* are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray.....
Silent are their voices shrill
Down Fleet Street—up Ludgate Hill.....
You will never more behold
Feeble John or Robin bold.....
Gone the merry midnight din:
Gone the song of Jamie Lynn.....
So it is: yet let us sing
Honour to the worn-out thing!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try."

KEATS, *cum var.*

PHILOSOPHY IN THE INFLUENZA.

AN ODE.

(Scene, a Bedchamber—Sound of Revelry below.)

Sic loquitur Philosophus,

Yes ! 'tis a pleasure in my lonely cell
 To hear and scorn those sounds of mirth,
 (There goes the bell !)
 That have in pride and folly birth.
 The———(I didn't hear the name.)
 The unmeaning dance, the heartless song,
 (How they do get along !)
 The counterfeited flame
 All, all are——(well done, Collinet !)
 All are but vanity ;
 And lover's sighs,
 And woman's smiles, and speaking eyes,
 And all her fascination,
 (A glorious ball !)
 What are they all
 (How vexing !)—but vexation ?

My mistress is divine Philosophy
 That ever upward looks,
 (The bell again !—who *can* this be ?)
 And wisdom-giving books,
 ('Tis Lucy, I declare !)
 These, these alone have charms for me.
 (And I not there !).
 Philosophy ! thou Goddess sage,
 Wisest and best,
 • Clad in the sober hues of age,
 (I wonder how she's dressed ?)
 With thoughtful brow
 (She's waltzing now !)
 Come to thy votary ; let us muse together
 O'er human follies—(now who's dancing with her ?)
 Here all the world's shut out !
 (That laugh was her's—there, there—*quite* happy !)
 No worldly fear, no worldly doubt,
 (I'll bet she's flirting with some puppy !)
 No worldly care can here fatigue us.
 (Perhaps he's helping her to negus !)
 No ! in this chamber all—
 (Or putting on her shawl,)
 All, all is peace, all quiet, all hope,
 All contemplation (off she goes to galope,)
 Here no rude jarring, no coarse vaunt,
 (Rum teedle dum)
 No idle quarrels come,
 (I'll spoil his flirting, just see if I don't.)

How pleasant is a peaceful mind !
(Oh ! what a row those fools are making !)
Mine glows with love for all mankind ;
(I hope they'll bring the floor down with their shaking ;)
No envious thoughts I know,
(Now all but I to supper go,)
Nought in my bosom can provoke 'em.
(Hope it may choke 'em.)
Another's pleasures (oh ! those knives and forks !)
Are quite delightful. (Oh ! those corks !)
My feelings (there's another !) grow still stronger ;
(The table's in a roar !)
Yes ! as I said before,
I—I (I'm d——d if I can stand this any longer !)

J. M.

FORGIVE AND FORGET ;

OR, "THE YOUNG MAN'S DIARY."

I WAS just making myself comfortable over a blazing fire, port wine on the table—gouty leg on sofa—lying in my easy chair, and all that, when I got a letter from my nephew. Opened it and read—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Hope you'll forgive—could not marry where could not love. She did not care—Miss L—— not rich—but handsome, and fond of me—ran away with her—married yesterday—trusting to your generosity—hope for pardon, and a welcome. All will be forgotten when you see her.

Dutiful nephew,

"CHARLES NEVILLE."

I was thunderstruck. I had made but a match for him, and he runs away with another girl—woman without a penny. Too bad. No ; cannot forgive that. I must write to say, that he has never to expect a farthing from me. John, pen ink and paper. "Your paper and pens under your leg on the sofa, Sir."

"Oh, then, don't move my foot for them ; there's an old desk in the corner, wipe the dust off, and bring it here."

I opened it. Heavens ! thought I, as I rummaged among my dusty papers, what a time since this was last unlocked. Ten long years, and here were papers written by me when a mere boy, fifty-five years ago. But I must make haste, that rascal Charles shall never have my forgiveness ; never ! Fool, fool that he was. Why, if I had ever dared to do such a thing, I should have been a beggar now. At this moment, I lighted on an old diary dated 17—no matter, fifty years ago. I opened the book. "Ah," thought I, "let me see how unchanged my sentiments have remained, how little time has effected ——. My thoughts were checked by my eyes—I beg pardon—my spectacles. Seeing a page in journal headed "the happiest day in my life," I read—

* * * * *
"To-day I have again beheld Louisa ; and oh ! how different were my feelings when I left her, to what they had been hitherto ! I feel that I cannot live without her—my youthful days will be wretched and gloomy—my old age, cheerless and lonely, unless she can share my joys and troubles, my prosperity and adversity !"

I looked on the fire, the port, and the easy chair; *she* was not here, yet where was their cheerlessness or loneliness?

* * * * * "Ah, never, never will I forget that smile, that blush,—that lovely modesty, as, whilst her maiden fears were combating with her love, she pressed my hand, and answered with a low "yes" to my question. I had asked whether she would become mine?"

Who the deuce can I have meant by Louisa? I never knew any woman that made such a fool of me! "Become mine?—Pressed my hand!—Never will I forget!" Pshaw!

* * * * * "I have her father's consent. Oh! God bless the old fellow!"

"Old fellow!" I'm sure I never spoke so disrespectfully of old men.

* * * * * "I start to-morrow for England. All arrangements will soon be made, and braving the anger of my worldly parents and relations, who would have wed me merely for gold, filthy lucre, instead of love!"

Insolent young fellow! Almost like my nephew.

* * * * * "Defying the jeers of all fashionable friends, I will retire to some quiet spot, where, although not living in luxury, I shall live in uninterrupted happiness and content with my dearest Louisa."

What fools young men are!

* * * * * "London, April 1st. Went to the Opera. Saw D—— dance—enraptured—angel. Lady C—— old, fat, rich, fond of me—proposal—Gretna Green—no other resource for us. Governor in rage! Never mind."

Holloa, what has become of Louisa? The rascal would not commit bigamy!

* * * * * "Found out true state—Lady C—— all hum! No money! D——d narrow escape! Got a letter from—what's her name? Louisa! Wretched about me—broken heart. Poor thing! sorry for her: can't marry a peasant girl—ticket for Almack's."

Why, the inconstant scoundrel! Does he call that "never forget."

* * * * * "Proposed to Miss G—— refusal—I hate women! Marry Mrs. L—— the actress. Governor swears he'll disinherit me! Divorced from my wife. Saw Lady M——; made violent love. Lord M—— brings action against me. 1000*l.* damages. She wants me to marry her. Go to Paris. Governor all a blaze!"

Immoral and unfeeling! thought I. Here, however, the diary was discontinued, and I began abusing the young man's conduct, quite forgetting *who* had written it. "Terrible life young men lead!" I never did anything of the kind. I was always obedient; but this is just like my nephew, just. I went on rummaging, and at last found another paper, headed, "My last Travel Abroad." This was written forty years later than the diary. I opened and read it:—

* * * * * "Paris very gay; no pleasure for me—all my friends left it! * * * Germany. Baden Baden, very pretty place. Löhenthal, the village where Louisa lived—poor girl, I fear she is dead—died of a broken heart! Passed through the village with a clouded brow. Her cottage the same as ever. Entered it. Pigs and chickens in abundance. Old man and woman sitting over the fire—three young couples and eleven children playing about the room. Looked for Louisa. Old woman, most likely the nurse, gets up—she talks—I know the voice

—'tis Louisa's—going to clasp her in my arms—boxes my ears—does not know me—tell my name—recollects something about me—offers me bread and cheese! Forty years make a vast difference in a woman's looks! Grandmamma, wrinkled, ugly, coarse! Bread and cheese!
* * * Arrived in London. Quite reformed—quite forgiven by my father, God bless him! Happy! Country house. Buy port wine—great bargain. Get the gout. Comfortable!"

Well, well! thought I, young men are not so very bad either. 'Repent and reform! But why this? the young man is me! Wild fellow!—just like my nephew! but he is too wild! I found another book; in the front page was written by my father "Forgive and forget!" Made an impression. Write a letter to my nephew.

"DEAR FELLOW—Glad to see you—follies of youth forgiven and forgotten. God bless you!"

And indeed I never felt more comfortable than when my nephew arrived with his wife; and they both did everything to please me. Well! well! the best policy is to forgive and forget, depend on't.

THE GOUTY GENTLEMAN.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Doctor.—"The Spirit of the Woods." This is a very handsome volume, and on a very handsome subject,—the trees of England, and the most picturesque and striking forest vegetation of foreign countries. The volume has the additional charm that it is by a lady. The practice of my profession naturally leads me to ascertain the sources of those evils which make such fearful inroads on female life; and I have found that, among women, nearly every infirmity arises from want of employment. The trifling and sedentary occupations to which they are driven in the absence of employment more active and useful,—the confinement necessary to those occupations, and even the discontent of mind consequent upon the knowledge that netting purses is not the grand business of rational beings,—produce a general sinking of the spirits, which inevitably enfeebles the frame. He would be a great benefactor to the sex who should draw up for them a code of regular and diligent usefulness, give them some daily task worthy of common sense, or find out some study, profession, or pursuit, compelling them to take habitual exercise in the open air; to fix their minds on objects of natural utility and beauty; and, by at once strengthening the frame and cultivating the mind, make woman the happy and the handsome she was intended to be.

Under the present circumstances of education, the life of the young female of the better class is spent in the severest labour of trifling acquirements; in learning music, for instance, which, though a graceful, and even a valuable, accomplishment, is, in nine instances out of ten, never acquired to any purpose; or in stooping over mediocre drawings, by which no one gains any profit but the teacher; or in needle-work;

whose value is almost wholly superseded by our progress in machinery ; the entire system confining females, from the age of ten to twenty, to desks and chairs, with as much rigour and as unfortunate an effect as if they were so many culprits in a gaol, or infant operatives in a factory.

The Rector.—Foreign life certainly manages those matters better, at least for females of the humbler rank. In France and Germany women are much employed. They are engravers, and engrave with remarkable elegance and dexterity ; they are printers, and print with singular neatness and facility. I believe they even construct watches, and a good deal of that delicate mechanism which comes over to us in the shape of musical snuff-boxes. They receive the money in theatres, and are the chief attendants in shops. In many instances they are bookkeepers in the warehouses, and in general supersede that amphibious race who are called “young gentlemen” in our milliners’ and lacesellers’ shops. If those habits were introduced in England, they would confer a great boon on the humbler classes of female life, and benefit the manliness of the country, by driving its men from effeminate occupations to the more vigorous pursuits of life. But, for the higher order of females, the great points would be open air, regular exercise, and agreeable application of mind. Botany is perhaps one of the most natural studies for the purpose ; but the study of flowers is comparatively trifling : it has but little utility ; it is limited to a brief season of the year ; and it is unconnected with any of the great uses of society. “*The Spirit of the Woods*,” which is simply a treatise on trees, brought into the most engaging form, and illustrated with remarkably beautiful specimens of the pencil, opens by far the noblest department of this attractive science. For every tree has its history ; every tree has its obvious use ; every tree so largely connects itself with the necessities, the gratifications, or ornaments of society, that the study of a single class might lead the mind to every province of Art and Nature. Take, for instance, a sketch of the elm, as given by this writer, prefaced by the Miltonic lines—

“ Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string, *
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm, star proof,—
Follow me.”

The elm, in beauty, dignity, and usefulness, yields only to the oak. The Romans were probably its introducers. The timber of the elm is hard-grained, and is peculiarly fitted to bear the extremes of drought and moisture. For ornament, it has one invaluable quality. “Of all the trees which grow in our woods,” says Evelyn, “there is none which does better suffer transplantation than the elm ; for you may remove a tree of twenty years’ growth with undoubted success.” It is remarkable that Spain owes some of its ornaments of this kind to us. Evelyn tells us “that those incomparable walks and vistas of elms at Aranjuez, and other places of delight, belonging to the king and grandees of Spain, are planted with such as they report Philip II. caused to be brought out of England, before which it does not appear that there were any of those trees in Spain.”

The Barrister.—The Roman custom of training the vine round the elm enriched ancient poetry with beautiful allusions. Virgil is full of them. Beaumont too tells us that

" the amorous vine
Doth with the fair and straight-limb'd elm entwine."

Gray finely alludes to its association with the yew in our village churchyards:—

" Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

This use was probably borrowed from our Roman invaders, who planted the elm and cypress on the warrior's grave; and perhaps a still finer conception reconciled the practice to our Christian ancestors, who, from its being one of the first to bud in Spring, assumed it as an emblem of the resurrection.

The Rector.—Trees are full of historic references. The great elm-tree was lately standing, and probably still exists, under which Penn signed his treaty with the Indians. They are sometimes the source of more painful records. The great elm was long marked, near which Hooper the martyr used to preach, and in whose front he died. "Having reached," says the historian, "the spot where stood the preparations for his painful end, he knelt down, and spent about half an hour in prayer. Having prepared himself, he requested of the spectators to repeat the Lord's Prayer with him, and to pray for him while he should continue in the agonies of death. Instantly arose the voice of prayer, interrupted by sobs and groans, from every quarter of the crowded area. He then ascended to the stake, and irons were brought to fasten him to it. 'You need not,' says he, 'thus to trouble yourselves: I doubt not but God will vouchsafe me strength to abide the fire's extremity without bands.' A chain, however, for the waist he willingly allowed to be drawn around him, admitting that the frailty of his flesh might make him swerve from his position. He bore his agonies, which were prolonged for more than three-quarters of an hour, with admirable constancy, moving incessantly his lips in prayer." Those were the desperate works of desperate times, never to be renewed while liberty of conscience exists, sanctioned by the power of the laws.

The whole volume is a remarkably pleasing performance, printed in a very superior style, and decorated with a great number of beautiful drawings of the leaves and branches of trees, coloured with taste and skill.

The Colonel.—"Personal Memoirs and Correspondence of Colonel Charles Shaw." Public curiosity has been so much excited relative to the campaigns of the civil wars in Spain and Portugal, that any vigorous and faithful record will be received by the public as an important acquisition. In Colonel Shaw's two volumes we have the narrative of an intelligent writer, a gallant officer, and an individual whose rank and experience gave him the fullest opportunities of knowledge. His style is soldier-like—manly, clear, and straightforward. He speaks of himself and his services with a feeling natural to a man who knows their value. Colonel Shaw began his service in the 52nd regiment, one of the most distinguished in the British army. Of this corps he says justly, "What pleasing recollections arise in my mind when I think of that splendid regiment!—the high-minded, honourable, soldier-like feeling which actuated all the subalterns; the strict discipline, the gentleman-like bearing of the commanding officers to their juniors,—all conspired

to make the 52nd the *beau ideal* of what soldiers ought to be." His military education had commenced in an excellent school; for no officer was allowed to do duty in the 52nd until he was completely drilled in every branch of it. The regimental regulation was six months, at six hours a-day; and at the end of this period every subaltern was perfected as a private and non-commissioned officer. His first experiment in service was to join the expedition to Holland in 1814. At the attack on the village of Merxem, an incident occurred interesting to the loyalty of an Englishman. "The regiment," says Colonel Shaw, "had removed to the left, and I was in the rear company, when a gentleman, dressed in a blue coat with white lining, came up. From his dress, I thought he was one of the commissariat; but remarking two musket-shots through his coat, I thought him a rather rash commissary. I even felt inclined to be offended when, addressing me in a loud, commanding tone, he asked 'What regiment is that?'—who commands it?" 'That gentleman,' said I, pointing to Captain Diggle. 'Is he the commanding officer?' 'No; Colonel Gibbs commands.'

"It was odd that the men should have had the same idea of the mysterious stranger that I had myself. They, too, supposed he must be a commissary, and began muttering something about 'bread-bags better in the rear,' when my friend Captain Anderson, of the Artillery, suddenly rode up. What was my astonishment on seeing him salute Mr. Commissary Bread-bags in the most respectful fashion, saying at the same time, 'If your Royal Highness moves a little more to the left, you can have a little better view of the enemy: Sir Thomas Graham is in the steeple of the church.' In a whisper I asked Anderson 'What Royal Highness is this?' what he informed me it was the Duke of Clarence, who had landed from England the day before. The Duke's courage continued to be the talk of the army for some days; but I said little, thinking I had got into a scrape, by having mistaken his Royal Highness for a commissary."

The Doctor.—Military anecdotes have an unfailing charm for all men. The gallantry, promptitude, and adventure of soldiership make every thing belonging to it popular. The following is a capital anecdote:—Lieut.-Colonel Brown commanded the 28th at Barossa. He was said to have purposely allowed his regiment to be surrounded. Most officers would have felt nervous in such a situation; but it is reported that Brown addressed his men thus:—"Twenty-eighth, what confoundedly lucky fellows you are! This day you must be either extinguished or—distinguished! Do as you like." The 28th took their Colonel at his word; the rear rank faced to the right-about, and repulsed the enemy. And now the 28th wear the number of the regiment both in the front and back of their shakos.

On the disbanding of the battalion, in consequence of the peace, Colonel Shaw visited the Continent, travelled over the greater part of it on foot, and, on his return, had "the world before him where to choose."

In 1831, Don Pedro commenced his attack on Portugal. British volunteers joined him, and, amongst the rest, Shaw, who took service as a Captain of Marines, joined Don Pedro at Terceira, fought gallantly with him during the siege of Oporto, and, through a thousand hair-breadth escapes, arrived at the rank of Colonel, and Knight Commander of the Tower and Sword. The cessation of the Portuguese war sent him home again. He lingered for a while in England, probably much

in the condition of a racer when the Newmarket season is over, and he has nothing to think of but sheep and pasture; or if the gallant Colonel should regard the comparison as unworthy of his prowess, a panther, or royal tiger, suddenly stopped in the middle of his chase, and caged in a museum, to gaze at the passing world through his bars, for the remaining term of his natural life. But this fate was not for the soldier. Spain opened a new field for him, and he immediately took service in the Legion under Evans.

The Rector. It is impossible to think of Spain without regret for her national calamities. Perhaps if a kingdom were to be chosen in Europe, for its position, its extent, its external security, and its boundless resources, Spain would be the kingdom. The philosopher would see in it a population capable of every physical and intellectual advance; the statesman, a region capable of all but universal dominion; the soldier, a vast entrenched camp, impregnable by nature, and capable of pouring out its forces on the North, on Africa, and on the Mediterranean, almost without fear of retaliation. Henry the Fourth's well known phrase shows what strength even that most daring of French chevaliers ascribed to the position of Spain. "She is beyond invasion. Invade her with a great army, and you perish of famine; invade her with a small one, and you are beaten." Napoleon's idea was equally descriptive. "Peste !" said the universal invader, "what is to be done with a country where they can raise an army by ringing a bell?" Yet Spain, for the last three hundred years, has been but a subordinate in the European system. A spell has bound her; her blood has stagnated; her faculties, even though stimulated by the stings of the French lash, showed their power only in convulsion, and then lapsed again. The noble aid of England, the splendid evidence of the resistless strength which religion, freedom, and justice, can administer even to a small state, the knowledge that a career of glory, peace, and power, was open to her in following the example of her great auxiliary, scarcely awoke Spain. When the war was at an end, instead of turning her triumphs into public vigour, she sank into lethargy; instead of beating her swords and spears into the ploughshare and the sickle of a new and more ardent cultivation of the profuse luxuriance of her national means, she flung them away to rust on the unstirred surface of the moral soil; wrapped her limbs in public apathy, and left civilization to chance, which does nothing, and to time, which only corrupts and corrodes. Of all the nations of Europe, the most unfortunate is Spain.

The Barrister. And the most unfortunate will continue. Superstition has strangled her original energies. That superstition has yet found but one antagonist, Jacobinism; and the only difference of their triumphs must be, that, in the one case, she falls back into her ancient feebleness, and in the other, rushes into unnatural ferocity: that in the one, she lies like a mighty vessel without mast or helm, decaying on the surface of the ocean, and in the other, she sweeps along like a fire-ship, a terror to all, until it explodes, and is blown into fragments for ever. The horrors of her civil war even now are extinguishing all the sympathy of Europe;—King and usurper, Carlos and Christina, royalist and rebel, Biscayan and Castilian, are equally ferocious. The war reminds us more of a Negro insurrection or a Tartar invasion than of the hos-

tility of civilized times. Unless Don Carlos shall speedily fall, or shall ascend the throne, every hour must add to the havoc of the country; the passions of the people must become still more infuriated; the roots of public prosperity must be cut up more and more; the blood of Spain must flow in torrents; till the living race sink into barbarians, and the land itself is given over to sterility, or its inheritance is transmitted to some nation unstained by the hideous atrocities of its old possessors.

The Colonel.—Shaw's letters are admirable. Since the days of Cæsar, the most difficult task of authorship has been to give anything like a distinct account of a battle. I have never seen writing more intelligible, animated, or expressive, than Shaw's descriptions of the affairs in the Oporto campaign, and the fights of the Legion in front of St. Sebastian. It is impossible to read them without a conviction that they are true to the letter. Two or three of his epistles to his family, previous to the attack on the Carlist lines, in May, 1836, show the temperament of the man. In one of them he distinctly declares that he conceives the attempt rash in the extreme; yet as there were counsellors in the camp who were for running their heads against stone walls, this brave man sacrifices his judgment, and takes his chance. I admit that he would have been braver still, if he had openly declared his dissent, and thus saved the Legion from the hazard of a ruinous defeat: but military reputation is a delicate thing, and it is easy to understand his dilemma. In one of his letters on this occasion, he says, "The French Consul, who is a great sportsman, and who knows the *locale*, has been explaining to me the nature of the ground, which he says is almost impassable without a few days' dry weather. I backed the General's opinion as to delay, as much as I could prudently do among officers, not one of whom knows me. I do not think some are aware of the danger of attacking such lines with men who have never seen a shot fired; but I now finish, in the hope that General Evans will decide for himself, and that we shall wait for more troops." On the next day he writes to the same brother the brief but resolute letter of a man determined to do his duty, but evidently thinking that all was going wrong:—

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—We go out to-morrow morning, I think very unnecessarily. However, as I expected, I have got what I think the post of honour, which, in all probability, will finish me. I am tired of everything, except the love that, living or dying, I shall always retain for those who are, and have been, so dear to me.

"Half-past twelve at night. Go out at two in the morning."

The attack took place, and in every point verified Colonel Shaw's prediction. The loss was great: the Legion was actually defeated after passing the first two lines; and nothing but the coming up of those troops for which he would have waited, decided even the imperfect success of the day. The arrival of the 4th and 8th regiments, and the cannonade of the steamers, alone drove the enemy from the third line. The Colonel was as true a prophet as he was a good soldier.

The Doctor.—Shaw's brief letter the day after the engagement is capital. "The steamer is detained; so I write to you once more. We had a terrible morning's work of it, the brigade having lost, in killed and wounded, about four hundred men and twenty-seven officers. How I escaped I know not. Kind Providence was my protector. My watch is smashed, the ball having cut through cloak, coat, and trowsers, and

only bruised me. A spent ball hit me on the chest, and my gaiter was cut across by another. We had dreadful lines to force—very steep, vomiting fire; and the clay, up to our ancles, made us so slow, that they picked us as they chose. The enemy not only behaved well behind their lines, but charged out, and twice or thrice put us for a moment in confusion. The officers had dreadful work. I gave orders to very many of different brigades, and almost all fell killed or wounded. But the enemy will not resist us again so boldly. I am very much fatigued and excited, and *could cry*.”

Another letter follows, giving a long and most admirable detail of the whole action, in which nearly a thousand men and officers were sacrificed to the useless object of gaining half a mile in advance, and decorating the shoulders of General Evans with the order of Isabella.

The Barrister.—Another volume of Byron's *Memoirs* has appeared, printed with the same elegance as the former numbers of this series, and containing a still more amusing variety of the author's compositions. A good deal of Lord Byron's private penmanship was employed in indulging that spleen upon individuals, which his public labours lavished on man in general. One of his Lordship's antipathies was the race of poetic peasants, which have rather too thickly grown up of late years in our Parnassus. On one of those, the poetical shoemaker, Joseph Blackett, he wrote this epitaph:—

“ Stranger, behold interr'd together
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all* ;
You'll find his relics in a *stall* !”

The Rector.—Another of his antipathies was the lady who was unfortunate enough to be his wife. His Lordship, in this point, was the reverse of Petrarch, who was platonically and poetically in love with another man's wife twenty years together, and probably long after he had forgotten every feature of her face. Lord Byron made verses on his wife to the last, long after he had forgotten every circumstance, but that she was his wife, and that writing about her gave him the air of an injured man. But his epigrams are ingenious;—for instance, that “On his Wedding Day:”

“ This day, of all our days, has done
The worst for me and you ;
’Tis just six years since we were one,
And five since we were two.”

He had touched the same thought the year before:—

“ Here's a happy new year !—but, with reason,
I hope you'll permit me to say,
Wish me many returns of the season,
But as few as you please of the day.”

The Colonel.—It is singular, that though Lord Byron took up the style of a Reformer, and associated with some of the unfortunate patriots whose patriotism sent them to gaol or banishment, he was an Aristocrat in his heart. One of his epigrams shows his conception of the leading Reformer of his day—the now dead and gone William Cobbett:—

“ In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well ;
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in —.”

A note from his letter to Moore gives an additional evidence of his real opinions:—"Pray let not these versiculi go forth with my name, except among the initiated, because my friend Hobhouse has *foamed* himself into a Reformer, and I greatly fear will subside into Newgate." His opinion of Queen Caroline's affair, which was then a prodigious card for the opponents of the Government, was equally expressive. Among the various classes of the rabble who had gone up in procession were a set of braziers, who carried with them a coat of armour on a pole:—

" EPIGRAM.

" The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass.
A superfluous pageant; for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry."

The Barrister.—Byron never could endure the panegyrics lavished on the Cockney school. The "Quarterly Review" was charged by Shelley, in one of his lachrymose fits, of having murdered Keats, by a contemptuous criticism on some of his verses. This always greatly amused his Lordship, who penned the following epitaph, in the style of "Cock Robin:"—

" Who kill'd John Keats?
'I,' says the 'Quarterly,'
So savage and Tartarly;
'Twas one of my feats.
Who shot the arrow?
The poet-priest, Milman,
So ready to kill man,
Or Southey, or Barrow."

The Rector.—All those are clever, however they might be received by the group who thought that they had the poet completely in their hands, but whom he unsparingly ridiculed. But there are better things amongst his relics. His poem, headed "On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year," and dated "Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824," shows all the force of his graver performances; a note from Gamba's journal explains its origin:—

"This morning, Lord Byron came from his bedroom into the apartment where Colonel Stanhope and some friends were assembled, and said, with a smile, 'You were complaining the other day that I never write any poetry now. This is my birth-day, and I have just finished something which I think is better than what I usually write;' on which he handed us the following:—"

" 'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.
My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!
The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze,—
A funeral pile!

The hope—the fear—the jealous care—

The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*

Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow. •

The sword, the banner, and the field,

Glory and Greece around me see :
The Spartan, borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake !—(not Greece—she *is* awake !)—

Awake, my spirit !—think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lair,
And then strike home.

Tread those reviving passions down,

Unworthy manhood ! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, *why* live ?

The land of honourable death
Is here. Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best ;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

The Colonel. Within these few years a new and amusing species of publication has taken its place on our club tables ; the anecdotes and annals of the sportsman's life. Nimrod, who seems not unworthy of borrowing the name of the mighty hunter, has distinguished his art by some capital writing. Another candidate for this pleasant fame has just published "The Oakleigh Shooting Code," a little volume on all and everything that touches on the art of shooting. The history and mystery of partridge shooting, grouse shooting, pheasant shooting, with hints on *fulures*, jackets, shoes, percussion caps, Cockney costume, and the inimitable Joe Mautons, all in light, pleasant, and *gentlemanlike* language.

The Doctor. If I were asked in what portion of Europe an invalid was most likely to find health, a man of vigorous frame animating exercise, or a man of a picturesque mind the highest indulgence of a feeling for nature, I should send him into the very spot where the scene of the "Oakleigh Shooting Code" is laid. The whole centre of Derbyshire is as sylvan, as rich in variety of landscape, and almost as sublime in its torrents and mountains as the valleys of the Pyrenees, if not of Switzerland itself.

The Rector. One of the remarkable peculiarities of England is that it contains specimens of every kind of life, and almost of every age of her history. Her coasts exhibit a population of a totally different character from that of the interior : stirring, struggling with circumstances, constantly looking for new avenues to gain, and eager for novelty of every kind, as much in politics as in trade. Her cities and manufac-

turing towns contain another order of population, less active, rude, and daring, but more intellectual, more acquainted with the enjoyments of life, more scientific and skilful, and more mingled with strangers from every country of the globe. But there are large districts in the interior whose manners, life, and population seem to have scarcely undergone a change since the days of Elizabeth: their pursuits are chiefly agricultural, their properties small, but hereditary through long generations, and their manners primitive, pure, and simple. It is in those districts that the "Oakleigh Halls" are to be found: large old manor houses, built not of brick but of stone, solid as rocks, and grey with antiquity; filled with every comfort, and famous for good living; frequently with an old bachelor at the head of the establishment, renowned for frolics in his youth and for good humour in his old age, with a first-rate stable, a kennel of the best sporting dogs in the county, and now and then a pack of hounds; inevitably a Tory, a magistrate, and a game preserver; but gentle to his tenants, kind to his neighbours, and even occasionally disposed to let a poacher off, if he had not been shooting out of season. But the 'Squire, if a married man, is sure to be surrounded with a family that would do honour to a patriarch.

Tom Oakleigh, the present master of the mansion, is a bachelor, and is determined to live and die one; but he is a capital shot, keeps a capital table, and exercises an authority over all that belongs to the laws of sporting, which would do honour to Solon himself.

The Barrister. The book is well written; it is evidently the work of a gentleman, and even a poet. He would probably write a pleasant romance, certainly a graceful one. His description of the Hall and the country round it is eloquent:—

"Amidst a brotherhood of lofty elms, in the vale of Oakleigh, stands the old Manor Hall—a vast and venerable pile, begrimed by the dusty hand of Time, but not yet crumbling beneath his mouldering touch. It still presents a huge mass of Gothic scenery, whose strength would laugh a siege to scorn. About half a mile lower down, the valley expands, ultimately losing itself in the plain. Passing down the valley from the Hall, we follow the meanderings of a trout-stream, which, after serving the miller a good turn, glides by the church through the very small and secluded village of Oakleigh, and ultimately falls into the Dove. The extreme simplicity of that village reminds one of Goldsmith's Auburn. There is not a brick in the place; the houses are built of grey limestone; the immense chimney to each is placed against or stands out from the gable-end, like the outwork of a fortress. The village, properly so called, consists of not more than a dozen houses, some of which have porches in front, where the good people may sit in sun or shade. On the large stone over each door there is charactered R.—1680—O., intimating that the edifice was built in 1680 by Reginald Oakleigh.

"If a village Rip van Winkle of 1680 were to be aroused and placed on the steps of the tavern, looking up the dell above the green hill meadows, he would see, just as they appeared previous to the Reformation, the grey old Hall, and heronry behind it! the deer still browsing in the deep shades of that most umbrageous of parks! the swans still floating on the miniature lake! the winged griffins on the columns at the park-gates still watchful as was the dragon that guarded the golden fruit in the orchard of the Hesperides! the trees and ivy still embower-

ing the lodge! and, in the distance, the grouse hills still unclosed! He would not be conscious of a change, until discovering that the King's Head, Charles the Martyr, had given way to the Oakleigh Arms." His eye would not inform him that an age of gas and steam had arisen during his century and a half of slumber! The unchanged appearance of the peasantry would not convince him that this was not the time -

"— ere England's griefs began."

The Rector. From some causes, yet undeveloped, it is evident that an extraordinary impulse is urging the attention of Europe to Asia. In the South an Egyptian Peter the Great has risen, who, to the qualities of a bold warrior and an active politician, adds those of an unwearied manufacturer, financier, agriculturist, and administrator. Mahomet Ali is such a man as the East has never produced before, since the fall of the Roman empire; and one of the remarkable characteristics of his success is that, at every step he takes, he throws open the East more and more to the steps of the European. He has already made Egypt a thoroughfare. The road to Jerusalem is as open as the road to Bath. The entire of Syria, itself an empire, is now clear to all travellers; the firman of the great Pacha bows all heads before it from the Euphrates to the Nile; and this haughtiest head that wears the turban is dealing, at this moment, with the London manufacturers for steam-engines, gas-pipes, power-looms, and a thousand of those inventions which have given England the mastery of nature, but which a Turk, a dozen years ago, would have attributed to magic, or shrunk from as an abomination. In the North, Russia is running her plough through the vast region of sands and snows, rocks and mines, swamps and rivers, loveliness and fertility, which make the most boundless, diversified, and magnificent territory that has existed within the memory of man. But her especial strength is pointed towards that central region of the East which limits and borders the Euxine and the Caspian. She has already made herself mistress of the whole northern shore of the Euxine, from the mouths of the Danube to Circassia. Her troops are already masters of the northern provinces of Persia; and, in this extraordinary impulse of dominion, she is now pressing on the tribes of the Caucasus, who, brave as they are, but disunited, exposed in front and on both flanks, without discipline, and assailed by a power of boundless military population, if they resist, must resist in vain; unless some miracle is wrought to snatch them from the jaws of the monster that is now looking north, east, and south, seeking whom it may devour. But all this tends to throw the gates of the East wide to the activity of discovery, and the resources of Europe. We may, and must grieve for the waste of valour, and the sufferings of a bold people. We must equally deprecate the fierce ambition that paves its way with the corpses of men. Still the conclusion is irresistible: the power of Russia is but the tempest that breaks its way through the mountains, or the conflagration that consumes the forest but dries up the morass. Human life may be fearfully sacrificed in both, but the ground is cleared.

The Colonel. "Spencer's Travels in Circassia, Crim Tartary, &c." is the latest addition to our knowledge of those important countries, and gives a singular variety of information, expressed in an animated and amusing form. He had the advantages of seeing the shores of the Black Sea under the protection of Count Woronzoff, the Governor

General of New Russia. That distinguished soldier and administrator, whose merits are as well known in England as in his own country, invited the author to accompany him on his coasting expedition round the Black Sea, and thus gave him access to the whole of the Russian ports and settlements on the coasts of Crim Tartary, Circassia, and Mingrelia.

The Barrister. Of all the contrivances for travelling ever adopted by man the steam-boat is unquestionably the most congenial to laziness, luxury, and good living; but this must be on a river: the steam-boat in the open sea has but one great merit, that of regular progress, a merit which, perhaps, serves it little in competition with a sailing-vessel in a voyage of any considerable length. Perhaps, on the whole, the wings of the wind will leave the indefatigable paddles behind; and the multiplied hazards of the steam-boat, exposed to derangements of machinery, to explosion, and to fire on the bosom of the ocean, must always render it an anxious experiment; but in a great river all its advantages are fully developed. It is there a floating hotel, amply furnished with accommodation. We are saved from the miseries of bad roads, the change of carriages, the perpetual extortion of waiters, and the rapacity of the wretched continental landlords, universally a vile set of harpies, every one of whom expects to make a fortune by the passing traveller, and especially by the English one. Besides all this, you sweep through the finest part of the country, which is always that on the river sides, rushing on with a rapidity, which throws the whole landscape into a succession of separate scenes like those of a theatre. You are not kept lingering for hours, and perhaps for days, over the monotony of some flat shore, or under the shadow of some mountain whose very sublimity tires you to death. You are not kept broiling in the sunshine, nor chilled by the shade; but you fly along through hill and valley, farm and forest, darting from shade to sunshine, with the eye perpetually excited yet unwearied; the mind at once soothed and animated; the frame no more broken by fatigue than if you were sailing with Cleopatra down the Cydnus; and, as the finale of all, on the first tinkle of the dinner-bell, you plunge into a cabin, fitted up like the banqueting-room of a palace, sit down to a capital dinner, with an appetite worthy of the occasion; and before you have finished your desert and have time to ask where you are, you have shot down fifty miles farther, and are in a new empire.

The Colonel. It is gratifying to feel that, in every part of Europe, with the exception of the unhappy Peninsula, a spirit of improvement is rapidly spreading—and peculiarly in those countries which must form our highway to the East; among those Hungary is certainly taking the lead. For nearly three hundred years it has been the most deserted and miserable soil in Europe. It now promises to be one of the most flourishing: the Danube, flowing through the heart of this immense and fertile land, has been hitherto almost totally lost to the purposes of civilisation: but the steam-boat, the great talisman of the age, which may well save us from the trouble of looking for the philosopher's stone, has turned the Danube into a stream of gold. The Count Etienne Szechenyi has established the steam navigation from Vienna to the Euxine: agriculture, commerce, the arts, national intercourse, and national civilisation follow in its train, and Hungary, once the weakness, will now become the strength of the Austrian empire.

The Doctor. Another and a most important change is the result: the

nobility, who once spent their lives in absenteeism, are now rapidly returning to spend their money, their talents, and their lives on their own estates. Abandoning Vienna, where their existence was passed in the follies or the weariness of dissipation, their habits degraded by the operation of opulent profligacy on shapeless indolence, and their existence as oppressive to themselves as useless to the community, they have now found something to employ them worthy of noblemen. They are building villages, clothing their tenants, opening channels of public intercourse by land and water, and converting their capital into one of the most magnificent cities of Europe.

The traveller who had the misfortune to pass through Pesth thirty years ago, and who must have wondered that such a Tartar camp, such a deplorable collection of dilapidated huts and stagnant life, could have existed almost within sight of the capital of the Austrian empire, would now feel himself like one who had awoke from a dream. Swamps turned into public walks, huts into palaces, wastes of yellow sand into squares, surrounded by striking public buildings, churches, hospitals, and hotels, with Buda on the opposite side of the river, frowning in Gothic grandeur, and crowning a height of terraces by the fine palace of the Palatinate; and the whole tenanted by a population of perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand people, form the *coup d'œil* of the Hungarian capital, and, by their freshness and picturesque beauty, throw the old glories of Vienna formidably into the shade.

The Barrister. The traveller in foreign countries can do nothing effectively without royal or public protection. In England he roams, accountable to no man for his direction, his objects, his occupations, or his livelihood. He may do anything, but make love to the Queen, or libel the Lord Mayor; but it is otherwise abroad, and peculiarly in that ultra-jealous district of the earth which is under the protection of his Majesty of all the Russias. That Mr. Spencer had the good fortune to secure the protection of the Russian Governor-General is among the peculiarities which add such value to his work. It evidently gave him the fittest opportunities of information, and that information he has as evidently given to the public without being biased in favour of Russian government even by Russian civility.

The Rector. Sailing along the Euxine in fine weather is as delightful as in winter it is hazardous. The sea has been proverbial for its tempests, which come armed from the desert or the pole with all the weapons of whirlwind, snow, and deadly frost. The waters are torn up from the bottom; and between the terrors of being hurled a hundred fathoms deep by the blast, and flung upon the thousand shallows and precipices of the shore, all heroism, but that of the Argonauts or a Newcastle navigator, must be severely tried; but in summer the sea is glass, the sky is sapphire, the breeze is steady, and the bark glides along with the smoothness of a balloon.

The Doctor. Spencer has the faculty of describing; and among travellers there is no faculty more uncommon. They overload us with rising and setting suns; not a headland can escape being packed into their portfolio; not a rivulet but has its register; and the reader drops the book from his hand, saturated with the very sleepy delights of Nature. But, in the hands of a clever man, all is the reverse: a touch of his pen gives you the landscape, a phrase lets you into the whole

mystery of azure skies and rushing rivers, and you are prepared to enjoy the human movements that give consummate life to the richness of the land.

Embarking on board the Government corvette with Count Woronzoff, Mr. Spencer set forth for Anapa, the first Russian settlement on the coast of Circassia. The most delightful hours of the voyage were by night, for which the moon was their lamp, and she gave them light such as is not made for our misty heavens; they could read by it, and enjoy the scenery of the shore with a pleasure precluded by the fiery radiance of the day. At length they were roused one morning by the sailor's cry of Tcherkessee, which we have softened into Circassia. The lower chain of the Caucasus was glittering in the dawn: the view was magnificent. The peaks were successively brightened with all kinds of splendours as the sun ascended, and the fortress was seen at their feet, bristling with cannon, and soon pouring out a salute from its batteries, in honour of the Governor-General. But another sight, still more striking, was in reserve. As the dawn spread on the mountains, they began to exhibit troops of the Circassians in arms, apparently brought into life by the sight of the fleet, which, though consisting of but a few little vessels, was enough to excite the vigilance of those gallant mountaineers. Horsemen were seen galloping from hill to hill, as if to summon the population. Those, however, soon disappeared, leaving only a few sentinels in the most prominent situations; but the aid of the telescope showed that the tribes were awake, and that the forest shades and mountain sides swarmed with men prepared for battle.

The Rector. The character of the Emperor Nicholas is said to be intelligent, and humane. Yet by what strange fatality is it that the Russian arms are now alternately employed in riveting chains on the Poles and breaking down the independence of the Circassians. The Russian plan in Circassia is evidently total conquest; but on what pretext? Offence? None. Civilisation? By what right, must it not be inquired, does Russia feel entitled to civilise by *the sword*? But the Circassian is not an uncivilised man, nor does he live in a neglected country. Spencer's description of both the people and the country is all but rapturous. In the Russian camp on the shore he met a Circassian noble, who had come over to the Russians, but who was suspected by them to have come over merely to see the nakedness of the land. He was one of the handsomest men whom he had ever seen. The ladies of the governor's party gave him the name of Jupiter. Spencer thought him more deserving the name of Antinous.

"His head and features were truly Grecian, and strikingly fine, while the luxuriant beard, dark mustachios, and turbaned cap imparted an expression of manly beauty and character. In truth, his figure, for athletic grace, might have served for a model for Phidias."

The Barrister. No guilt can be deeper than that of the man who, without necessity, makes war; the misery is so extensive, the waste of national means so lavish, and the obstacle to civilisation so fatal. The seizure of Poland by the Russians, atrocious as it was, was even more justifiable than their invasion of Circassia. The Poles were dangerous neighbours: they had often made Russia tremble; and it was notorious that they would have rejoiced to ally themselves with any power capable of leading them on the march to St. Petersburg. Still

there was no sufficient ground for the partition, and none whatever for the extinction of the kingdom. But in the invasion of Circassia no reason is offered, except that they are barbarians, and that their territory is convenient to the completeness of the Russian dominions. Those are not the pretexts of artful diplomacy, but the insolence of open robbery; and every voice of human honour and national feeling in Europe ought to be raised against the tyrannical aggressor. But the country of the Circassians requires nothing of Russian culture. Spencer describes its aspect from the shore, the only point at which he then could view it, as exhibiting every evidence of civilised industry. As the little fleet steered along, the successive forms of the landscape displayed themselves in unrivalled beauty.

"Every spot appeared diligently cultivated; the sides of the hills were laid out in pretty fields, inclosed with palings, in which numerous flocks and herds were feeding, together with horses evidently of the finest breed. The cottages also had neat verandahs in front. And the verdant pastures and meadows, intermingled with the corn, and the dark shades of the groves and clumps of forest trees, formed a picture which excited the most lively admiration of our whole party.

"We must presume that the population and industrious habits of the Circassians have been underrated, for, if we take into account the vast territory which they occupy, and the number of hands required merely to cultivate one of those immense mountains, frequently rising to a height of five thousand feet, and, unlike those of every other country I have visited, fertile to the summit, the people must be not only very numerous, but very indefatigable agriculturists. The scenery continued equally lovely, and only wanted the turretted castle, ivied monastery, and picturesque village of Europe, to be the most charming country in the world. And, thank heaven! war and revolution do not affect the climate; for the atmosphere is so balmy, the air so light and bracing in the vicinity of the mountains, as to exceed the finest parts of Italy."

The Doctor. I can join in the admiration of landscape. But my chief interest is for the people. What figure does the population make in the midst of those glorious countries, where every step reminds us of the heroic and classic times?

The Rector. The population are worthy of their country. In the first instance, Mr. Spencer could judge of them only from their displays on the mountain side. He afterwards saw them in their dwellings. But the first view was probably what might have been seen in the days of Mithridates, when the Pontic kingdom was in its glory. "We saw," says he, "hands of Circassians, headed by their chiefs in bright armour, flying through the woods, camels loaded with women and children slowly pacing along the beach, varied by the appearance of some noble dame, covered with her white veil, mounted on her Arab steed, and attended by her women. And, to give a still further variety, they were a people different from every other—a people who have maintained their independence, while the most powerful nations fell under the sway of the barbarian or the rule of the conqueror of civil life—a people living in all the primitive simplicity of the ancient patriarchs, still retaining their own laws, customs, and manners from time immemorial—a race the most beautiful on the face of the globe, and who have never been contaminated by a mixture with the blood of foreigners."

Yet through this country the Russian Emperor is about to pour troops, to cut roads for his convoys and cannon, to build fortresses for his armed slaves, and, after infinite slaughter, to sit as the hated master of indignant subjects, and rule over a country where he has baptized his reign in blood. These volumes deserve perusal for their spirit, their novelty, and their elegance. The author's adventures in the interior are curious and strikingly told, and, though we cannot suppose with him that England is called on to make war in defence of Circassia, it is impossible to repress the wish that the Russian invasion may fail, and that an innocent, gallant, and industrious people may enjoy the land that God has given them, unshackled by the gross ambition of the Muscovite.

The Colonel. "Stokeshill Place." The history of the novel for the last fifty years would be a curious record of the varieties of literature. Just half a century ago the English novel was dead, and its ghosts wandered through the world in the vanishing shapes of volumes from the Minerva library. The German school then attempted to put life into the remnants of romance, but the life was so grim, so lurid, and so convulsive, that the novel was rather a specimen of literary galvanism than of life. The Waverley era then followed, and the novel sprang upon its feet, a forcible, free, and vigorous figure of reality. Yet even of this the world grew weary. Scott's knowledge of nature, of the more obscure parts of history, and of the peculiarities of national character, had clothed the novel in a new costume. In the language of the theatre, no man was more a master of the "properties." But, unfortunately, he reverted too often to his national wardrobe. Like his own hero, M'Gregor, he was nothing without the tartans; his energies were all reserved for his native dialect: his dignity was all concentrated in the mountain robber; and all his heroism evaporated when beyond the clang of the claymore. His English characters were never the favourites of his English readers, nor even of himself; they were feeble and frivolous, awkward and unnatural. The hero of his first novel was the model of them all, and the Waverley family propagated their weakness through the long line of his romances. Next came a new course—fashionable novels. We turned, with something like eager gratification to English life after having wandered so long among the eagle haunts, the mountain solitudes, and the robber-peopled glens of Highland adventure. This novel, too, had its day; and we are now coming to the light and general description of domestic society—a style evidently incapable of the grandeur of the historic novel, or the sparkling eccentricity of the fashionable, but still offering large resources to a vivid describer of manners, portraying feelings that enter deep into the human bosom, and awakening at once the softest and most vigorous sensibilities of our nature. "Stokeshill Place, or the Man of Business," is a novel of this last species, a graceful and intelligent production, ranging over a large extent of human experience, and expressed in the polished language of a practised writer.

The Doctor. This novel, I presume, is by Mrs. Gore—already the writer of some very able performances, transcripts of her own experience in society, and exhibiting, in every instance, remarkable ease and animation. The plot of her novel shows with what facility a woman of talent can pursue her investigations through the various grades of

character. The work is formed on the true principle—that of the drama; her persons are characters, her chapters scenes, her volumes acts, and her *finale* is a catastrophe.

The Rector. It has been a doubt, whether a novelist should have a moral in view, and, unquestionably, if the moral is made the groundwork of the story, the story will be dull. No man reads a novel for the express purpose of being made wiser; no man reads it as a guide to his conduct in life, or as a controller of his passions; and yet the novel is imperfect which does not contain all those results; which does not impress some great principle of morals without the ostentation of wisdom, increase the force of our thought without affecting to sharpen the keenness of our understanding, and in the simplicity of its incident add to our knowledge of the motives that form the mainsprings of human life.

The hero of the tale is a man of business, in possession of a large fortune; with a lovely daughter, whose aggrandizement forms the hope of his existence. At the head of five thousand a-year he has retired to a beautiful spot in the centre of Kent, where it is his purpose to gain the influence which shall send him back with double lustre to the metropolis. In the country he canvasses the borough, justly knowing that, for an obscure man, the only way to distinction is through parliament. He gains his point, and proudly adds M.P. to his name. His daughter's hand is solicited by the son of a duke; he sees the coronet glittering over his head; and, in this moment of exultation, receives the desperate intelligence that the man with whom he was joined as a banker has failed for a vast sum, and that papers have been found in his desk involving him in the bankruptcy. He flies the country, and takes refuge in Belgium, where his daughter accompanies him, and exhibits all the virtues of an Englishwoman in adversity.

The Colonel. Yet it is scarcely gallant to the fair authoress thus to anticipate her plot. Dialogue, character, and scene are essential to its development. The volume contains powerful scenes. Take one example: Barnsley, residing in his sumptuous house, has received the first notice of his ill fortune in a letter informing him that the bank of Closeman and Company has failed, and that his deposit of seven thousand pounds is of course gone:—

“Barnsley, who since he had been in parliament had made a sort of business levee of his breakfast-room, leaving Margaret to take her morning meal alone in her own room, hastened in to inquire after her, hat on head, and stick in hand.

“‘I am sorry,’ said his daughter, ‘to hear that you have had a business of so disagreeable a nature on your hands.’

“‘Disagreeable, I believe you! Seven thousand pounds gone like a puff of wind. Seven thousand! There ought to be law in this commercial country making bankruptcy amenable to the criminal law. A year or two in Newgate would be a lesson to the gentry, who are now allowed to pick one’s pocket with impunity.’”

He now receives another letter, tears it open, and runs over the contents. Great was his daughter’s astonishment to perceive that, at the close of his second reading, the open letter fell from his hands. Barnsley’s teeth were set, his hands clenched, his face was ghastly.

“‘My dear, dear father,’ cried Margaret, flying towards him, and hanging over him, ‘what has happened? What can be the matter?’

"Instead of answering, Barnsley gazed with his glassy eyes upon her face.

" 'Speak, dear father,' she cried, seizing his hands in hers; 'are you ill?'

" 'Ruined!' faltered Barnsley, in a scarcely recognizable tone. 'Read.' She read the letter of ruin. 'Not a guinea left in the world; ruin and starvation staring us in the face!' burst at length from his livid lips.

" 'My dear father,' faltered Margaret, 'compose yourself: things may turn out better than you expect.'

" 'How? show me how? What do you know of business? Why should you think yourself wiser than all the world? Everything must go to the creditors. I have nothing but the coat on my back I can call my own.'

" 'You have your daughter,' cried she; 'your daughter, who will abide by you—your daughter, who will work for you,' throwing herself on her knees, and flinging her arms round him.

" 'You talk like a fool, Margaret,' said Barnsley: 'you will be enlightened to your cost when you find we have only been endured by society when raised by money to its level. We shall be cast forth like dogs.'

" A flood of tears came to her relief, and with tears the human heart invariably softens. Another quarter of an hour brought before her a new view of her position, the filial devotion which she had contemplated as a pleasure, became henceforth a duty. 'He may refuse my offers,' she murmured, while reflecting upon the harshness of her father; 'but who else will bear with him? No: a time will come, when I shall be necessary to him. Hitherto my existence has been a dream. My life is now beginning.'

In this spirit of vigorous virtue, Margaret perseveres, leads her father to Belgium, collects the remnants of his fortune, and in a beautiful retreat commences a career of tranquillity.

The Rector. 'A portion still more to my taste is that in which this excellent daughter labours to cultivate pure feelings in her father's mind. His career has been one of turbulence, worldly gain, and worldly passions. He now becomes gradually awake to its emptiness. This is a striking passage:—

" She could not but recal to mind the hard and impenitent spirit in which the mortified man had rebelled against the chastening of Heaven, and view with admiration and gratitude the spring of pure water which the touch of the prophet's rod had called forth from the flinty rock. It was now as she could desire with the father whom her soul loved. The world was no longer all in all. He was humble, penitent, tender, bearing and forbearing, giving and forgiving, loving and deserving love. He sometimes seemed to smile with contempt at the recollection of the enthralling charm which the mean interests of life had once usurped over his mind, ere he learned that true happiness resides in the interchange of human affections, in the power of doing good to those we love, and the occasion of receiving good at their hands."

The work then passes through a variety of adventure to the close of the narrative. One melancholy incident occurs, but virtue, constancy, and honour, finally find their reward.

The Barrister. "Uncle Horace, a Novel." Mrs. Hall's novels of Irish character have already stamped her as a writer of quick observation. Her language is flowing and natural, her conceptions are pure and feminine, and she has the art of being humorous without vulgarity, and spirited without coarseness. In consequence, her novels of Irish character have attained a popularity which has excited her to the higher effort of giving us sketches of English life. Uncle Horace is an eccentric personage, devoted to his business as a Liverpool merchant, and strongly prejudiced in favour of English habits and English feelings. Mr. Brown Lorton, his brother, is the antipodes of all this. He, too, had been a Liverpool merchant, but had made a large fortune, had married, and finally fixed himself in London for the purpose of introducing his daughter Mary, a beauty of seventeen. Yet the heroine of the novel is Margaret, her mother, betrothed in early life to a foreigner unconsciously, perhaps to Mrs. Hall herself, becomes the hero. Margaret Linden has married Brown Lorton, the recollection of her early engagement still hanging over her, and embittering her existence. The foreigner is magnificent and melo-dramatic, extremely showy, and extremely knavish, living by his wits and the folly of mankind. But take an example of its style.

Mary and Mortimer, her lover, are telling their romances to each other, when they hear a shriek from the pavilion. "They rush in, and find Mrs. Lorton standing near the spot where her daughter had left her, pale, and rigid as marble, her eyes fixed on the countenance of a tall, thin man, whose prominent features and black curling hair rendered him, if not handsome, of striking and picturesque appearance. His figure was, or rather had been, enveloped in a blue boat-cloak that lay upon the ground; his dress was a mingling of English and foreign costume, the richly embroidered waistcoat and trousers belonging to the latter, while the tight-fitting jacket, and black silk kerchief tied carelessly round his throat claimed affinity with that class of gentlemen who are said to spend much time on board their yachts. He had grasped Mrs. Lorton's arm with his right hand, and stood opposite to her; for a minute neither appeared to notice the entrance of Mary and Mortimer, and they heard the stranger say, 'Why did you scream? Are you indeed mad?' The instant his eye rested on them, he regained his self-possession, and relinquishing his grasp, turned to the youthful pair, and bowing with perfect ease and grace of manner, said, before Harry's over-boiling feelings had time to vent themselves in words, 'Mrs. Lorton has been so much astonished at the re-appearance of an old friend this morning, whom she saw only last night, that she has forgotten to greet him. She will, however, remember me presently.'"

The Barrister. How a novel should conclude, is one of the nicest questions of authorship. Sorrow is one of the deepest of our feelings, and melancholy sometimes the most pleasing, and yet I doubt whether a novel in any instance should end tragically. The mind is dissatisfied unless justice is done, and where loveliness and innocence run through their course of trial, happiness is only justice. The authority of Shakespeare it is, of course, heresy to doubt; yet I am content to be guilty of that heresy, in wishing to see his Cordelia rescued from the fate which the great dramatist gives her, and his ancient king, rescued from the ingratitude of his daughters, and triumphing over his enemies, old

Lear—every inch a king. I am thus driven to the conclusion, that the lovers ought always to be happy at the close of a novel, while I should consign all the humdrum relations, crabbed aunts, frowning guardians, and crafty attorneys at law, to the various punishments, Devonshire cottages, Queen's Benches, and straight waistcoats, which the law of reason and the pen of romance could inflict upon them. For the master villains, I should delight in discovering still higher penalties; they should either turn bandits, and be blown up in their own castles, or be galley slaves, and toss up the waters of the Mediterranean with oars twenty feet long; or palpitate on some Neapolitan scaffold, and die with a monk on one side and a mistress on the other.

The Doctor. In this case, the novel concludes to your heart's content. Its genuine hero, driven through all the doubles of his villainies, is at last at the point of being arrested, the avenger finds him at last. Then follows a scene—Philip moved to the door, and placed himself at the entrance; D'Oraine expostulated, soothed, threatened, but all he said could not extort a reply from the obdurate and determined Philip. If his prisoner advanced towards where he had sentinelled himself, he immediately raised his pistol, and it occurred to him more than once, as being strange that D'Oraine had thrust his hand into his bosom, and had not attempted, after the commencement of their interview, to draw it forth. The midnight air became cold, and more cold as the morning drew nigh. The *tir-ra-la* of the travelling coaches broke upon their ear more frequently; the cocks from the neighbouring homesteads crew; and the faint light of approaching day mingled with that of the full yet chill and pallid moon. D'Oraine had reclined against the wall for nearly an hour without uttering a sound. Philip still kept his pistol in his hand; when the sound of voices and footsteps, at no very considerable distance, made the young sculptor speak again. 'Must I then lead you to your fate? Do as I desire, and you have a chance of liberty.'

"Philip never forgot the look which was D'Oraine's answer to his words. It was such as the rich man in torments might have been supposed to cast across the fiery gulch on Lazarus, as he rested in Abraham's bosom. Though, alas! there was little of the right and humble spirit of the patient Lazarus in the character of Philip.

"The men drew more near. 'There is yet time,' repeated the sculptor twice, 'yet time.' He stepped within the threshold, and half-closed the door. 'Is not your spirit of sufficient strength to prompt you to escape the stare, the gaze, the contempt of the whole world? There is yet time!'

"The men's voices sounded as if they were in the small garden of the cottage—another moment—and they came near the window.

"'Say,' muttered Philip, 'that you will do as I require, and no power shall force that door. *There is yet time!*'

"Another look like the first fell from D'Oraine upon the sculptor. His eyes met those of his pursuer with so fixed a gaze of agony and despair, that he hardly perceived the movement, as he drew a dagger from his vest, and plunged it twice into his own bosom."

Thus dies the profligate hero of the tale. But the gentler and more honourable *dramatis personæ* relieve the reader, and the termination of this animated performance "*arridet virginibus puerisque.*"



very truly Yrs.

J. F. Talbot

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. X.

I CONFESS that I went to bed, after having received ~~my~~ ^{his} account of Tom, and after having transmitted it in my own language to Cuthbert, with an infinitely stronger hope of getting some tolerable rest than I had entertained for many previous nights. I had done what I felt to be my duty to a brother who, eccentric as he might be, had always shown me the greatest kindness, and of whose mutability of disposition towards me I might, even now, have formed the most groundless and unjustifiable anticipations; and, in so doing, had conquered a pride and prejudice which I ought probably never to have entertained in such a case.

The moment my mind was a little relieved under these circumstances, my thoughts naturally directed themselves to an object which most especially claimed an undivided interest, but which the agitating events of the last few days had separated—I mean the state, condition, and prospects of my son and heir. What his inheritance might be it seemed somewhat difficult to calculate; but I thought, young as he was, that it was time to consult with Harriet as to the steps to be taken with regard to his baptism, and whether, if Tom should happily recover, I might venture to remind Cuthbert of his promise of standing godfather.

Nothing in the world, I am convinced, is more seriously or more constantly worrying than the possession of a very near relative with a very whimsical disposition. The moment I made my suggestion to Harriet, which I did dandling the dear little baby in my arms—only think—she instantly started the difficulty which existed in taking the first step: if we did not remind Cuthbert of the promise he had made, he might take the trouble to be offended with us; and if we did jog his memory, the chances were a hundred to one that he would be in as great a passion as he could muster because we bored him on the subject. Then there was to be another godfather and a godmother; now we thought over one or two eligible men for Cuthbert's brother-sponsor, in case he stood; but then we dare not whisper our wishes to any one of them until we had taken counsel from the nabob: and, as for a godmother, we did not know where to turn for one. The Nubleys were away, and had let their house to a sporting gentleman, with three or four questionable nieces, or cousins, or sisters, or something of that sort; so that neither Mr. Nubley on the one hand, nor Mrs. Nubley on the other, were available. Mrs. Wells might perhaps officiate; but then—in

short, all seemed to depend upon Cuthbert's fiat, and Cuthbert and his fiat depended on Tom's recovery.

As far as this very important event went, it was my good fortune to receive a favourable account soon after ten o'clock: things looked better, and Sniggs had hopes, which, however, were tempered conditionally, "if" so and so happened in the course of the day, and "if" so and so did not happen in the night, "we might anticipate a favourable result;" which, if I had not felt sanguinely, and had been by any means jocosely inclined, I should have construed into a sort of sage declaration on the part of Sniggs that, under all circumstances, it was his opinion that if poor Tom did not die, he would recover.

Nevertheless there was hope—and a brighter hope than had beamed a day before; and, as Sniggs was good enough to inform me in a postscript, that he would be at Ashmead as usual at one—an hour at which he was—as, certainly, to appear as Monk Lewis's popular ghost was to exhibit itself in the immediate opposite in the twenty-four hours, I felt convinced that he was in his own mind satisfied of the chances, at least, in the young uncouth patient's favour.

Having talked placidly with Harriet, played my child into a squalling fit, and received a sort of reproachful look from the nurse for having jumped it about at much too violent a rate for its age and size—for I had not much notion then of the relative strength of materials, I proceeded to strengthen my outward man with breakfast; at which period the post arrives, and which, by an admirable contrivance of the General Post Office, under the actual, though not nominal guidance of one of the worthiest of men and most efficient public officers that ever lived, does me the favour to bring to my hand my London and my cross-country letters all at once, "simultaneously," as poor Nubley would have muttered while picking his dear old chin, so that my news flowed in from all quarters, if I had any to receive from more than one.

My bag arrived—was deposited, unlocked—one letter from London about furniture—one from Winchester about books—one from Bath, about what, I wonder?—a strange hand, evidently a woman's, a long, delicate, nearly unintelligible scrawl—a seal I know not—who can this be?—Bath—not Cuthbert? Yes, thought I, it is from my dear indolent Indian, who, in the plenitude of his laziness, has got some one of his fair friends at Montpellier to scrawl it for him; and then I thought I recognised the extremely pretty unintelligibility of Kate's calligraphy—that, of course, I opened first, for furniture and books, although on their road, could not very rapidly follow their *avant couriers*:—crack went the seal—flap went the paper, and I saw—

"Montpelier, Bath.

"DEAR MR. GURNEY—Your good, kind, but terribly lazy brother has begged me to be his amanuensis; and when a request, even were its fulfilment troublesome in any eminent degree, is made by so amiable and so universally beloved a person as he is, it is wholly beyond the power of ordinary humanity to resist or refuse—in order to make some particular inquiries concerning the state of health of the dear, interesting Thomas, to whom we are all devotedly attached:—nothing indeed, my dear Mr. Gurney, contributes more essentially to the maintenance of the sentiments of high regard and fervent esteem which my bosom cherishes for your amiable brother than the generous and paternal

anxiety with which he regards the every thought and action of the dear children, who are rendered invaluable to him by the memory of their departed mother, than whom—from all I hear, not only from him but from other individuals who had the honour and happiness of being favoured, not only with her mere ordinary acquaintance, but with friendship which may be considered really intimate and confidential—was, if ever there was what is colloquially called an angel upon earth, one of them in every acceptation of that very comprehensive phraseology.

“His anxiety—dear, kind-hearted man—is naturally increased in a ten-fold degree by the knowledge that circumstances render it impossible for you or your dear Harriet to afford poor Thomas any personal attention, and that he is consigned to the care of the professional gentleman who attends you: he is, however, confident that every care and attention will be used with respect to his comforts, and his diet, and the gratification of all his little wishes, as far as may be consistent with the cooling regimen so essentially necessary in ^{his} case like his; and he desires me to say that you may, at any seasonable opportunity, insinuate in the manner you may consider most effective, without violating any of the delicacies and decorums of society, to which professional gentlemen are so sensitively alive, that the recovery of Master Falwasser will be an event likely to prove, in every way, advantageous to Mr. Sniggs.”

Here I laid down the letter for one minute or so, in order to think of what had passed during the last few weeks. Here was Mrs. Brandyball writing to me—the amanuensis of my brother—a stranger—an alien—dictating, in his name, to me, what to do and how to act—anticipating a carefulness and watchfulness on the part of Sniggs, which unfortunately had not existed, and promising him a reward for services which reminded me of the last line of a newspaper advertisement from a man who proposed to doctor smoky chimneys, which ran thus—“No cure no pay.” I paused—thought—put some sugar in my cup—ate a bit of toast—sipped my tea—and having indulged myself in an audible “Well!” proceeded to read on.

“Of one thing I am quite sure—at least so far as it is permitted to human fallibility to be certain of anything—that if dear Thomas were to fall a sacrifice to the dreadful disorder of which he has been visited, it would be productive of the most serious consequences to his sensitively dear and never-to-be-sufficiently-understood or appreciated father-in-law. As for my own personal feelings upon the subject, assure yourself, my dear Mr. Gurney, they are deeply interested in the result, independently of every other consideration, upon your account and that of your dear Harriet.”

“Deuce take the woman!” said I, throwing down the letter; “what in the name of impudence and ignorance does she mean by calling my wife Harriet?—who wants her solicitude?—who cares for her being interested? Well!” And up I took the scrawl again.

“Poor dear Kate, whose intuitive perception of things in general is so remarkable, has satisfied his mind that the infection was derived from the maid-servant in your establishment, who was generally supposed to have been infected by dear Thomas; and dear Jane, who although not so highly gifted by nature as her elder sister, possesses an extraordinary share of observation and discrimination, considering her apparent diffidence and her actual juvenility, corroborates the opinion of her elder

sister, by stating in the most unequivocal manner that Evans—I think the domestic's patronymic is Evans—told her that she felt seriously indisposed at least three days before dear Thomas experienced any inconvenience."

"The devil take the woman!" said I, adding a brief prayer for forgiveness; "dear Kate says this—and dear Jane says that—and dear Thomas—dear—I will *not* swear, but this is really too much—to be lectured by this Gorgon—to have an elder brother's authority delegated to a Catamaran like this! Well!—let us see—by and by I suppose I shall be charged with a design upon dear Thomas's life, and Daly's joke played off in earnest."

"All these contending circumstances prey upon your dear brother exceedingly, and I must candidly admit that I am confident I run no risk of hazarding your displeasure by a candid expression of my genuine sentiments, that his feelings have been a little exacerbated by the omission on your part to make him acquainted with the progress of the interesting invalid."

"Why, how could I?" exclaimed I to myself. "Where the deuce was I to write to? By—but no, I won't—I'll keep my temper—that is, if I can. I'll read the infernal thing through. Oh, my poor, poor brother! To think—to fancy—to believe. Well!—let's see."

"I merely venture to insinuate what I think, and to impress upon you the necessity of communicating with him, lest at any future period I might be supposed not to have apprised you of the real state of his feelings."

"This is too plain," said I, again throwing down the epistle, and again sipping my tea, which I could however hardly swallow for agitation—"a future period!" Oh, she looks forward—some ulterior object—to some time when she may be reproached with hypocrisy and manœuvring. If Harriet were but well—but then she is not—if she were, we would go to Bath. But why?—then Tom—Well!"

"And especially as I repeat that a fatal termination to the dear boy's illness would produce the most serious effects upon his mind and constitution."

"Considerate creature!" said I.

"Your brother desires me to tell you that he forgot to say, till Hutton reminded him, that he has paid Binfill, the wine-merchant, up to the first of January, and that he thinks his Madeira dear and not good, and wishes you not to order any more wine of any sort of him."

This paragraph completed, as I then thought, my misery. Here was a person—a few weeks since an utter stranger to any of us—not only acting secretary between one brother and another, but entering into our domestic discussions as if she were one of the family; besides, what a topic to touch upon, to inform Mrs. Brandyball that the wine she admired and patronised so liberally at Ashmead was not mine, but Cuthbert's; and at the same time, and through the same medium, to convey a prohibitory command as to my ordering any more! But even this was not the climax, which, in fact, I was very near not reaching, so utterly upset and beaten was I by what I had already read. However, the bitter draught was destined to be drained to the dregs, and everybody knows they generally prove the bitterest portion of the whole. I there-
fore continued—

"Aware as you are of your excellent brother's constitutional inactivity, and the listlessness of his mind, you will scarcely give credence, even with your natural tendency to admit their influence over all his mundane transactions, to the fact—that it was not until not only dear Kate and dear Jane, and dear Kate and dear Jane's maid, Hutton, his own man, and myself, had also agreed upon the point, that he could satisfy himself whether your dear Harriet's baby was a boy or a girl. He had somehow confused in his mind the fact and the detail; and I do assure you—probably his thoughts were pre-occupied by his solicitude concerning poor Thomas—it was not until he found us unanimous that we induced him to fatigue his memory so far as to recall a conversation which he had with you, and which he repeated afterwards to me, when we were alone, upon the subject. What a remarkable instance of evaporative intellectuality!"

This crowned all: "evaporative Tom-foolery!" said I. The idea that the main and leading incident of my life—the birth of my son and heir, of his nephew and intended godson, should have been totally forgotten, or if not forgotten, so thoroughly jumbled up in his brain during an absence of a few days, as to leave him in a sort of waking dream, from which it required the united efforts of the family to awaken him.

The conclusion of the odious letter was made up of some fulsome compliments in the same high-flown language as characterised the rest of it; and having finished it, I threw it from me with a sort of shuddering disgust, which would have chilled me if the heat of anger had not counteracted its effects.

"So then," said I, aloud, I verily believe, "my poor brother is really caught; dragged from me, and manacled in a distant part of the country: his fetters, to be sure, are covered with roses—full-blown damask roses, it must be admitted. But there he is, as undeniably lost to me as if he had never existed. Had Gulliver been constituted as Cuthbert was, when he was hampered by the pegs and packthread of the Lilliputians, there he would have lain until they had demolished him at their leisure; the effort to raise himself upon one hand or make one half turn of his body, by which he could have extricated himself in a moment, would have been an effort too mighty for indolence so overpowering as his, and thus he would have perished. I saw no chance of extrication. Mrs. Brandyball, spider like, had gotten him into her web, and was clearly besliming him every moment with compliments and attentions which would be sure to make him her own, and, Arachne like, when she had rendered him totally helpless she would put him by in store to marry, in all probability, when the before-spoken-of Easter holidays arrived. Well, and what then? Was it by any fault of mine that this had occurred? Had I anything to reproach myself with? What sin of omission or commission had I been guilty of which ought, in any reasonable case, to have produced such results? I asked myself the question over and over again, and received from myself the same answers every time. I searched every corner of my mind in vain for one little morsel of just self-condemnation, but none could I find, and at last I worked myself up into a feeling not altogether fraternal, and wound up my soliloquy with—Why, then, let him go to the—I won't write what I said—his own way.

This came out impromptu, and I declare free from all selfishness of feeling; but a moment's reflection brought to my view the startling fact

that if Cuthbert went, wherever it might be, in one direction, I must infallibly go thither in another. He was, as I have often recorded, and oftener felt, the "prop that did sustain my house," and what was to happen if I treated this letter and its writer with the scorn they seemed to me so richly to merit? I should only seal my destiny, and inflict a wound which I was well assured no time nor circumstance could heal.

Speaking of a choice of difficulties, Swift asks, "Supposing the body of the earth were a great mass or ball of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method until there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable ever after; or supposing that you might be happy ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

This question seemed particularly apposite and applicable to my case—Should I pocket all the affronts I had received, and continue dreaming on during poor Cuthbert's life, in a sort of negative hope of his ultimate return to a just, fraternal, and equitable feeling towards me, and his consequent fulfilment of all the promises he had made, and the realization of all the expectations he had raised, or at once exhibit what nobody could deny would be a just resentment at his abandonment of me in favour of aliens to our blood in the first instance, and in the last of a perfect stranger, and, by thus giving way to my natural feelings, now decide my fate as related to the future expression of his sentiments and the consequent disposition of his property?

If I had been alone—single in the world as Cuthbert found me when we so strangely met at Gosport—I know how I should have settled the affair. I should have got rid of the difficulty much after the Hibernian manner in which Alexander untied the Gordian knot by cutting it: but the case was now different; I was a husband and a father, and should not have ventured to marry, as he knew, had he not placed me in a position which entitled me to ask and receive such a blessing as a wife like Harriet.

Yet Harriet would have married me for myself alone,—nay, she had proved her sincerity upon that point by subjecting herself to trials and difficulties with a devotion, and even heroism, not to be expected from one so young and so little knowing in the wide world's ways. What had been the expression of her sentiments upon this very subject a day or two before? I had anticipated what would happen, had touched upon it—exactly what might have been calculated upon—and then, after all, as she said, we could be happy in a smaller house, with a smaller establishment, to be supported on a smaller income. Well, then, why not at once fire the train, return no answer to Mrs. Brandyball's fine, figurative, free-and-easy rignarole, but write direct to my brother a letter of remonstrance, of reproach even, and endeavour, if possible, to rouse him to a sense of his own situation and of mine.

Of course I did not hastily put any scheme of this sort into execution, for—which, indeed, was one of the most painful parts of the business—I felt it absolutely necessary to consult Harriet, although confident of her acquiescence. Fuller says, "A good wife sets up a sail according to the keel of her husband's estate;" and I was certain that in all she

had said upon the last occasion I took of mentioning my suspicions of Cuthbert's defection, she was as sincere and true as I had ever found her in all other matters; but it grieved me to be obliged to trouble her so far as even to grant her acquiescence. Nevertheless, *that* was my course, and I resolved to hold a council with her so soon as any intelligence arrived from Sniggs with regard to the boy, the nature of which might greatly influence our decision, inasmuch as if the result were fatal, I still adhered to my determination of going to Bath.

It turned out, however, that for the present that resolution was not to be put in practice, for my bulletin announced that Tom, although not better than he was last night, was not worse, the fever had not been abated, and that in fact he was much the same. As this information portended no sudden catastrophe, it became the more necessary that I should decide upon the line I meant to adopt with regard to Mrs. Brandyball's dispatch, which must be either answered somehow, or not answered at all, by return of post. I therefore rang for Foxcroft, in order to ascertain when I might present myself up-stairs to communicate with my better half upon the subject now nearest my heart.

The faithful handmaid, who seemed, from a sort of feminine regard for my gander-like condition, and a respect, as I thought, for my paternal character, most amiably attentive to all my little wants and wishes during Harriet's temporary absence from our domestic circle, informed me that I might be received forthwith, for that her mistress was sitting up, and expecting me. This sounded like music in my ears; this first marked step in the progress towards her restoration to society, to her return to those familiar scenes which her presence cheered and enlightened, was a set-off to all the mortifications I had just experienced, and I bounded up stairs as if I had gained some new and important object, and beheld with a pleasure I cannot attempt to describe, the beloved of my heart ensconced in a huge armed chair, looking as calm, as pale, and as placid as "Patience on a monument." That she smiled at grief, personified by her much-disturbed husband, was no small addition to my gratification; and the gentle kiss she bestowed upon me was of more value to me at the moment than the *accolade* of a Sovereign to an expectant courtier.

The slight flush which coloured her fair cheek after this "chaste salute" gave new beauties to her countenance, and brought her back to my view, just as she looked in other days, and when I little thought she ever would be mine, as we strolled in the rectorial shrubberies. A thousand recollections filled my mind, and I felt so happy that I dreaded to dissipate the bright vision by referring to the "order of the day," and beginning to discuss the business for her opinion upon which I had sought her.

It was absolutely necessary that something should be decided upon; and I wished to obtain her judgment upon Mrs. Brandyball's letter and its contents, free and unbiassed by any thing I might say or suggest; and therefore having prepared her for "bad news," in order that she might be rather agreeably surprised than not when she had perused it, I placed the epistle before her, and begged her calmly and quietly to read it through, while I proceeded to gaze upon my yet unchristianised boy, who lay sleeping in a swinging cot by the side of the maternal bed—and I had just fallen into a kind of reverie, in which my mind was

filled by a thousand conflicting thoughts and anticipations as to the destiny of the unconscious innocent before me, when the gentle tap of Foxcroft at the door produced the gentle "Come in" of her dear mistress.

"If you please, Sir," said the damsel, "Mr. Kittington is in the breakfast-room, and wishes to speak to you."

"Who?" said I.

"The dancing-master, Sir," said Foxcroft.

"I dare say," said Harriet, "Cuthbert never recollected to have him paid."

"Most likely," said I. "Say I will be down directly."

Foxcroft retired, smilingly, as was her wont.

"Well," said Harriet, "I never read such a letter as this."

"How far have you read?" said I.

"To where she attributes Tom's disorder to our servants," said Harriet, "and blames you for not writing to Cuthbert, when you did not know how to direct a letter to him."

"Ah," said I, "that's nothing to what you will come to presently. All I beg of you is, to keep your temper, Harriet—don't be in a passion—treat it as I do, and all will be well. I don't wish to influence your judgment, dear, but I have made up *my* mind. I suppose my Terpsichorean visiter will not keep me long. I shall be back directly—then give me your opinion;" saying which, I repeated the gentle kiss with which the council had opened, and proceeded to the breakfast-room, where I found Foxcroft kindly explaining to Mr. Kittington the peculiar beauty of what she called a "lovely gereenum," which stood just inside the conservatory, which opened into the apartment.

Mr. Kittington appeared a little embarrassed at my appearance, as did Miss Foxcroft; but ladies or ladies' maids have always a command over themselves, and an aptitude for getting out of scrapes with a presence of mind most wonderful. The pump-shod professor coloured up "ruddier than the cherry," and looked more like a fool than usual; but Foxcroft, without moving a muscle of her countenance, no sooner saw me approach, than she let go the flower, upon which she was apparently lecturing, and said, as if she had been told to wait till I arrived, "Here is my master, Sir."

They say that "they who live in glass houses should not throw stones." There are two or three other things which people so circumstanced should not do; not that I mean to infer that lecturing upon "gereenums" is one of them. Foxcroft however wagged her pretty little fantailed figure out of the room, and left Mr. Kittington and myself *tête-à-tête*.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Kittington; "but I really am ashamed to trouble you—I——" Here he faltered, and looked silly again; "but I——"

"Pray don't mention it," said I: "I think I can almost guess——"

"Indeed, Sir," said the dancing-master, "I assure you I would not have intruded upon you, but——"

heard by anticipation the well-known sequel—"I have a very large
to make up next week."

"The circumstances are very peculiar."

used again.

"Pray don't apologise," said I, encouragingly; "my brother, Mr. Cuthbert Gurney, is so thoughtless and indolent, that these things are frequently occurring."

"Are you aware, Sir," said Kittington, "of the——"

"Oh, I know, of course," replied I; "there is no necessity for any delicacy between us, Mr. Kittington; my brother naturally expected to hear from you after your great attention to Kate, and the others; but have you got it about you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Kittington, "I have brought it with me. Indeed, I had no other object in calling here; but I could not have imagined that you were aware of the existence of anything of the kind."

"Why, I guessed as much," said I; "but it is of no sort of consequence."

"Indeed! Sir," said Kittington.

"There can be no objection, I am sure," said I. "I will undertake to settle it without any reference to my brother, who, as I have already said, is too indolent to take much trouble about anything."

"That is very surprising, Sir!" said Kittington; "I think you must be mistaken."

"No, no," said I, smiling, "the same thing has happened often before."

Kittington here appeared somewhat astounded, and wishing to relieve him from an embarrassment which seemed to me to be more particular than the occasion required, I begged him to hand me the "document," as I facetiously called his "bill," not liking the word, either as applied to myself or to anybody in the shape of a gentleman to whom I had to pay money.

"How far I should be justified in doing so, Sir," said Kittington, "I really do not know—my position is a very delicate one—and—really I am so overcome by the difficulty in which I am placed, or rather, in which I have placed myself, that I am scarcely able to proceed."

"I never saw," said I, "so much delicacy on such a point. What scruples can you have in accepting what you must feel yourself justly to have acquired, and most richly to deserve? I am sure the way my niece Kitty has spoken to us of your attention and kindness fully justifies you in preferring your claims; so let us to business."

"My dear Sir," said Kittington, "the manner in which you meet this subject is to me most surprising, and confounds me more than all the rest. I merely attended Miss Falwasser and her sister, professionally—and—I—had no conception—she so extremely young—and—the fact is—I—really—I thought I was doing my duty in mentioning the fact—because I had no idea that you were aware—in truth I—difference of rank and position—and—besides, Sir, putting aside anything else, I—it is imperative I should mention that I am actually engaged to be married."

"Well, my dear Sir," said I, "I am very glad to hear it, and sincerely wish you joy; but I tell you again, there needs no such explanation. What your marrying has to do with a trifle like this, a matter, no doubt, of everyday occurrence with gentlemen of your profession——"

"My dear Sir," said Kittington, turning alternately pale and red, "indeed, indeed, it is no such thing: such matters do now and then happen; and waltzing, I confess between ourselves, is rather—it is a

little conducive—but this, I assure you, I do not consider this by any means a trifling affair.”

“Why,” said I, getting rather out of patience with the mock-modesty of my companion, “what does it amount to, after all?”

“Why, Sir,” said Kittington, “although when I took the liberty of sending in my name, my intention was, as in duty bound, that is, according to my own feelings, to have shown you the note: but as it is, it involves a compromise—and—”

“Oh,” said I, “I want no compromise.”

“No, Sir,” said Kittington; “but I mean Miss Katharine Falwasser may—”

“She!” exclaimed I; “no, no, she wants no compromise, you may rely upon it; you have only to ask and have; there isn’t a more liberal-hearted child in the world, whatever other faults she may possess.”

“Child!” said Kittington; “there you have used the very word—I said the difference of age between her, and—”

“And Jane,” interrupted I; “ah, there’s a difference of age, but of course Jane would not interfere in such a matter as this.”

“Oh, no,” said Kittington, “I must do Miss Falwasser the justice to say, that she distinctly asserts that Miss Jane is totally ignorant of her sister’s steps.

“Ah,” said I, “that’s a pity, as they learned together; but Jane is not nearly so forward in anything as Kate.”

“No, no,” said Kittington, “very different characters; but I really could not have imagined that you could have been aware of the circumstances, else, as I have just said, I should not have felt it necessary to call here, but have sent direct to Miss Falwasser herself.”

“That’s perfectly useless,” said I; “don’t worry yourself for a moment; I appreciate your delicacy, and if you will let me see the document as I call it, I think the settlement will be the affair of a few minutes.”

“Well, Sir,” said Kittington, “I have taken my line; I have been very much surprised at what has passed between us; I may be censured and laughed at by Miss Falwasser: it struck me I had only one course to pursue, and, having adopted that course, can have no hesitation in fulfilling my original intentions with a positive assurance that no human being, except ourselves, shall ever hear one syllable of the affair.”

This speech, delivered with a degree of seriousness and earnestness for which I certainly was not prepared, and which the delivery of a dancing-master’s bill for teaching did not appear to me to require, was terminated by his handing me a glossy musk-smelling note, of delicate dimensions, which he drew from an envelope which he held in his hand.

I thought him somewhat of a dandy before, but when I saw this odoriferous morsel make its way to the light, I set him down as the most consummate blockhead I ever had met with. Having handed me the “document,” he threw himself into an armed chair with a “flump” very inconsistent with his usual manner of proceeding at Ashmead, and fixed his eyes upon me with an expression of interest and curiosity, which struck me as very remarkable. I opened the “bill” and read:—

“I have struggled with my feelings ever since we parted; but I cannot conquer them. You must have seen how interesting I have thought

you for some time past. I never was happy but the days you were combing, and even Jane said I was in love with you—you must know the same. I am very young, but older than I look for—I am, I know, near sixteen; for I heard my governess say that my mamma made us all two years younger than we really are, in order, poor dear thing, to seem younger herself. Jane does not know of this letter; but I have persuaded pappy that nobody can teach us to dance like you, and he is quite ready you should. If you would make believe you were coming to settle at Bath, you might come and call, and I know dear Mrs. Brandyball would have you here; and then, dear Henry—you see I know your dear name—I am sure pappy would not mind our being married, or if he did, we might helope, and when we came back after it was over he would forgive us in a minute.

“Do, do come, dear Henry, and then we can walk out while pappy is playing chess; and I can make Jane stay with him—do not be cross with me for this; and if you answer me, direct to me under cover to Mrs. Brandyball, and then I shall get it safe—and do send me a lock of your hair—I do love red hair so—and say you will come. I do nothing but play ‘The Opera Hat’ and ‘Molly put the Kettle on,’ the last two tunes we danced to. They have a stupid dancing-mistress at Montpelier. I never dance now—and never shall—never will—no, nor sleep either till you come. Do come, do, dear Henry,

“Yours affectionately,

“You can guess who.

“P.S. I shall have a hundred thousand pounds when pappy dies.”

“Mr. Kittington,” said I, throwing down this precious epistle, “I have a thousand apologies to make to you. I had, of course, no conception of an event like this, and, of course, could not appreciate either the honourable course you have adopted, or the agitation under which, as it appeared to me, you were unnecessarily labouring; it is needless, of course, for me to say that I am totally unacquainted with anything concerning the proceedings of this extraordinary girl, and confined my speculations to some habitual neglect of my brother in not settling your account for tuition; but this is a blow which I was not prepared for, and yet——”

“The blow, Sir,” said Kittington, modestly but firmly, as if conscious of the rectitude of his conduct at the sacrifice of some *éclat*, “is, I trust, avoided. Of course I shall return no answer to the young lady’s letter, however flattering her youthful admiration may be; I resign it to you, and with it, all pretensions to any further consideration from her. I will now admit to you that I am under no matrimonial engagement; but that when I found you, as I imagined, lending yourself to an arrangement so entirely unsuitable in all its points and bearings, I ventured to put a conclusive negative upon it by what perhaps you will admit to have been a justifiable exaggeration. I am aware that there is something ludicrous associated in society with the exercise of my profession; but I trust that the adoption of that profession from necessity rather than choice, for the support of an aged mother and unmarried sister, the widow and daughter of a gentleman, whose indulgence to his spoiled and helpless son left him no means of a livelihood but by the exercise of the only calling for which he was qualified, has not stifled

the feelings of honour which that indulgent father did not fail to implant in his heart. Sir, I am deeply affected by what has occurred. I need not say that no syllable of this will be breathed by me; exonerate me only from having in any way induced this unfortunate sentiment on the part of the young lady which, in the course of six months, will fade away and take some brighter hue. If you think I have acted justly, I am satisfied."

"Sir," said I, much moved, by his manner and evident sincerity, "you have acted up to the character which you have inherited. Permit me to offer you my hand, and to assure you how sincerely I am—as we all must be—indebted to you for what you have done."

"Aware," said Kittington, "of the feelings which this disclosure must naturally have excited in your breast, I will no longer intrude—I leave the letter with you, and——"

"Nay," said I, "stay; take some luncheon—let me beg of you to stay."

"No," said Kittington, "I must not stay—I have pupils to attend at one; and you may judge, Mr. Gurney, what the trials of a man, professing any of the lighter arts, must be, when you know that I have to devote the next two hours to teaching children to dance, while the mother, of whom I have just spoken to you, is lying on a bed of sickness and, I fear, of death. My heart, however, will be lighter for what I have done this day; and, although the thoughtless Miss Falwasser may laugh at or despise me, I never shall regret the just course I have adopted."

I could make no reply. I shook hands with him cordially, and resolved—no matter what. I rang the bell, and he left me—and left me with a new difficulty upon my hands, and one which appeared to me to be insurmountable. It was a web so complex, so intertwined, and interlaced, that I could not imagine what was to be done. It was clear Mrs. Brandyball had lent herself to a scheme which she hoped would detach Cuthbert's greatest favourite from him eternally. The letter was to be directed under cover to *her*. If, therefore, I made a confidence with that hateful woman, she would instantly betray me to Kate. If I condescended to enter upon the subject with Kate herself, which really, considering her age, either computed or ascertained, I could not bring myself to do, she would at once fall into a fit of rage against the dastardly dancing-master, who in so base and cowardly a manner had boasted of her affections at the moment of rejecting them; and if I approached Cuthbert himself, the very idea of charging his beloved daughter, as he called her, poor fellow! with such an attack, would have toppled me down instantaneously from the slippery ledge of his favour on which I so equivocally stood at present.

I half wished that Kittington had not been so honourable, and that he had run away with the girl: that would have opened Cuthbert's eyes, and then, perhaps, we could have fixed the confederacy upon Mrs. Brandyball, and so have blown up (as poor Tom would liked to have done) the whole faction. But this was selfish. Kittington had behaved admirably: no fault could be found with him: but only conceive what an addition to all the difficulties with which the answer to the letter left for Harriet's perusal this incident was! It must be noticed. It could not die away. Kate would not rest content without some sort of acknowledgment of her address to her "golden-haired preceptor."

There was one striking characteristic in her *billet-doux* which rendered the girl less amiable than anything else; the love part of the affair was not in my mind the worst; the feeling which I hated throughout the whole appeal was the total carelessness and callousness with regard to everything but self, which pervaded every line. As for her affectionate pappy, he was only spoken of as being easily deceived, easily imposed upon, and to leave her a fortune at his death. Her sister Jane was only noticed as being fixed as a substitute at the chess-table while she and her lover were out walking; and as for her dying brother, not one syllable was bestowed on him, although the letter was going to the place where he lay on a bed of sickness. I can forgive excess of passion, I can pardon errors of the heart—but cold, calculating selfishness I cannot endure, and selfishness in a girl of fifteen or even seventeen is so unnatural a vice that it is doubly hateful.

Well, upstairs I went, with my head whirling, and determined not, in the first instance, to mention what had occurred; for, in fact, I was so little resolved how to act, that I held it prudent to keep this little episode in our family history a secret at present even from Harriet.

Contrasted with the scene just ended below was that which I beheld on entering my wife's room above. I had never beheld her angry before; but angry she was; and having been left by herself during my interview with Kittington to brood over her anger, was really quite animated. It was, however, of the gentlest nature of rage, and in its highest paroxysms never rose to fever heat. Woman-like, however, she disdained the idea of any longer affecting civility or even toleration as regarded Mrs. Brandyball, or of submitting for any ulterior consideration to her imperious sway. The reference to matters of our domestic economy, which were so strictly confidential, seemed to irritate my poor love more than anything, and the dictation about the wine and the wine-merchant, "so insolent!" "so impertinent!" "What business could Cuthbert have to tell *her*?" "As for his not recollecting whether my baby was a boy or a girl, I am glad of it," said Harriet. "He—though he is your brother—should not be its godfather, if it never had a godfather."

"Mercy on us, Harriet!" said I, laughing at the earnestness of her half-whispered rage: "why, where have you cherished all this volcanic fire which you are pouring out upon poor Cuthbert?"

"Poor Cuthbert!" said Harriet: "I wish, my dear Gilbert, he had been poor Cuthbert—we should then have been humbler, and happier, and independent."

"Never mind, my dear girl," said I; "recollect we can always fall back upon that—"

'With thee conversing I forget all time.

All seasons, and their change—all please alike.'

I care as little or less than you for what are called the world's luxuries; but I do care for a brother's love. I lament the loss of that, and I think I ought to make a struggle to regain it."

"Why should you have lost it, Gilbert?" asked Harriet, naturally enough. "We did all we could to make him happy—unfortunately my approaching confinement prevented my, showing Mrs. Brandyball so much attention as I otherwise would; but, as for Kate and——"

"Hah!" said I, involuntarily.

"I am sure all the children had their way," continued my poor wife.

"Yes, they have had their way too much," replied I: "but looking back is useless. The question is, how we are to act upon this letter? I know exactly, by the tenor of your conversation, the course you would pursue; but there are various things to be considered—more now than before—every hour adds new difficulties—new events transpire—in short, confusion seems worse confounded."

"Now, then," said Harriet, starting from her languid, listless attitude into the action perpendicular, "I know what Mr. Kittington has been here about."

I stared with astonishment.

"What," said I, with affected surprise, "can Mr. Kittington's calling here have to do with our decision upon that letter?"

"Everything, Gilbert," said Harriet, shaking her head, as much as to deprecate my efforts at mystification. "It won't do, Gilbert; she has written him a love-letter."

"Why, Harriet," said I, thrown off my guard completely, "that girl Foxcroft has been listening."

"Not she, upon my honour, that I know of," said Harriet; "and I am not particularly grateful to you for supposing that I should pick up information by any such means; however, you have let out the secret, which was no secret to me; for although I was ignorant of the actual fact, I had seen enough of Miss Kitty's conduct to the man to be quite prepared for such an event. So, then, we shall afford conversation for the whole county." ●

"No, love, no," said I; "you have, with all a woman's prescience, hit upon the truth; but the secret is safe in the keeping of Mr. Kittington."

"Is that likely?" said Harriet.

"I will pledge my honour," said I; "but let me implore you to be equally cautious—not even to your mother drop a hint of the circumstance. The disclosure has laid a new load of difficulties upon us, and what is to be done must form a new feature of our present debate. Here is the precious epistle, in which the advantages of a brilliant boarding-school education develop themselves, not only in the expression of feelings and sentiments suited to other ages and stations than those of Miss Kitty, but in occasional orthographical slips, which prove, as Foote said of the "Agos" which were "kurd hear," that the young ladies' fascinations are not spells. Upon my life the thing is so ridiculous that I cannot bring myself to be serious, however serious in point of fact the consequences may be."

Saying which, I tossed the odoriferous *morceau* into her lap, and watched her as she read it.

"Exactly what I expected," said Harriet, as she laid down the note. And it appeared that her intuitive apprehension of the course likely to be pursued by Miss Kitty Falwasser was in some degree strengthened by the accounts which little—now growing big—Bettina—the amiable Betsy Wells—gave of the young lady's conversation and remarks upon "men and things" which were carried on and made in terms and in a tone that startled poor Betsy, but who, being two or three years older, used to listen to them, in order, as she told her sisters, to endeavour to correct her junior's morals and amend her taste. I remember to have heard of

a nobleman who engaged a governess in France who could not speak a word of English, in order that his daughter, whom he placed under her care, should learn French, through the acknowledged impossibility of speaking to the young preceptress in any other language. It did not succeed to the fullest extent, for the young lady, preferring her native tongue, continued to speak it until the French governess had learnt it, when the necessity for their conversing in any other, ceased. Whether any similar effect was to be dreaded from Betsy Wells's attempts at the inculcation of morality and steadiness into Miss Kitty's mind, I do not pretend to say.

"Well, then," said Harriet, "it seems to me that we cannot possibly get out of all our difficulties, so let us give it up at once, send this charming letter to Cuthbert, and let him see the real merits and virtues of his delightful adopted daughter-in-law, and——"

"No, no," said I; "recollect we have poor Tom under our charge—let us not hastily overthrow the fabric of family affection. Cuthbert has been duped and imposed upon, but all his feelings are kindly——"

"To others, Gilbert," said Harriet.

"Not so only," replied I, for I could not overcome my brotherly feeling on the instant; "he has done much for me, and will do more. I must consider before I act: he has left a boy here whom he dearly loves."

"What a taste!" said Harriet.

"We must not judge of hearts by tastes, Harriet," said I. "Cuthbert feels bound to poor Tom Fulwasser for his mother's sake, and tenderness in a step-father cannot be accounted a vice. No! must wait and hear how the lad is, and then——"

"And then, my dear Gilbert," said Harriet, "only recollect that whatever our feelings may be towards your brother, we are not to be subjected to the government of Mrs. Brandyball."

"There it is," said I.

"And as for Kate," added my wife, "if this affair is kept from him, and anything goes wrong with her afterwards, who will be blamed?—Why, you, my dear Gilbert, because you did not give him warning of her earlier proceedings."

"That's true," said I, "very true. But if I can send him good news of the boy, and prove to him our solicitude on his account, I am sure—although, as this woman says, he feels now a little hurt—unreasonably, I admit, at my silence, which was unavoidable—he will come round, and all will be well; and as for Kate——"

Here Foxcroft's tap summoned me to the door. I went.

"Jim, the groom-boy, wants to speak to you, Sir; he is just run up from Mr. Sniggs."

"Oh!" said I; and leaning over the balustrades, called to the lad to come to me.

"Well," said I, "what's the message?"

"Whoy, Zur," said Jem, stepping close up to me, and whispering, "Mr. Sniggs's compliments—if you please, Zur, MASTER TOM'S DEAD!"

LETTERS FROM IRELAND.—NO. I.

IN THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1837.

It may be thought that enough has been written on Ireland: the greater part of what is written is, however, due to the novelist and the poet, whose splendid creations have, perhaps, made her humbler tourist hopeless of praise. How lone and far between have been his adventurous volumes, while the Alp and Apennine have given birth to a great multitude, more than can be numbered! A visit, in the fall of the year, to many of the more unbeaten parts of the country may still be regarded, by the indulgent reader, not wholly without interest.

In the vicinity of the beautiful stream of the Lee, in the interior of Cork county, a few weeks were very agreeably passed beneath the roof of Irish hospitality, that still exists there, even as of old, as heartfelt and as free, without its revclry. Each interval of fine weather was given to excursions to some of the interesting scenes of the south of Ireland: it was necessary to watch these intervals, and seize them as they flew, for the Irish skies are the most uncertain in the world; as well trust one of the bogs as trust them: the showers so often pour, without a moment's notice, from a little cloud that looked perfectly harmless, or from a sky that was smiling in your face; and this conflict between the fair and the foul is renewed again and again. Yet the frequency of the rains is atoned partly by their briefness; the heavens are often cleared as rapidly as they were darkened, and all is bright again. The morning was promising, and a July sun, breaking forth early, cheered the way to Inchigeela, a village about twelve miles distant: long before reaching it, the winds rose, and the rain fell in torrents; the sky was covered with dark clouds. A large portion of the territory just passed over, and of what was yet before us, was formerly the O'Leary's country: despite of all the wars and revolutions of which this family were the reported victims, its lineal representative, the O'Leary, until lately, supported the ancient style of profuse hospitality within the district of his fathers; but hardly a sod of the fee-simple property belongs now to one of the clan. This is peculiarly the land where families pass away and are forgotten, save in tradition, "and their place knows them no more for ever." Yet among its most eminent worthies is the learned and enlightened Father Arthur O'Leary, of colloquial fame. The last distinguished member of the family was the late Comte de M'Carty Reagh, who resided at Toulouse, and left behind him at his decease a magnificent library. No other private collection in Europe possessed so large a number of printed and MS. books on vellum, which amounted to 826 volumes. His sons, at his death, found themselves under the necessity of parting with it, and it became scattered over England and France. It would seem as if Fortune had not yet ceased her persecution of this ancient race: it is rarely that an Irish gentleman retrieves the broken fortunes of his family, buys back the lost acres, and returns, after a career of patient ambition, industry, or enterprise in other lands, rich, discreet, to feel still dearer than all the world besides, the forsaken home of his fathers! to stand beside the hearth which he had

left impoverished, and say, "I am lord of the domain, to build, and to plant, and no stranger shall inhabit here."

The castle of Carignacura, one of the O'Leary's, stands not far from the Lee, and is now the property of a gentleman who has kept it in some preservation, and was at this time laid on a bed of anguish from an accident. Crossing a wide and shallow stream, now swelled by the rains, and driving down a small avenue, whose thick ash trees met overhead, we came to a desolate house, half gentleman's, half farmer's: a more wretched scene could not be: it was heart-sickening; all neglected to the very threshold. A branch of the stream came up to within a few yards of the door, like a little forlorn lake, sedge to the very brim: beyond it a half garden, the fence broken, and the solitary alder trees peeping over it. Before the door, and overshadowing the house, was one large ash tree, ivied up the trunk: in striking contrast was another, ten yards off, completely withered, a few remains of ivy, half living, on it; and behind it was the solitary tower overlooking the sullen scene. The tones of the sick man came through the open window of the desolate house: we remained some time here in the open air, declining to enter the home of suffering, though its inmate sadly invited us: the gusts of the wind were shrill and violent; a peasant, miserably clad, was on the top of the ruined tower of the O'Leary's, and moved about, and looked wistfully over one corner, and paused, then moved again; and a girl, with matted hair, wild look, and naked feet, came out of the house two or three times to regard us earnestly, and then went in again.

Inchigéela was not far off; a lonely village of a few houses, with a little white-washed church and tower; a parsonage house; also a Romish chapel, and dwelling of the priest. Some civilities being offered by the priest, we visited his home, whose interior was unusually neat and even genteel: a good carpet, and furniture, a sideboard, &c., attested that he lived in some comfort and even luxury. The temporal wealth of the two pastors was all on the side of the latter: the Protestant curate had an income of a hundred a-year, and a people consisting of four or five families, who must have coldly filled the church. The Romish priest had five hundred a-year, and a numerous population in his district, which extended to Gougane Barra, ten miles off, including a large chapel at Balleangarig, which he also supplied on the Sunday. He had built his comfortable mansion, and out of his ample income had set up one brother in a farm, and another, in a shop in a neighbouring town. He was extremely ignorant, yet he had plenty of books, which seemed to be of little use to him. After leaving this village, the river Lee swells into the lake, or succession of lakes, of Allua, near four miles in length and a mile broad: the road winds finely along their margin; at the foot of bold heights, clothed with forests not a century since, they cheer with their mild beauty the wild and silent way. A ride of twenty miles brought us o a path that turned to the right out of the high-road to Bantry, and wound above a mile over a rocky moor to the lake of Gougane Barra—a solitary sheet of water, hushed as if no wind ever moved its bosom, on which slept its wooded isle and hermitage—in the hollow almost of hoary mountains. All things around Gougane Barra look dim with age. St. Finbar, the founder of its sanctity in the sixth century, was the Bishop of the district of Cork, founded its cathedral,

and laboured in the conversion of the people of the adjacent country. Wishing to lead a life of pious retirement, he found here a retreat as impenetrable as fancy could conceive, designed as if by nature to be the rest of some great anchorite. It is strange from how remote a period the reputation of these places, and the belief in their virtues, has been preserved in many parts of Ireland: during twelve centuries this little isle in the wilderness has been glorious. Even the memory of O'Mahony, the last hermit who died here, less than a century since, is still revered amongst these mountains.

A long line of successive anchorites occupied St. Finbar's retreat at Gougane Barra: it was sought from the distant parts of the island, and was a favourite pilgrimage and scene of devotion to the people. The taste for the hermit life is now lost among the priesthood; but there is little doubt the people would still be ready to revere it. In this little isle Superstition has for ages set up her throne: a portion of the water of the lake finds admission beneath, and is inclosed, and flagged overhead like a well, which is frequented by crowds of the sick, the halt, the maimed. "Are miracles still worked here?" "Every year, your honour," said the guide; "they'll come of a Sunday morning, crippled up, and leave their crutches after them, and go home sound. I've seen it many times." The greater portion of the isle is covered by the ruins of the small chapel and its cloisters, and a square court, containing eight cells arched over: a flight of steps conducts to this court, which is beautifully shaded by trees: the little cells are open in front; in them the penitents often pass the night in telling their beads and in prayer, and light up fires within them, and sitting on the stones and fragments around, wear away the night hours, calling on their saint, and recounting their complaints and diseases, in full hope of some relief. The second visit I paid this spot was at sunset, and many women, most of them young and dressed in their finest array, were kneeling at the door of these cells, seemingly so absorbed in their devotions that they neither heeded each other nor the stranger: the light fell through the fine old trees on their figures, and on the votive offerings which they had hung on the cross: this shattered and time-worn shaft is on a little mound in the middle of the court, with an ascent on each side of four steps. All the buildings were on the smallest scale and of the rudest materials; they are evidently very ancient: the interior of the chapel is about thirty-six feet long by fourteen broad: when roofed, it must have been very low, being at the highest, judging from the broken gables, about twelve feet, and the entire lighted by the door and two small windows, one in each gable. The walls of the little cloisters adjoining are all of a similar height to those of the chapel: they consist of four small chambers, and one or two very small cells, so that the space or light enjoyed by the successive anchorites was dim and diminutive: their life was one of gloom and mortification. The materials of which the cells, chapel, and cloisters are composed is the loose and porous brown stone of the adjoining cliffs; the masonry is of the rudest description, and the cement little better than common earth: these ruins cover nearly half the island; the remainder, which is covered with beautiful verdure, is thickly shaded to the water's edge by tall ash trees. The Saturday evening, during the fine season, is the favourite hour here: the pilgrims

come in numbers from distant as well as neighbouring homes, glens, and mountains: some remain all night, in earnest attendance on the little ancient places, passing from one to another; praying in succession before each, pausing at many a piece of ruin, hanging bits of cloth of various colours, cotton handkerchiefs, &c. on the shattered cross and altar. There is then something strange and solemn in the isle and grove, and the painter would be glad to look on its shore when the moonlight fell down the grey mountain sides on the tall ash trees and broken walls, while beneath the pilgrim fires burned, and in their light the watchers wept, and prayed, and repented. On some peculiar festival nights the crowd is very great: the people, many of them from afar off, pitch tents on the shore, and pass the whole night there, men, women, and children: fires are lighted by the water's edge and on the green bank: the scene has not the impressiveness of the former one: they eat and drink in the tents and the open air, having brought provisions; and loud and mingled voices, and the coming and going of a multitude, break on the midnight silence of Gougane Barra.

Old people remember, with regret, the time when it was inaccessible to horses, and almost to man; when it was no small toil to pilgrim or palmer to overcome the difficulties of the way; when the shores and some portions of the surrounding mountains were a continued forest, which lent its gloomy shade to deepen the natural solitude of the place. There is still no home for the stranger: the thin blue smoke rose into the air from the hamlet of Rosalutha, not far from the shore; but from its dwellings the eye turned in doubt and fear away: the cells of St. Finbar were a sweeter resting-place than the interior of Rosalutha. O that a few clean, delicious English cottages were there! the little garden, the monthly rose, perhaps, trelliced on the wall, the sanded floor within, the bright hearth, was the wish that rose involuntarily; all else was here the same; the shroud of trees, the last glory of the sun, the warm greeting of the people, the kind looks and words of the village girls, in their sweet Irish tones.

We pursued our way along the shore: at a small distance, on a little green eminence, a few lonely mounds, without stone or inscription, point out the simple burying-place of the district: the number was very small: the lonely sepulchres, covered with grass in this mountainous retreat, looked forsaken; there was no home or old feeling about the place, no associations: they were like desert graves, in which people are laid speedily, while their companions go on their way, and remember the place thereof no more. . . . Poor O'Mahony! the last priest who strove to sustain the hermit fame of the place, lies here; his tomb, also, is desolate; the walls are broken, the flag-stone, with the inscription, taken away: among the ruins of cloister and oratory he lived happier, perhaps, in his strange home than his less zealous brethren in their rec-tories. It is a superb solitude: a death-like calm is on the shore; the little lake, and the isle, whose old trees and ruinous places are mirrored beneath—a mournful voice was heard at times among the latter: a woman, in deep distress, was seated on a stone; her look was abstracted; it was evident she thought of others, not of herself, and was weeping for her child or husband, perhaps, who were going down to the grave, and she had come here to make offerings for their recovery. A poor man, who had just

left the chapel, was asked what brought him there? His feet were naked, his clothes tattered, his steps and look full of energy. He had walked twenty miles to pray in the Holy Isle for his recovery from some severe pain, and the weary miles must be repeated.

No doubt some cures are really effected in this and a few other places of like miraculous fame; not hard to be accounted for, when the force and liveliness of imagination among the lower Irish is considered; and when they come, or are brought by their friends, full of faith to a solemn and solitary scene among the mountains, and fill the night, by the watch-fires, with supplications and dipping in the sacred well; and then the wild sympathy communicated by the looks and voices of so many votaries—it is no wonder if the lame sometimes walk, or seem to walk away, and the weak and suffering begin to feel strong and at ease. The waters were now dark; the fading beams had passed to the precipices above; a white-washed house was on the left, a fishing-lodge, its doors and windows fast closed; the hope of a home was fast vanishing, and the shadows of the cliffs fell deeper. We passed to the upper end of the lake over the broken banks, growing with moss, heath, and lichen; richness of verdure, beneath this moist atmosphere, almost always fringes the lakes. About half a mile hence there unfolded a little luxuriant region, smiling in its iron solitude beneath the ancient precipices, more unapproachable than the hermit isle. One home, buried in one group of trees, a flock of sheep on the bank, a rich meadow, corn and potato-fields, and a little torrent filled up the picture. On the ledge of the noble precipice, close at hand, was the eagle's nest, who sometimes carried off the lambs of the flock; goats, ever plentiful near these homes, were scattered among the rocks; one potato-field was actually hung on the opposite steep, and looked as if no foot, save that of the goat, could traverse it: it was creditable to the industry of these recluses. We forgot, for the moment, that we were near the home of an Irish farmer, or were deluded by the lovely fields, yellow with harvest, into the idea that the human beings might be in some measure "in-keeping;" yet here, even here, this sole, and, in circumstances, respectable tenant of the vale lived in dirt, discomfort, and uncleanness in the extreme; his children and wife like Hottentots, though the river ran wild before the door, and complainingly, as if for the filth within. He who wanders in the more unfrequented parts of this land should, if possible, learn to bivouac in the open air, though the moist skies would be rather adverse; at least he should carry, as a companion of mine did in a more distant journey, an iron bedstead about with him, on which he slept suspended in mid-air, a spectacle to fairies and ghouls, yet safe from the more fearful pollutions of the soil or its people. No rest or refreshment being here, we retraced our way back along the lake and the path beyond to the high-road to Bantry, which opens at the entrance of the Pass of Coomanick. This is a bold and wild pass, without any pretensions to sublimity or grandeur, with which some have invested it. It is a mile and a half in length, narrow and winding: to these frequent and abrupt windings is chiefly owing its picturesque effect.

As the light slowly faded we returned along the banks of the infant Lee: the lofty heights of its long valley were now of the deepest blue;

there were few passengers in the way, and few voices, near or distant, till we approached Inchigéela. Then the sudden change, as if by enchantment: a happy party of our friends were now assembled there: in a large room, the only one in the hamlet, a large fire was blazing; a banquet as it might be termed in so wild a region, was laid out of delicate as well as needful things. As the lights glanced on the stream and the glad voices rose, it seemed that the richest pleasures of our life are those of contrast. From barrenness to beauty, from the stern silence of the wilderness to sweet and soft voices: the tale was told, the speech attempted, and poetry and romance put in momentary requisition. Life cannot have many evenings more heartfelt and delightful than this in Inchigéela, from which we were at last loth to depart. Will not the wanderer find, wherever he goes, that the face of nature is touched by the hues of his own feelings? that the solitary places become dear—the rock or the withered tree hallowed to the thought—the sad lake beautiful, where he remembered and wept over the things of old—and the hovel, where he met the friends who loved him, desolate yet precious?

There is a source of pain in this country from which the stranger cannot escape—the state of the lower classes; it seems to mingle in his cup, and to go with him by the way, till he is accustomed to the sight and hearing of it. Perhaps they do not feel their privations so deeply as he imagines. He is told that they are cheerful, light-hearted; they are so, and this is their greatest mercy: but can the Irish peasant be happy? To him, as to the rich man, hope is as “living waters;” but they never flow beside his poor home; he looks at his miserable gains, and knows that there can be no increase, and that to his children after him there can be no increase. The little cloud of future abundance or comfort never rises to his eye, even afar off. The wages to the labourer, in the counties of Cork and Kerry, do not exceed eightpence a day; out of this he has to feed himself and his family; then there is clothing and rent; the latter is out of proportion to the means of the peasant and to the extreme cheapness of provisions. On the cabin there is a rent of two pounds, fifty shillings, and often three pounds. For a poor cottage in England not more than two-thirds this rent would, in general, be paid. Such a rent, for such homes as most of these cabins are, is too high; and it is for the cabin only, without a patch of field or garden-ground. How, then, is it possible, with these gains and these deductions, for the family of a peasant to partake of any fare, save potatoes and milk? The latter is cut off during the winter, when potatoes alone constitute their meals during December, January, February, and March. Eightpence a day is the maximum; great numbers work for sixpence a day, when the destitution at home must, of course, be greater; and the peasant would rejoice who could be sure, during the whole year, of sixpence or eightpence a day. This is not the case: there are often intervals of days and weeks when there is no employ, when he cannot get work in the neighbourhood. Yet the country is not over-populated. In the agricultural districts, within a few hours of the Lee, the hamlets are very small; in some parts numerous; in others “far between.” There is a great number of resident gentlemen who live on, and, in general, farm their own estates: absenteeism is almost a stranger here.

In the regular or occasional employ of these gentlemen and of the

farmers is the sole resource of the peasant—there being no public works, or manufactures, or commercial enterprise of any kind to occupy superfluous hands; and often there are more hands than work. Numbers go out to work for fourpence or fivepence a day, and are allowed their breakfast and dinner, which consist of milk or potatoes: the contribution to the priest is, at the lowest, about five shillings a year for each poor family. It is the rent that is the awful deduction from these pitiable gains; the two and three pounds sterling must be hoarded, slowly and by little and innumerable items, week after week; yet to make them must enter into the soul. Where the pig and the cow are kept, how comfortable would the family be could they partake, at times, of their own pork and butter! even the small farmer rarely does this; it is all sold—beef and pork are sold in some districts for threepence a pound; yet at this price are beyond the reach of the labouring man. There is scarcely any employment for his children: in a few instances a boy or girl is employed in the neighbourhood at twopence a day and their food; but they are mostly at home; no help, in the way of gain, to the parent, and out of the many hands not one brings any addition to the wages of the week. The older ones assist in the household affairs, which are of small extent; the others are sometimes sent out to cut furze from the heaths for firing, or gather sticks; but a great part of the time is spent in idleness.

The carelessness, the *insouciance*, the uncleanness of these people and their families is beyond belief; they would rather live like Esquimaux than be at a little trouble and industry every day to keep their dwellings and their persons clean and decent—there is to them a weariness even in the use of water for the purposes of washing: even vanity, that prompts the Greenland girl to adorn her person in her own way, lets the young women in this county, Cork, go about with matted hair, neglected and savage looking. Her brooks and streams are pure—for all moving waters in Ireland are exquisitely clear; but she would probably reply like the French *paysanne*, that if she washed every day she should rub away every bit of her face. Discomfort, dirt, untidiness, are the household deities of an Irish cabin; you cannot turn away from them the ancient love of the people. My friend is one of many gentlemen who have endeavoured to make the families of their labourers comfortable; have built good cottages for them, and whitewashed the walls within and without, furnished them with wooden bedsteads and dressers, the floor of lime-ash, a little court and a house for the pig therein. Now it required only the smallest exercise of industry to keep these homes clean and sweet—to keep them as they were first created, palaces compared to the hovels of others. These families lived apart from any hamlet, and near the mansion of their patron: yet, will it be believed, that in a few weeks all these mercies were despised and set at nought? the pig and the fowls were walking about the kitchen, and fraternising with the family as if indignant at their long separation; the floors and walls were polluted, &c.; and “Catholic Emancipation” from all restraint was in its glory.

At this season there seems to be “no joy in the fields, as when men rejoice in the harvest:” there is a stillness in the air, as if the hearts of the people were heavy; no glad and buoyant voices, by the field and the way, or cheerful songs, that mark this happy and jovial time in

England. Where the condition is always hard, and the fare very poor, it is easy to repine, but not to rejoice; yet the Irish are unrepining: with little murmur or complaint, they bear more wretchedness than any other European people bear; and they bear it resignedly, nobly. In cases of sickness and disease, their misery is very great: they seldom think of sending for a medical man till there is little hope for the patient: they are so accustomed to suffering, as to be often callous to its presence. About a year since, in a cabin up the hills, about two miles distant, lived a family, consisting of husband and wife, and the mother of the former: they lived alone; no other cottage was near: the wife was taken with a fever: it was near midnight when the husband found his way to the mansion, and intreated help for her: she was a young and handsome woman: he was greatly her elder, and was passionately attached to her: in extreme poverty, in a lonely hovel on the wild hill-side, they had been happy; with no trouble save what inevitably falls to such a lot: the cold, and rains of winter, which penetrated their home, the hard-wrung meal and wages, it was strange that comeliness, which soon vanishes from the lower Irish women, remained with this wife: she might here be called beautiful. And when he saw that she was struck, and changed so rapidly beneath the fever, his sorrow was very great: a surgeon was instantly sought, but he came too late; and the next day she died. It was more than the man could bear: he looked as long as he could on the dead body, and would cry piteously beside it, till, from very grief, as the surgeon said, for he had no symptom previously, he took the fever also, and died. The mother had strove to comfort him, to lead him to some neighbour's house; but he would not go away, continually calling upon his wife, and sitting on the side of the wretched bed where the corpse lay: he knew that he could never get such another companion, who was so handsome, and who loved him so; and when he felt himself dying, begged that he might be waked at the same time, and buried with her. The mother died also two days after; so that three coffins were brought forth from the same hovel, containing its whole population.

A case of equal, if not greater sorrow, was told by the surgeon; it occurred during the same winter. It was a bitter night; the ground was covered with frost and snow, when he rode to Cushloura, and then up the hills, which were difficult of passage, from the great depth of ice: every rivulet and rill were frozen hard: a light streamed on the snow from the cottage he was on his way to visit. On approaching the door, he was astonished at the sight of two coffins, in the open air near the wall. Two coffins, resting on the snow, late at night, in so solitary a place, proved that death had been busy within, and that he had come too late. On entering, he saw stretched on the floor the body of a very fine young man, laid out for the burial: he had died that morning, without having had any medical assistance, that would have saved, in all probability, his life. In the bed was laid, cold as his own, and still more recently dead, the body of his mother, who had watched and nursed his illness, till she caught it, and followed him: she had long been a widow, and now she slept beside her only son. The sister, the sole survivor, was dangerously ill, in the same bed with the corpse of her mother. Her life was saved by the care of the surgeon, who lamented the strange carelessness, that sought him not till the last hour. In all

his practice, full of the woes of the poor, he said he never had beheld a scene so affecting, an abode so miserable as this. The silence of death was broken at intervals by the moans of the living one, who was thus alone, without a neighbour to help her. She had laid out in the morning the body of her brother, and placed it in its shroud, on the floor, and she watched the last moments of her mother, and when she had laid out her body also, she sank down beside it, unable any longer to assist even herself. Fierce poverty was in the house, and they had sickened and died, with no comfort, no alleviation near, save attachment to each other.

CONFESSIONS AND OPINIONS OF RALPH RESTLESS.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

To continue.—Should travellers think it advisable to proceed upon the Rhine, so far as Mayence, let them be careful how they venture to proceed farther. I did so, out of curiosity to know what the features of the Rhine were, after it had lost its character for magnificence, and I will now detail my progress. At Mayence you are shifted into a smaller steamer, with less power, upon the principle that there being but a few passengers, their comforts do not require so much attention; for, as the Rhine becomes more rapid as it narrows, upon any other principle the power of the engine should have been greater.—I must caution the reader not to believe what is told them by the steam-packet company.

Barbers were once considered liars *par excellence*, but I am inclined to give the preference to these new associations. The features of the Rhine change immediately that you leave Mayence; the banks are low, and the river is studded with numerous islands, all of which, as well as the greatest proportion of the banks, are covered with osiers. Still, there is a great beauty in the Rhine even there; the waving of the osiers to the strong breeze, the rapidity of the current, the windings of the river, the picturesque spires of the village churches, or the change of scenery when the river pours through forests, lining each bank as the vessel slowly claws against the rapid stream, are by no means uninteresting; of course, we did not arrive at Leopoldshaffen at the hour stated by the people at the office, but we did arrive late at night, and took up our quarters at a small auberge in the above village, which is not marked down in the maps, but which has post-horses and diligences to convey passengers to Carlsruhe. Notwithstanding the assertion at the packet-office that we were to be in one day to Leopoldshaffen, in one day more to Strasburg, we found that there was no steamer until the day after the morrow, and that we must wait one day more if we did not choose to go to Carlsruhe. The females, being fatigued, preferred remaining where they were. We sauntered about and amused ourselves quietly. The next day, we found the steamer had arrived, and that instead of her ascending in one day to Strasburg, it would take a day and a half, and

that we must pass the night aboard without the least accommodation—not very pleasant, with a carriage full of young children. We embarked on board the steamer, which was a miserable small vessel, with an engine of bad construction, and very small power; and with this we were to oppose the most rapid part of the Rhine. In every other point the vessel was equally ill found: they had a very small stock of provisions, bad wine, and none of those comforts provided for the passengers in the other vessels. To crown all, another family with children (of whom more hereafter) had taken their passage. The steward told us, that never expecting so many people on board going up to Strasburg, he was totally unprepared; and so it eventually appeared.

We started, and soon found out that the power of the engines was quite disproportionate to the object in view. The Rhine now assumed a more desolate character. For miles and miles not a village or even a solitary town to be seen; the Hartz mountains forming a blue, opaque mass in the distance; the stream rapidly passing through narrow and deep channels, leaving one-half of the bed of the river dry. At times we passed very dangerous straits, where the waters boiled and eddied over reefs of rocks, and were often obliged to force our way by keeping within a foot of steep and muddy banks, where trees torn up, and hanging by the roots, proved how violent must be the current when the river is increased by the melting of the mountain snow.

Our progress was, as it may be imagined, most tedious; at no time did we advance above a mile and a half per hour, sometimes we did not gain a hundred yards in the same time, and occasionally we were swept back by the current, and had to lose still more ground, while they increased the power of the engine at the risk of explosion. The consequence was, that when the day closed, the conducteur gave his opinion, that instead of being at Strasburg by eleven or twelve o'clock the next day, we should not arrive till four or five o'clock: we anchored within a yard of the bank, and prepared to pass the night how we could.

Our party consisted of Madame and five little girls, with two nurses and your humble servant. The other party consisted of four grown-up females, one male, four boys, an East African negro, and a *cowskin*,—the latter was a very important personage, and made a great noise during the passage. The gentleman was apparently one of those who denominate themselves eclectic: he paid very little attention to what was going on; a peaceable sort of man whose very physiognomy said, “anything for a quiet life.” One of the ladies was his wife, and two others, virgins of some standing, apparently his sisters; the other lady, a bilious-looking sort of personage, and happy in being the mother of four very fine boys, as great pickles as ever lived; these she kept in order with the assistance of the negro and the *cowskin*, the use of the latter occasioning such evident marks of astonishment and horror to *our* little ones; as not to be at all satisfactory to the lady in question, who appeared not averse, had she dared, to have given them a taste of it. The youngest and the youngest but one of the boys were the two sufferers; the youngest had a regular dozen administered every half hour. The two eldest were more particularly under the care of the negro, who used his fists, I presume because they wore corduroys, and, as Hood says, did not care for cut behind. We had not been in the vessel two minutes before there was a breeze. I heard the negro expos-

tulating as follows:—"You very foolish boy, what you mean? who ever heard of putting new cloth cap into water to catch fish?" This was the first offence. I must say that the coercion used did not appear to originate from any feeling of regard for the children, for they were allowed to climb, and push, and run over the sky-lights, and over the engine, and I every moment expected that some of them would be provided for either by the cog-wheels or the river Rhine.

It was evident at once, not only from the above accessories, but from the Chinese trunks which contained their luggage, that they were an Indian importation, and their behaviour subsequently proved it, beyond all doubt, even if they had not so stated themselves—not to us, but by talking at us, for they evidently did not consider that we were sufficiently respectable to be admitted into their society, even in the short intercourse of fellow-travellers.

I cannot here help making an observation relative to most of the people who come from India. They are always dissatisfied, and would gladly return. The reason is very obvious; they at once lose their rank and consequence, and sink down to the level which they are entitled to in English society. The rank of the servants of the Company in India takes precedence, but whatever their rank or emolument may be in India, they are still but servants of a company of merchants, and such rank is not, of course, allowed in England. Accustomed to unlimited sway and control over the host of fawning slaves by which they are surrounded, and to that attention as females—which, where females are not very plentiful, is most sedulously paid—accustomed to patronise the newcomers, who, of course, feel grateful for such well-timed civility and hospitality—in short, accustomed to rank, splendour, wealth, and power—it is not surprising that, upon their return to England, when they find themselves shorn of all these, and that their station in society is far more removed from the apex, they become sullen and dissatisfied. Of course, there are many who have been resident in India, where family and connexions insure them every advantage upon their return to their native country; but it must be recollected that the greater proportion of those who return consists of those who were of low origin, and who have obtained their appointments in reward for the exertions of their parents in behalf of their patrons in parliamentary returns, &c., and of young females who have (with their face as their fortune) been shipped off to India upon a matrimonial speculation. Now, however high in rank they have arrived to in India, in the course of many years' service, when they return, they are nobodies; and unless they bring with them such wealth as to warrant their being designated as Nabobs, their chance of admittance into the best society is very small indeed.

I have said that they *talked* at us, and not to us. The gentleman was civil, and would have conversed, but he was immediately interrupted and sent off on a message, and, for a quiet life, he gave it up. The system of talking at people always reminds me of the play of the "Critic," in which it is asked why, if "he knows all this, it is necessary to tell him again?" simply, because the audience do not; so, the party in question were the actors, and we were the audience to be informed. The conversation between the adults ran as follows:—"You recollect how polite Lord C— was to us at —?" "To be sure I do."—"Lady R— told me so and so." "Yes, I recollect it very well."—"What

a nice man the Honourable Mr. E—— is!" "Yes, that he is."—"How very intimate we were at —— with Lady G——." "That we were."—And so on, during the whole of the day, much to our edification. How contemptible, how paltry is such vanity! But with their indulgence of it for our amusement, the cowskin, and a scanty dinner, we got through the first day, during which, two or three occasional patronising questions or remarks were thrown at our heads, and then they reverted to their own assumed exclusiveness. The night, as may be supposed, was anything but comfortable to those in the cabin; but I shall not dwell upon what, if fairly narrated, would be a very pretty sketch of human nature.

We were to arrive the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon, but we toiled on, and the sun at last went down, and we found ourselves with the steeple of Strasburg a long way off. We again anchored, and had to pass another night in this miserable vessel and delightful company. The detention, of course, made our fellow-passengers more cross, and could I have obtained possession of the cowskin I would certainly have thrown it overboard. The captain sent a man on shore to procure us something to eat, for the steward declared himself bankrupt. The next morning we arrived at the bridge of boats between Kehl and Strasburg before noon; and thus was finished our tedious and unpleasant voyage, of which I have given a description as a warning to all future travellers. Our fellow-passengers did once condescend to address and inform us that they had left England (a party of ten people) only to pay a visit to some friends in Switzerland—an expensive sort of trip, and which did not appear at all consistent with the fact that they were travelling without a carriage or female servants. Be it as it might, we separated without so much as a salutation or good-bye being exchanged.

Much of the picturesque on the Rhine is destroyed by the vineyards, which are, in reality, the most unpoetical things in landscape scenery, being ranged up the sides of the mountains in little battalions like infantry. It is remarkable in how shallow and how very poor a soil the vine will grow. At St. Michael's they dig square holes in the volcanic rocks, and the vines find sustenance. At the Cape of Good Hope the Constantia vineyards are planted upon little more than sand. I dug down some depth and could find nothing else. The finest grapes grown in Burgundy are upon a stratum of soil, little more than a foot deep, over schistus slate quarries, and the soil itself composed chiefly of the debris of this soft rock.

We know that the vegetable creation has a sort of instinct as well as the animal; and it appears to me that there are different degrees of instinct in that portion of nature as well as in the other. A vine, for instance, I take to be a very clever plant, and both apple and pear-trees to be great fools. The vine will always seek its own nourishment, hunting with its roots through the soil for the aliment it requires, and if it cannot find it where it is planted it will seek, in every direction and to a great distance, to obtain it. It is well known that the famous vine at Hampton Court has passed its roots under the bed of the river, and obtains aliment from the soil on the other side: but an apple or pear-tree will take no such trouble—it will not even avoid what is noxious. Plant one of these trees in the mould three or four feet above the marl or clay; so long as the roots remain in the mould the tree will flourish,

but so soon as they pierce down to the marl or clay below the mould, the tree will canker and die. To prevent this, it is the custom of some to dig first down to the marl and put a layer of tiles upon it, which turn the roots of the trees from a perpendicular to a horizontal direction, and then they do well; but leave the tree without assistance and the fool will commit suicide, blindly rushing to its own destruction, while the vine will not only avoid it, but use every exertion to procure what is necessary for its continuing in health and vigour. The vine is therefore certainly the more intellectual plant of the two.

Strasburg.

I don't like this hotel, it is swarming with cats; and, although I have not the antipathy to a cat which some people have, I dislike their company. Although they do kill rats and mice, they are, after all, little better than wild beasts, and are very apt to prove it. The bite of an enraged cat has been attended with the same horrible results as from the hydrophobia. I have heard of great attachment on the part of cats, but this is quite as rare as what is occasionally shown by the beasts of the menagerie. Their attachment, generally speaking, is only local; they love the house but not the inhabitants. They are only partially reclaimed, like the animal who has been born in a menagerie and brought up by the keepers. In towns, they have no opportunity to return to a savage state, not being able to procure the necessary food; for a cat chasing a London cock-sparrow would be as bad as chamois hunting to a sportsman, the game scarce and the pursuit attended with difficulty and danger: but, in the country the greatest pest in the preserve is a tame cat which has returned to the woods. I have killed as many as eight in one season in a cover of sixty acres. In fact, in all countries abounding with game and affording the cat a sufficient provision, it will return to its savage state: as for not taking the water, they will leap into it and swim as fast as Newfoundland dogs—so will a hare and rabbit, if they cannot help themselves.

A Newfoundland dog is the most affectionate of dogs when young; but they become very savage and morose as they get old, and are not to be trusted. All dogs that go much in the water are troubled with the ear-ach; after a time, perhaps, this may occasion their feeling so cross. Gamekeepers are very apt to punish sporting dogs by pulling their ears—a very bad plan, for it brings on a cancer in the ear, which naturally makes them irritable. Great allowance should be made for dogs as they grow old.

The most affectionate animal that I know of is the common brown Mongoose: it is a creature between the squirrel and the monkey, with all the liveliness, but without any of the mischief of the latter. Unfortunately they will not live in our country, or they would supersede the cat altogether; they are very clean, and their attachment is beyond all conception to those who have not seen them. They will leap on their master's shoulder, or get into his bed, lay upon his breast, and coil their long bushy tails round his neck like a boa, remaining there for hours if permitted. I recollect one poor little fellow who was in his basket dying—much to the grief of his master—who, just before he expired, crawled out of his straw and went to his master's cot, where he had just sufficient strength to take his place upon his bosom, coil his tail round his neck, and then he died.

Hares and rabbits are also very affectionate. One of my little girls had one of the latter, which she brought up in the house. He grew very large, and was domesticated just like a dog, following you everywhere, in the parlour and up into the bedroom; in the winter lying on the rug before the fire on his side, and stretching out his four legs as unconcerned as possible, even refusing to go away if you pushed him. As for the cat, she dare not go near him. He thrashed her unmercifully, for he was very strong; and the consequence was that she retired to the kitchen, where he would often go down, and if she was in his way drive her out. The hare and rabbit, as well as the deer tribe, defend themselves by striking with their fore-paws, and the blow which they can give is more forcible than people would suppose. One day when I was in the preserves, leaning against a tree, with my gun in my hand, I presume for some time I must have been in deep thought, I heard a rustling and then a squeak on the other side of the tree; I looked round the trunk and beheld a curious combat between two hares and a stoat. The hares were male and female, and had their leveret between them, which latter was not above six weeks old. The stoat—a little devil with all its hair, from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, standing at end—was at about two yards distance from them, working round and round to have an opportunity to spring upon the leveret, which was the object of its attack. As it went round so did the hares face him, pivoting on a centre with the young one between them. They were, like Byron's dogs, too busy to look at me: at last the stoat made a spring upon the leveret. He was received by the hares, who struck him with their fore-feet such blows as I could not have believed possible; they actually resounded, and he was rolled over and over until he got out of distance, when he shook himself and renewed his attacks. These continued about ten minutes, and every time he was beaten off; but, as at every spring his teeth went into the poor little leveret, at last it gave its last squeak, turned over on its side, and died, the father and mother still holding their relative situations, and facing the stoat. The latter showed as much prudence as courage; for so soon as he perceived that the leveret was dead he, also, walked off. The hares turned round to their young one, smelt at it apparently, pushed it with their noses, and shortly after, as if aware that it was past all defence, hopped slowly away; they were hardly out of sight in the bushes when back came the stoat, threw the leveret, twice as big as himself, over his shoulders, and went off with his prize at a hard gallop, reminding me, in miniature, of the Bengal tiger carrying off a bullock. All the actors in the drama having gone off, I walked off, and shortly after both barrels of my gun went off, so the whole party disappeared, and there's an end of my story.

If an elephant were not so very unwieldy, and at the same time so very uncertain in his temper, he is the animal who has the most claims from affection and intelligence to be made a pet of; but an elephant in a drawing-room would be somewhat incommodious; and, although one may admit a little irritability of temper in a lap-dog weighing three pounds, the anger of an elephant, although he expresses himself very sorry for it afterwards, is attended with serious consequences. There is something very peculiar about an elephant in his anger and irritability.

It sometimes happens that, at a certain season, a wild elephant will leave the herd and remain in the woods alone. It is supposed, and I think that the supposition is correct, that these are the weaker males who have been driven away by the stronger, in fact, they are elephants crossed in love; and when in that unfortunate dilemma, they are very mischievous, and play as many fantastic tricks as ever did any of the knights of the round table on similar occasions in times of yore.

When I was at Trincomalee, an elephant in this situation had taken possession of the road at some leagues distant, and, for reasons best known to himself, would not allow a soul to pass it. He remained perdu in the jungle till he saw somebody coming, and then he would burst out and attack them. It is the custom to travel in palanquins from one part of the island to another, as in all parts of India. If some officer or gentleman was obliged to proceed to Colombo or elsewhere, so soon as the palanquin came towards him, out came the elephant; the native bearers, who knew that it was no use arguing the point, dropped the palanquin and fled, and all that the occupant could do was to bundle out and do the same before the elephant came up, otherwise he had little chance of his life, for the elephant immediately put his knees in the palanquin, and smashed it to atoms. Having done this, he would toss the fragments in the air in every direction, at the same time carefully unfolding all the articles contained in the palanquin for the occupant's use, shirts, trousers, boots, bottles, books, undergoing a most rigid examination, and after that being rended to fragments. If the coolie who had the charge of the bag of letters made his appearance, he was immediately pursued until he gave up the whole correspondence, official or private. The bag was opened, every letter was opened one by one, and then torn in fragments and tossed to the winds. In this way did he keep possession of the road, stopping all communication for several weeks, until it was his sovereign will and pleasure that people might receive their letters and travel across the country as before. Now what an unaccountable freak was this! It was like the madness of a reasonable being. If I recollect right, it was when Captain Owen was on the east coast of Africa, some of his party who landed were attacked by elephants, who threw them down on the ground, and, instead of killing them, as might have been expected, and would have given them no trouble, they drew up a large quantity of mud in their trunks and poured it into their mouths so as to nearly suffocate them, and then left them. On another occasion, they put their fore-feet on their limbs, so as to pinch and bruise them severely in every part of their bodies, but avoided their bones so as not to fracture one. Now this was evidently two species of torture invented by the elephants, and these elephants in a wild state. There certainly is something very incomprehensible about these animals.

The lion has been styled the king of beasts, but I think he is an usurper allowed to remain on the throne by public opinion and suffrage, from the majesty of his appearance. In every other point he has no claim. He is the head of the feline or cat species, and has all the treachery, cruelty, and wanton love for blood that all this class of animals have to excess. The lion, like the tiger and the cat, will not come boldly on to his prey, but springs from his concealment. It is

true that he will face his assailants bravely when wounded, but so will the tiger. Mons. Martin, the French lion tamer, as they call him, prefers going into the den with the Bengal tiger to the lion. Mons. Martin, who was at Brussels some months, has obtained a great celebrity in France from his feats with animals. He is lithographed, pamphletized, &c. I went more than once to witness his performances, which were got up in a theatrical manner; all things are in France; but I have seen Mons. Martin's exploits outdone by a man who had a travelling menagerie in England. In this menagerie there was one den, in which were confined a lion, a Bengal tigress, and four hybrid cubs, the progeny of the above two animals. It has always been supposed by poets that, to interfere with a tigress and her cubs, was a work of insanity. If so, this man was most profoundly mad, for he went into the den with nothing but a little dog-whip, sat down, made the lion come on one side of him, and the tigress on the other, flogged the cubs into the centre, and then made them put themselves into a variety of what the French call *tableaux*; such as the lion with a paw on his shoulder, the tigress with another, two cubs *saliant* and two *couchant*—quite a novel coat of arms and supporters. I thought this sufficiently extraordinary, but the last feat beat all. He dismissed the lion and the cubs, and producing a small hoop about eighteen inches in diameter, held it up to the middle bars, and requested the tigress to jump through it. In the first place, the hoop was so small that it required much dexterity on her part to pass her body through it. In the next, the den was not long enough for her to be able to make a spring so as to leap through it; and thirdly, the tigress appeared very much inclined to rebel, growling and showing a few incisors—anything but pleasant. It was quite a toss up, in my opinion, whether she meant to go through the hoop or to bite the keeper's head off. But the man persisted, and used his little dog-whip to enforce compliance; the animal then went to the side of the cage, putting her fore-paws up against the planks for a *point d'appui* to spring from, and, in so doing, her back was towards the hoop, she looked round over her shoulder, threw herself in the air, turning her body half round as she sprang, and went clean through the hoop. I never was more astonished, and, if I had not seen it, could not have credited it; but, as the feat was performed before hundreds every day, there will be plenty to vouch for the truth of this assertion. The animal's own instinct must have invented this ingenious plan of leaping through the hoop in such a confined space. And when it is considered that it was made to do this feat with a lion in the cage and its four cubs, which it was still nursing, Mons. Martin must hide his diminished head. Mons. Martin pretends it is entirely by the eye that he subdues the animals, and that if he took his eye off one moment his life would probably pay the forfeit: but our showman proved this to be unnecessary, for he could not look on both animals at once, having his back to the lion for five minutes while he was making the tigress perform her duty. I recollect, when a boy, having been told that the eye of man had so great an effect upon animals, and, wanting to prove it, I walked up, like a fool, with my eyes fixed upon a large dog, who, fortunately, was chained up. He, at all events, did not pay that proper respect due to the eye of a lord of the creation, for he flew at my coat,

and I had to retreat, minus one of its lappells,—to me a convincing proof that the asserted effects of our optics upon animals are “all my eye.”

In my opinion, the horse is the most noble of all animals, and, I am sorry to say, the most ill-used, at least in England; for I do not recollect a single instance of having seen a horse ill-treated on the continent. In fact, you hardly ever see a horse on the continent that is not in good working condition: you never meet the miserable, lame, blind, and worn-out animals that you do in England, which stumble along with their loads behind them till they stumble into their graves. If any one would take the trouble to make friends with their horses, they would be astonished at the intelligence and affection of this noble animal; but we leave him to our grooms, who prefer to use force to kindness. At the same time, I have observed even in colts, very different dispositions; some are much more fond and good-tempered than others: but let them be what they will as colts, they are soon spoiled by the cruelty and want of judgment of those who have charge of them in the stable. The sympathy between the Arab and his horse is well known: the horse will lie down in the tent, and the children have no fear of receiving a kick; on the contrary, they roll upon him, and with him: such is the result of kindness. And I can now give a proof of the effects of the contrary, as it was, in this instance, what may be termed *malice prepense* in the animal. The horses used in the West Indies are supplied from the Spanish Main; they are from the Andalusian stock originally, partly Arab and barb. These horses are taken by the lasso from the prairies, and are broken in as follows:—They lead them down to the sea beach, saddle and bridle them for the first time, and mount them with a pair of spurs, the rowels of which are an inch long. So soon as the animal plunges and attempts to divest himself of his rider, he is forced into the sea, and there he is worked in and out of his depth till he is fairly worn out and exhausted. This is repeated once or twice till they are submissive, and then they are sent off as broke horses to the West India islands. A friend of mine had a very beautiful animal, which he had purchased from one of these ships. He had not bought him more than a week before he took the bit in his mouth, and ran away with the black boy who was exercising him. The boy lost his seat and fell, and the horse, for a hundred yards, continued his career; and then it stopped, turned round, and galloped up to the boy, who was still on the ground, and never ceased kicking him till the poor fellow's brains were scattered in the road. Now this was evidently determination for revenge.

(To be continued.)

THE "LORD OF PEIRESC."

THERE are readers who may, possibly, prepare themselves to receive the "Lord of Peiresc" as the hero of a tale of chivalry, of old romance—of a story, full of the marvels of the world in its simplicity of age, when the dreams of the fabulist were a part of the realities of life, imparting to life its characteristic tone and colour. We hasten to disappoint such, assuring them that "Nicholas Claudius Fabricius, Lord of Peiresc," was really and truly a denizen of this world—a man with a heart brimfull of love towards his fellows—a man who was at once a pattern of the gentleman, the nobleman, and the scholar. Nothing can be more beautiful than the details of his long, amiable, and useful life, as written with affectionate regard by his friend Petrus Gassendus; and, believing that the taste of the general reader is not yet become too vitiated by the sugared nothings of many of our present phrasemongers, to relish the fine homeliness of the early biographer, we shall, in due course, proceed to select from him two or three passages, in which, by a few artless strokes of truth, the "Lord of Peiresc" is painted to the life; in which he looks, and moves, and has his being.

We have three reasons for attempting the present paper. The first is the real interest appertaining to the subject; the second arises from a hope of winning a reverent attention to an all-but-forgotten name; the third, from a belief that the biography of Peiresc is not commonly met with, and, at a first glance, may seem to promise but meagre entertainment to the general reader. There is, we allow, some husk about the book: but it possesses a kernel sweet and toothsome to those who have fed at the simple, healthy tables of the old writers, and have drunk purity and strength from their maple cups. Sterne glances laughingly at Peireskius, and D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities," has a passage in honour of his scholarly sagacity; but we know of no book, no essay which has, in popular form, exhibited the kindliness, the simplicity, and the utility of the sage and the philosopher, to the admiration of the general reader. And yet was Peiresc the friend and correspondent of the worthiest Englishmen—Camden, Selden, Sir Robert Cotton, Spelman, Harvey, John Barclay, and others. Throughout France, Holland and Italy, he was sought for and honoured by all the learned; the sweetness of his disposition, and the innocence of his manners, endearing him to men of every shade of faith. Peiresc, as limned by Gassendus, is the living picture of a scholar of the seventeenth century; of a man rising above the superstition of his time, yet with a mind slightly tinged by the romantic spirit of his age. We see in Peiresc the hearty struggle between new-born inquiry and ancient dogma: his mind boldly asserts itself in natural speculation, when not narrowed and hampered by the tyranny of early teaching. For instance, in 1608, it was reported by the husbandmen that a shower of blood had fallen, which "divines judged was a work of the devils and witches, who had killed innocent young children." This, however, Peiresc "counted a mere conjecture, *possibly* also injurious to the goodness and providence of God," and therefore sought for a natural solution to the seeming wonder. An incredible number of butterflies had preceded this "red rain." Peiresc shut up "a certain palmer-worm which he had found, rare for its bigness and

form." In due time "the worm turned into a very beautiful butterfly, which presently flew away, leaving in the bottom of the box a red drop as broad as an ordinary sous." He thus satisfactorily accounts for the shower of blood; doubtless to the discomfiture of those who, benefiting by the ignorance of their hearers, might have turned it to a profitable account. There was, it appears, a shower of blood in the time of Childebert—in the time of king Robert; that is, if we may take the comment of Gassendus on the discovery of Peiresc, there were in those seasons innumerable butterflies. However, the intelligence that enabled Peiresc to defeat superstition in its "showers of blood," did not serve him to snatch "sorcerers" from its wild and cruel hands. It was his opinion that "though magicians have not so much commerce with the devil as is supposed, yet ought they to be punished for their *bad mind*." For the signs, the *stigmata* by which the sorcerer was popularly known, Peiresc doubted their genuineness: "they might be natural, and belong to some peculiar of that disease which is termed elephantiasis." Our philosopher was doubtless wrought into this opinion by the agonies of a priest of Marseilles "accused of magic, but freed by the court, having been first *pricked all the body over*, to find out those same insensible places stigmatised by the devil, which could nowhere be discovered." What a melancholy, though instructive lesson is this! Peiresc, the humane, enlightened philosopher, a cold advocate for the accused sorcerer; the champion of light bearing witness for darkness! This was in 1608; some years, it is true, before the appearance of our own Sir Thomas Browne at Bury St. Edmunds; the destroyer of "Vulgar Errors," Error's learned son against his own exploded witches.

Nicholas Claudius Fabricius Peirescius was of noble family, coming, says Gassendus, from the Fabricii of Pisa, who settled in Provence in the time of Saint Louis. He was born in the castle of Beaugensier on the 1st of December, 1580, whither his parents had retired from Aix, in consequence of the plague then raging in that city. His father was a senator of Aix, and his mother, selected for her comeliness by Catherine Medicis to receive "the honour of a kiss," on the Queen Mother's visit to that place, was descended from nobility. Nicholas assumed the name of Peiresc "from a town in his mother's jurisdiction." The following circumstance displays the spirit of the times. Gassendus says, "His parents having lived together divers years without a child, his mother, for that cause, as soon as she perceived that she was great, took up a resolution that the child's godfather should be no nobleman; but such was her piety, the first poor man they should meet with!" And so it happened; the poor man giving our scholar the name of Claudius, to which was prefixed, by the special request of his uncle, who hastily arrived at the fount, that of Nicholas. An accident that befel our baby scholar, shows that wicked spirits marked him for their early victim. For—

"It is reported, that when he was hardly two months old, an ancient woman that was a witch, entered the chamber, and threw down before his mother a hatchet which she had in her hand; saying that she had brought it her again."

From what follows, it would appear to have been very dangerous in the year 1580, in Beaugensier, to return a borrowed hatchet; for from the moment the dame brought back the weapon—

"The mother lost her speech, and the child his crying; and both their heads were so depressed upon one shoulder, and held so stiffly in that posture, that they could not bend them." The story says further, "that when his uncle knew it, he caused the old woman to be beaten, who was found in the chimney with her neck upon one of her shoulders, who, as soon as ever she lifted up her head to signify that she had *beating enough*, and to desire them to hold their hands, she said, which appeared to be true, that the mother and the child were both well."

On this, Gassendus sensibly remarks, "doubtless, 'tis a very strange thing that an old hag bowing her own neck, should dart out spirits with so strong a nerve as to turn the head of one distant from her in like manner aside." Perhaps, Sir Kenelm Digby would account for it by the presence of "powder of sympathy," touching the powers of which he made a wise discourse "in a solemn assembly of nobles and learned men at Montpelier in France." The young Peiresc, despite of all the uncomely old women of Provence, passed through his boyhood unhurt by withcraft, every day displaying new proofs of that restless curiosity which in its after-successes made him the oracle of his contemporaries. No trifle escaped his observation—no accident, however slight, but ministered to his thirst for a knowledge of the principles of things. He is eighteen, "washing himself in the lesser stream of the river Rhodanus," when he finds the ground "which was wont to be even and soft," grown hard, with "little round balls or bunches, like hard boiled eggs when their shell is peeled off." This sets him wondering, but his astonishment is increased "when, after a few days, returning to the river, he finds those little balls or lumps turned into perfect stones." On this he begins to study "the generation of stones." In Italy—for he departs for Rome in his nineteenth year—he sees in a museum "a sprig of coral which grew upon a dead man's skull," and he resolves "to go and see men fish for coral." In his progress to Rome he was entertained by the learned, who wrote verses to him as "the genius of Provence in France." On their own ground, in their own academies, Peiresc was enabled to solve antiquarian doubts, to discover truths, and correct errors, to the delight and astonishment of native wise men and philosophers.

"But in what esteem he was in at Padua—(we quote Gassendus)—this one thing does testify; that, whereas the print of a sapphire being sent thither from Augsburg, with an inscription, in which the word *Xiphia* did puzzle all the curious antiquarians, Pinellus writ unto him referring unto him the examination and judgment thereof. I omit how he satisfied their doubts and gave light to that word, chiefly from Strabo, who, from Polybius, makes mention of the hunting of the *Xiphia*, which was a sea-monster."

The reputation of young Peiresc reaches the Pope himself: for our scholar and his brother being desirous to see his Holiness wait upon the poor men "whom he daily feeds," thought of this expedient: they "bought the turns of two poor men, and putting on their clothes, they were present among the rest; and though the Pope knew who they were, yet he pleasantly dissembling his knowledge, and taking no notice of them, they saw all."

Peiresc was in his twenty-third year when he yielded to the oft-repeated desires of his uncle, and received the degree of a doctor; which

degree "he carried with so much alacrity and vigour, that did ravish all the by-standers with admiration." Two days after, he conferred the "doctoral ornaments" upon his younger brother, making a discourse "which filled the minds of his hearers with sweet content;" the argument of which may not be familiar to every reader:—

"For from a certain statue of Metrodorus, with his hat, Arcadian cap and labels, with his philosopher's cloak and ring on his left hand; also from certain statues of Hippocrates with the like cloak and an hood upon it; from a certain inscription of Eubulus Marathionius, and a statue with labels not about his neck, but his head; from the like statues of Plato, Theophrastus, Phavorinus, and others; out of certain Gothic pieces, upon which there were mitres, not much unlike caps; in a word, out of innumerable other monuments, he showed how the use of these ornaments came from the Greeks to the Latins, and so down to us; and how, from the *philosophers and ancient priests*, it was by degrees introduced among the professors of several sciences in our *modern universities*!"

The degree of doctor is yet upon Peiresc "in its newest gloss," when he receives the king's patent appointing him to the dignity of senator of Aix, his uncle having resigned in his favour. He, however, declines for a time the privileges of the patent, and, "having obtained a delay, he applies his mind to more free studies, to court the sweeter and more delightful muses, to advance good arts, and to help as much as in him lay the promoters of learning." And to these high, ennobling ends he devoted all his life, waiving a profitable match in favour of his brother, and betaking himself to the sea-coast "to search out all the monuments of antiquity, and to get in travel the rarest plants, which were to be sent to the garden of Beaugensier." Our fair readers will, we are certain, be happy to know to whom they owe their "flowering myrtles," with the accident—so prettily told by Gassendus—that led Peiresc to its discovery.

"About this time (1605), when Peiresc went from Marseilles to Beaugensier, he would needs take his way by Castellet to visit the parish priest called Julius, whom he already dearly affected by reason of his ingenuous curiosity. Being by him led a little without the village, they met a muleteer carrying a branch of myrtle with a broad leaf and full flower, such as Peirescius had never seen, nor knew that there was such a thing in nature. Wondering, therefore, at the plant, he would be brought into the middle of the wood where it grew, and caused the same to be taken up, that it might be manured and propagated. * * * This I thought good to mention, because a myrtle tree with a full flower was a thing unknown in Europe; and the thanks are due to Peirescius that it is now to be seen in the king's gardens, at Rome, in the Low Countries, and other places."

In the same year (1605), we find Peiresc at Paris, courted by Thuanus, Isaac Casaubon, and Bagarrius, "keeper of the king's jewel-house of rarities;" to the last of whom our antiquary explained the hitherto unknown inscription on an amethyst, marked with *indent*s, "which had long perplexed inquirers." It immediately occurred to Peiresc "that these marks were nothing more than holes for small nails, which had formerly fastened little *laminae*, which represented as many Greek letters." Peiresc drew lines from one hole to another, and the amethyst

revealed the name of the sculptor! In the following year, Peiresc accompanies the French king's ambassador to England. For the benefit of the thousands who cross the Channel, we quote the means adopted by our voyager to prevent extreme sea sickness:—

"Peireskius, to prevent the same in himself, left the rest of the company, and sat by the mainmast, where he was not so sick as they were. The reason being asked, he said there was least agitation in that part of the ship; and that, therefore, he withdrew himself thither, that he might not be stomach sick as the rest were, who, being in the head or stern, were much tossed."

Peireskius is graciously received by James, who "tenderly respected him;" and who desired to have "from his own mouth" the story which had preceded him—of how, drinking with a toper of great reputation, one Doctor Torie, he baffled the drinker by "craftily qualifying" his own wine with water! With James a little humour went a great way, and thus, on a small stock of that much-abused commodity, Peireskius might have passed with the English Solomon as an extraordinary wag. From England our philosopher goes to Amsterdam. Whilst staying at the Hague, "he would not depart until he became acquainted with Hugo Grotius," then a young man. From the Hague, he stept aside to Scheveling, where was the famous flying waggon.

"On my return from Leyden through the Hague (quoth Doctor Slop, *not Gassendus*), I walked as far as Scheveling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it."

"That's nothing," replied my Uncle Toby, "to what the learned Peireskius did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, returning from Paris to Scheveling, and from Scheveling to Paris back again, in order to see it, and nothing else."

In 1607, Peiresc assumed the senatorial dignity, when he so executed "his office, that nothing was found wanting him," and still was left to him time enough "to study good arts, and to maintain his correspondence with learned men." At the latter end of this year, he lost his uncle Claudius, whose "most faithful dog followed the corse all along, stood wailing upon the bier, could not for many days be gotten from the tomb, and after he was brought back to the house, stood a long time still *before his picture*." (This last touch of affection is not unworthy of the consideration of Landseer. What a mourner would he conjure up by the exquisite magic of his art!) In 1609 Peiresc was affected with a severe fever, when he recovered, as he avers, by eating musk-melons, which in after years became his principal medicine. From this time he busies himself with the coins, weights, and measures of the ancients; and whilst engaged in these studies, has a dream, in which he meets with a "goldsmith at Nismes," when the goldsmith offers to sell him a golden piece of Julius Cæsar's coin "for four carducues," which incident actually occurred to him in his waking hours next day, but which "he reckoned only amongst those rare cases which are wont to amaze the vulgar."

From 1609 until 1630 we find Periesc in constant communication with the learned of various countries—now deciphering inscriptions—now establishing a weekly post between Beaugensier and Paris—and ever intent upon the introduction of exotics, plants, and fruits into Provence. To him we owe the Chinese jessamine, "first brought from

China, planted at Beaugensier, and from thence propagated." It was he who first cultivated in France "the gourd of Mecca, for silk plant, because it bears plenty of threads, not unlike silk, fit to weave into stuffs." He planted cocoa-trees, "and saw them bud, but whether through the coldness of the air, or because they were not well looked to, they came not to that perfection which he desired." We next learn that "ginger did wax green in his garden."

"I say nothing (we quote Gassendi) of the broad-leaved myrtle, with the full flower of the storax, and lentisc-tree which yields mastic; and other plants mentioned before. Much less shall I speak of the great American jessamine, with the crimson-coloured flower; nor of the Persian with a violet-coloured flower; nor of the Arabian with a full flower; of the orange-trees, with a red and parti-coloured flower; of the medlar and sour cherry without stones; Adam's fig-tree, which Peireskius conceived to be one of those which the spies brought back that went to view the land of Canaan; the rare vines which he had from Tunis, Smyrna, Sidon, Damascus, Nova Francia, and other places."

There have been volumes enough, and too many, recording the guilt and madness of conquerors, whose lives were a curse to the bleeding world.—The kind, gentle, enlightened benefactor of his race, who silently makes his foreign conquests grow and blossom in our gardens—who carries away the jessamine captive, and clothes our walks with its beauty, and scents our colder air with its sweetness; who gives to the poor the cheap and lasting luxury of flowers—deserves a grateful memory among men, a memory growing and spreading with his gifts. The victories of the Cæsars are recorded by a few medals, shut up in the cabinets of museums, in the drawers of the virtuoso; the glories of men like Peiresc are still green among us—still glitter with the dews of the morning—still, with their constant sweetness, "scent the evening gale." Nor must we fail to record that the benevolent labours of Peiresc were continued, whilst he suffered acutest tortures from a disease which at last exhausted him. In the Easter of 1631, he was "sitting without his door, at the entrance of his garden," struck with a sudden palsy, which deprived him of motion and speech. This he suffered for a whole week, when "somebody singing curiously an hymne of the Lives of the Lily and the Rose, he was so taken with the sweetness of the song, and the elegance of some strain or other, that like the son of Cræsus, desiring to utter some words, and particularly these 'how excellent is this!' he forthwith uttered them, and at that very moment his limbs were all freed from the palsy." In this year, an extraordinary foreigner arrived at Toulon—no other than an elephant lately exhibited at Rome. Peiresc caused the stranger to be led to Beaugensier, where he took a cast of his grinders in wax, and had him painted in a lying posture, "that his joints might be seen," to the confusion, we presume, of the sceptics, who denied any such advantages to the quadruped. In 1633, Peiresc entertained "the famous poet-Santamantius" at Beaugensier, who had a brother, a traveller, who had seen in Java "live-wights, of a middle nature between men and apes;" whereupon, Peiresc quotes the authority of another traveller, a personal friend and a physician, who had seen in Guinea "apes with long, gray, combed beards, almost venerable, who stalk an alderman's pace, and take themselves to be very wise." Our readers may have possibly beheld animals of this species.

In 1634 we find Peiresc studying hard at anatomy, which he follows with a degree of enthusiasm, perhaps not altogether justifiable to the non-professional reader. Smitten by the theory of Asellius with respect to the "milkie veins in the mesentery," which "could not be discerned save in a creature living and panting, and that therefore they could not be observed in a man, whom to cut up alive was wickedness, yet did he not therefore despair." To be brief, a poor wretch condemned to be hanged—before sentence was performed—was by the order of Peiresc "fed lustily and securely," and an hour and a half after death was carried to the theatre of anatomy, where the wished discovery was effected.

Peiresc, having suffered intolerable agony for a month before his decease, died in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The account of his sufferings is written by Gassendus with that graphic simplicity which makes the charm of the book, but which, in deference to this over-nice age, we will not venture to copy. The portrait of the philosopher is in the happiest style of the unaffected biographer.

"He was therefore (to begin with his stature) of a middle and decent pitch, neither too tall, nor over low. The habit of his body was lean, and consequently his veins conspicuous, both in his forehead and hands. His constitution, as it was subject to diseases, so was it none of the strongest; which made him in his latter years to go with a staff. And for the same reason, his members were easily put out of joint; especially his left shoulder, which was three times dislocated. His forehead was large, and apt to be filled with wrinkles, when he admired anything or was in a deep study. His eyes were gray, and apt to be blood-shotten, by the breach of some little vein. He fixed his eyes either upon the ground, when he was seriously discoursing upon any subject, or upon the auditors, when he perceived they were pleased with what he said. He was a little hawk-nosed: his cheeks being tempered with red, the hair of his head yellow, as also his beard, which he used to wear long. His whole countenance carried the appearance of an unwonted and rare courtesy and affability: however, no painter had the happiness to express him such as he was in deed and in truth."

To our mind this portrait is painted with all the force of life. We see rare old Peirescius; we see the learning and the contemplation of the scholar—in his large forehead, "apt to be filled with wrinkles"—tempered and made gracious by the kindness of nature and the breeding of a gentleman. He is clearly one of Montaigne's men—a fine specimen of the simple, sterling book-men, with stored skulls and gentle hearts. What a capital contrast is Nicholas Fabricius to the literary coxcomb—

"Who having writ a prologue with much pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains!"

What a relief from the "*pardonnez-mois*" of literature—the be-scented and be-lioned petlings, who spoil "wire-wove" with Babylonish verse and prose—who, drawing their fingers through their raven-locks, swear, "by Gad!" they've "writ a d—d fine book," and vote all men vulgar fools who dare gainsay it. To continue from Gassendus:—

"Though he was careful that the clothes he wore abroad might not be unsuitable to his dignity, yet he never wore silk. In like manner, the rest of his house he would have adorned according to his condition, and very well furnished, but he did not at all, in a manner, regard his

own chamber. Instead of tapestry, there hung the pictures of his chief friends, and of famous men. His bed was exceeding plain, and his table continually loaded and covered with papers, books, letters, and other things; as also all the seats round about, and the greatest part of the floor."

In his gardens at Beaugensier he was "delighted with the pleasant verdure of plants, beauty of flowers, gentle murmur and purling noise of brooks and water-streams, together with the various songs of little birds," which, in the winter, we are told, he caused to be fed with corn, forbidding any one to catch or molest them.

"Moreover he preferred the singing of birds before the voices of men or any musical instruments—not but that he was therewith also delighted, but because, after the music that men made, there remained in his mind a continual agitation, drawing his attention and disturbing his sleep; the rising, falling, and holding of the notes, with the change of sounds and concords running to and fro in his fancy; whereas no such thing could remain in the bird's music, which [we dispute the 'because' here advanced], because it is not so apt by us to be imitated, it cannot therefore so much affect and stir our inward faculty. He would also, for the same cause, continually breed up nightingales and such like small birds, which he kept also in his own chamber, and of which he was so careful that he learned, by divers signs and tokens, what they wanted or desired, and presently would see them satisfied. They, therefore, as out of gratitude, would sing unto their benefactor hymns of praise; and whereas, in his absence, they were for the most part silent, as soon as ever, by his voice or staff, they perceived he was coming, they would fall to singing."

The above presents us with a charming picture of the kind old scholar amidst his books and manuscripts, his medals, vases, and singing nightingales! There were, however, other inhabitants of the chamber, though we are left unsatisfied as to their conduct towards the minstrels.

"And by reason of mice, which did gnaw his books and papers in his chamber, he became a lover of cats, which he had formerly hated: and whereas, at first, he kept a few for necessity sake, he had, afterwards, a great company for his delight. For he procured out of the East ash-coloured, dun, and speckled cats, beautiful to behold: of the brood whereof he sent to Paris and other places to his friends."

(In this ingenuous avowal of Gassendus there is the germ of a delicious essay. How many a man has become the lover of a cat in some shape—of a cat formerly despised—"by reason" of devouring mice! How many have been brought to endure and love the lesser evil when found to be the only remedy for the greater plague! There was—to quote one instance from a hundred—Jack Spangle, the gay, prodigal Jack Spangle, a fellow shapely and agile as Mercury. He had the loudest laugh, the blackest moustache, and the whitest teeth of any spark of the day. Mrs. Sybil, the rich, withered widow of a scoundrel money-lender looked feloniously upon him—she was determined to become the wife of Jack Spangle. Jack saw and shuddered at her purpose. Oh, how Jack Spangle abominated, loathed, anathematized Mrs. Sybil! In the depth and intensity of his hatred he invented new terms of horror and disgust: it was merriment for his friends to hear him swear at the widow Sybil. Three years passed away, and a former companion met

Jack and the widow, man and wife. "The fact is, my dear fellow," said Jack, stepping forward to his acquaintance—"the fact is, I lost every farthing I had—was flung by creditors into gaol—hadn't a penny to—humph! eh?—I—allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Spangle." Jack was a second "Lord of Peiresc:" we do not mean to assert that he became a devoted lover of his ancient wife; but she was rich, he was penniless and in prison, and he married her "by reason of the mice." The "mice" have married many besides Jack and the widow.)

"The Lord of Peiresc" displays, in all his bearings, a finished portrait of the scholar and philosopher of the seventeenth century. There is the simplicity, the modesty, the kindliness of a truly great and well-regulated mind. It is to such men—lightly as their labours may be esteemed by a more imaginative generation—that we owe the greatest benefits. They were the collectors of facts to be employed by their successors—the gatherers of materials to be worked up into a thousand shapes of beauty and utility by those who should follow them. In the time of Peiresc, when the hard student—an anchorite amid his books—was considered by the vulgar as little less than liegeman to a magician, if not a necromancer himself—when the large black dog of the scholar was the *malus genius* of his mysterious and devil-doomed master, our philosopher was peculiarly fortunate in the advantages of birth and means: they afforded him, in station and power, a security and respect among men, not too liberally awarded to the indigent book-man. He was "the lord" of Peiresc, and the patent of the senator gave grace and authority to the investigations of the philosopher.

The purpose of this slight paper has been to beg of the "general reader" a short pause for the consideration of the lineaments of a great, though almost unregarded, benefactor of letters; to take him from the candied conceits of these our most refined and delicate times, to the healthful simplicity of earlier days. Not that, with rash, bigoted judgment, we would sneer at the antiquarians of 1837: there are among them wise, profound teachers; men of great discoveries; men who have seen

"— the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther long ago;"

and will, therefore, walk upon tiptoe to their graves, drawn up by a prodigious sense of their own greatness. Let them have their "peppercorn of praise;" and let small lecturers to the weariness of boarding-schools, talk their hour of nothings: all we ask is, some passing attention to the early student—the pioneer in the field of letters and of science. Whilst we do not envy, but wonder, at the rich appointments of well-paid sciolists, let us refresh our memory with a view of our old philosopher in his study, and sometimes let our heart "leap up," as cheerfully as his own nightingales, at the staff of the "LORD OF PEIRESC."

J.

A WALK NEAR TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT LIFE."

Tired of the Town, the other day, it struck me o' the sudden that there were several ways of getting out of it for a few hours, open to all goers-forth from it, whether on horse-back or foot-back, and that I knew them, and could make essayal of at least one of them—"one at a time" being a good rule at almost all times. It struck me likewise that I had a tolerable pair of town-made legs that loved strolling and rigmarolling along dusty roads, green lanes, over commons, "thorough wood, thorough briers"—anywhere, on any ground not paved or macadamized. As they have been good legs to me, and not bad ones to any one else, I made up my mind generously to give them a treat, and allow them "to go out." No sooner said than done: they took me at my word, got themselves booted in no time, and stood ready to start: I snatched my hat, and placed it, I believe, on my head—seized my trusty walking-stick, and off we went in capital style, keeping close together—as the book-keepers say at Newmarket, "you might have thrown a blanket over us," we were so close—leg and leg; not that such a warm woollen compliment would have gratified us, for the sun was warming enough. It was really a hot June day—such a day as one would not have looked for at the commencement of the month, when, as Lord Byron says, "the Summer" seemed to threaten to "set in with its usual severity"—not of heat, but cold. As one contra-indication of what some false poet calls "the burning month of June" having arrived, I noticed, on the 10th, that the poor summer flies were glad to settle on my pipe, when smoking, to warm their feet, perishing with the cold: I was too much a humanist to brush them away, and so—we smoked a pipe together. Yes, it was undeniably a hot day, was June the 28th, A.D. 1837: I am particular in writing down the date, that it may be referred to hereafter by weather-wise persons and chronologists of things remarkable. Some walkers would have said that it was too hot for walking in: we agreed that it was not, and pushed on, at a good pace. Sunshine should never be too hot or too bright for us: for I believe that it is as essential to the health of the blood of men as to that of the juices of plants and fruits; and that the more we get of it the riper we grow, and the sweeter, and the more generous, like Portugal grapes: wanting it, we are like English grapes—not worth gathering, and as sour as verjuice. Look at the people who shut themselves up in shady parlours, and will not let the sun get at them, what white, bloodless beings they look like—wrinkled, withered, and wan as summer pippins kept through the winter in dry closets. Sunshine for me—moonshine for melancholy poets, full of a sonnet to the "chaste Dian," but stuck fast in the first line at "Oh Moon!"—and gas-shine for late getters to bed.

On we went our way, rejoicing in the sunshine, and expatiating as we went upon "the beneficial" good it did this world—how well it "aired" it—how comfortable and cheerful it made it, and all that. "Right shoulder forward" was the word of command: Kennington Common was soon "left shoulder backward;" Clapham Road wondered who we were that had all its road to ourselves, for no one else seemed wishful to be "broiled to death:" the lovers of the cool "affected the shade:"

we "affected the sun," because it did not affect us, save as we wished it—affectionately, as if it loved us as we love it.

On we went; and I must say that, for a one-legged walker, my trusty stick kept wonderfully well up with me, and even sometimes stepped a foot before me; but I encouraged it, and patted it approvingly on the head; and even your "*stick*" has something like an organ of "love-of-approbation" in its head, and will do wonders if you encourage it. Why, there's that *stick* of an author, Mr. Barnaby Backgarret—some one read a sonnet of his right through, and so little did the generous reader think there was "somewhat too much" of it, that he advised him to make more of it, by adding two feet to the last line, *by way of* Alexandrine, which is really an addition to your small sonnet, and brings it to a close with an *à-plomb*-like pause that is very effective. Mr. B. B., so encouraged, has gone on, and is half way through another sonnet by this time: so he "advises me per last." I wish him well through it, for I have no envy on that side of the way, knowing what "a labour of love" it is, and how much in vain—like getting a son, to be gibbeted when you had hopes of him, and flattered yourself he would be "such an honour to his family."

On we went like one—solus in the sun—having the way all our own way—nobody disputing it with us—not even the omnibuses, that dispute every inch of the way with you "on the stones," while the drivers and conductors dispute with one another. A cow, under a shadowing tree, whisking her tail about by way of warning to the flies, was the only living thing we saw till we were fairly, and freshly, and softly treading over the green sward of Clapham Common—an uncommon common, considering its neighbourhood to our great city, for it *was* green, and had some beautiful old trees on it—ponds, willow-shaded, duck-weeded, duck-navigated—three old washerwomen, hanging

"Their petticoats out to dry,

To keep one another com-pa-ny,"—

two or three donkeys, a school-full of children just poured out, the hour being twelve, four grooms playing at quoits under the shadow of some elms, with two large white feathers stuck in the ground for *may*, a flock of fine fat geese, a sow just out of the mud, and shining all over with satisfaction that she was in such a pickle as not to be fit for the parlour and polite society—(I never saw a dirty beast happier—not even D—, drunk and rolling in the gutter)—and a few sundries, labourers sleeping away their want of beer, &c. &c.

On we went, and winding our way among the furze, now out of bloom, we were alone in a little hollow; and here we sat down to rest our walking-stick awhile, and think of nothing. The Clapham "world was quite shut out." All was stillness, save when a donkey brayed, but as we thought he did not—he might though—address himself to us, we took no notice of him, and let him bray, till he had expressed all he had to say upon *that* subject, whatever it was. I could not help thinking what a world of idle discussion might be spared the world if the world would only treat the other members of the Bray family just as I treated the Clapham Common orator—hear him out, and let the next donkey, five miles off, reply to him. What wide intervals in discussion we should have! Like Mr. Wordsworth,

"I am not one that much or oft delight"

in "public speaking." "Wisdom sometimes crieth in the streets, and no one regardeth her:" if she would laugh, I would listen, and join in. I let "my learned friend" run down, and all again was most delicious silence—silence made more sweet by the dissonance I had just heard. Now I could hear the leaves prattle, in their pretty, lisping way, with the zephyrs, as poets call those whiffing young winds which wander about commons and fields all day long, and take playful liberties with the flowers, romping with them, and kissing them, and rumpling their nicely-plaited frills, till they are hardly fit to be seen. Now, too, I could hear the bee murmur—not unthankfully—no, he expressed how happy he was by that sweet, drowsy, low singing of his. I thought, as he brushed by, that he reproached me for sitting idling there. Why was I not up, and

"Gathering honey all the day,
From ev'ry opening flower?"

I made the best excuse I could, and that was not a bad one—I never knew an idle man who was not good at such apologies—and he seemed mollified, and left me "to blush unseen"—a delicacy which did honour to the sweet-dispositioned little fellow, who could have stung me with a reproach, if he had been so minded; but he had come out on a different mission than to teach idle dogs a lesson on industry, and went about his own business, leaving me to go about mine at my own time—in my own way. I was not altogether idle, for, with my stick, I traced a name dear to me on the level smooth sand before me, and scratched it out again, and wrote it better the next time. At least, I was improving my "hand." And my mind? and heart, and its affections? Why not? In these solitary moments we remember friends, and hug them to our heart; and forgive enemies, and do not thrust them from it. Those moments are not idly spent in which we can do that—for the last is sometimes hard to do. Now I could hear, too, the always pleasant singing of the birds. One of those songsters I had often heard in my walks, but never could make out the singer's name; it was not in the bills. This day he perched before me upon the topmost branch of a furze-bush, and struck up the old tune which had so often delighted me. I looked at him, and knew him, by the description of his vestments, to be that eminent minor canon, Mr. Richard Whitethroat, an old and much-respected member of Nature's cathedral choir. That was something to learn: I was not idle. Having passed half an hour more in observations of the little plants at my feet, and speculated on the origin, and uses and abuses of sand, (among which its being served up in a dish of spinach is one,) and having watched one of those beautiful brilliant green-mailed beetles running hither and thither, I knew not on what errand,—my legs having been indulged with a long rest after the pull up-hill—my dry stick refreshed by a little playful paddling in a plashy pond on one side of me, I was about to rise, when company dropped in, and I therefore received them—with dignity—seated. A small knoll, neatly covered with brown moss, was my throne of state—the high furze nodding over my head was my canopy—and a little patch of green grass, forming a sort of small glade between the bushes on either side, was my carpet, over which the various presentations passed, and had the honour of an audience,

and now and then a condescending compliment from *my* most sacred Majesty. The first presentation was a handsome white horse of Arabian blood—a brilliant fellow, shining so glaringly in the sun, that my weak eyes ached at beholding his silvery uniform. As he passed along he paused and looked at me respectfully, and not wishing to offend a gentleman evidently with a stick, he gave a good-humoured whinny and walked on. I don't know whether animals are fond of me—I am of them, from the highest to the lowest; or whether it was whispered by one to the other that there was an interesting biped in the bushes, who was supposed to be a friend to them, in his quiet way, I know not: I was either very popular in those parts, or there is a great existing spirit of curiosity in animals: for in half a minute more a cow, who was passing by, paused, and contemplated me for some moments, chewing her agreeable sweet cud the while I chewed mine of "sweet and bitter fancies," as they occurred. She was a comely creature, of the Alderney breed—quite a "Young Ladies' Drawing-Book" cow—delicately clean all over, even to the brush which concluded her tail—perhaps a little vain of her person in general, and, I thought, as proud of her horns as a lucky husband who has got three thousand pounds damages from some noble somebody for taking his wife off his hands—always an implied compliment to the husband's taste in the first selection. This cow dandizette was not alone, it turned out; for at her heels came "staggering Bob"—(as your young veal is *high* while "in the flesh")—*her* calf—a well-behaved bull-calf enough, an honour to his mother, and as gentle as any lamb. For an animal with his reputation for simplicity, he behaved himself sensibly; and when I offered to scratch his poll, which all animals like, he let me scratch it; and when I pulled some grass, and held it to his nose, he smelt to it, acknowledged that it was good and green, but did not eat of it, being confined to a milk-diet for the present. Mamma looked on, as mammas look on when you pet *their* pets—pleased, very much so, and giving you credit for the pleasure you take in their young progeny. These having passed away, a "silly sheep" dropped in *en passant*, and sillily stared at me, but I was not offended. As I looked on the "full meekness of its face," I could not help thinking what a shame and disgrace it was that such an inoffensive creature should be doomed to an earlier death than Nature meant for it, solely because such a hog as Huggins happens to be carnivorous, and must have his mutton, and is, as he boasts himself, "a good grubber"—*i. e.*, can clear his plate of two pounds of meat at a sitting; and then pretend to be thankful to Heaven that he is fed! So he is, while the shoulder is hot. Let his wife serve it up cold the next day, and he will affect a muttered sort of thankfulness when he sits down to it. But let her serve it up on the third day, and he has no sooner murmured "For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful!" than he lifts the cover, and, his gratitude vanishing o' the instant, growls out, "What, this infernal cold mutton again?"

This last innocent dropper-in did not stay long with me, for that going-all-day-long dinner-bell, the bell-wether's "tintinnabulary chime" summoned him away. A pair of sparrows—Common sparrows—not those sooty fellows that get a disreputable miscellaneous living about town, but cleanly suburban sparrows, in pepper-and-salt suits of feathers—next looked in, and picked up something be-

tween my feet, confidently. These gone, a hen, with seven white and two dusky chickens, came next, and poked about among the bushes behind and on each side of me. It was interesting to observe her "instructing the young idea how to" pick up this and that, and hear her continual "cluck, cluck," when they straggled up to where I sat brooding; and when they came about her again, to see her direct their attention to such things as she would have them more regardful of than minding me. I could not feel offended. Another bee—"no connexion" with the bee I have previously mentioned—a traveller for a different ~~firm~~ the same line—looked in "as he was passing," and, finding there was "nothing in his way," pushed on. After him followed a wasp, in a more amiable temper than usual, and humming an old air not badly; but I was glad when he took himself off, for he is not to be relied upon, the rascal's "monkey," or temper, is so soon put up, and gives you a stab and is gone before you can cry "What's that for?" A butterfly, very handsomely

"..... drest

All in his best,

To wing abroad with Sally,"

or Psyche, or Sukey, whoever "his flame" might be—came fluttering in, and finding that "the chaste, the fair, the inexpressive she" was not there, fluttered out again to find her. I could have told him where she probably was, for I had seen her pass two minutes before. But as he did not ask—

"Oh, where is she gone?"

I could not reply—

"Down the Long Acre:"

nor he affectionately add—

"Oh, if that is the case, Sir, I'll soon overtake her."

My next visitor was that very handsome reptile the land-newt—a sort of long frog, with a tail. A few more beetles gratified me by letting me look at their burnished armour of green and gold, and went glittering away. And last, and not least, another cow, in a brown coat and waist-coat, and white pantaloons, paid me a "how-d'ye-do" visit, and gave my solitary Muse two mews, which I thought liberal on her part. Altogether, it was the best and most interesting levee of the season. And all this agreeable life and pleasing vicissitude of visiting friends and familiars is to be enjoyed in one hour on a common only four miles from London, open to any one, as it should be, and long may it be—and no felonious hand commit that worst of thefts—"steal a common from a goose!" I am candid enough to say that I feel deeply interested in that prayer: for if the depredators were successful in the one, they might take it into their wicked heads to reverse the crime, and—"steal a goose from a common." *Who* then would be safe?—But away with unpleasant anticipations!

"Be not over-exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.

What need a man forestall his date of grief?"

One humiliating thought, however, will intrude. This. How Cockneyish it was of me to be delighted with this scene, which I was, unfeignedly! Can any London-born poet, or what not, "hope to be saved" from an Edinburgh-born critic, if he can so easily find it in his foolish

heart to be entertained so cheaply and so town-handily? But he, poor mistaken fellow, is not so much to blame as that perverse, well-meaning, kind old creature, Nature. It is she that is guilty of these Cockneyisms: it may seem unfilial on my part to lay such an accusation against her, but it is too true. If she will plant her trees in pots—I beg her pardon—plots of ground within a stone's throw of the four-mile stone, and watch over them, and make them, or, let them, thrive, and flourish, and look as stately and handsome as if they were growing in the heart of the country, “far removed from noise and smoke;”—and if she will drop her violets and other wild flowers about so accessible a common—~~“if by~~ *Cockneys* only trod;”—and if she will send her cuckoo “cuckooing” in all corners of Clapham; and her lark spinning up to the sky, having instructed him previously in plain-chant, and taught him the songs which she has “set” herself “for the occasi^on,” and if she will take pleasure in seeing and hearing her

“.....Ætherial songster, soaring merrily,”
and in watching

“ His wings keep time to his rich music's flow,
Rolling along the sky celestially,
And echoing o'er the hill's wood-waving brow,
Along the flood, that back reflects the sky,
And him, that warbling speck, deep-mirror'd from on high* ;”

and if she will trail “her green robe's hem” so close to town that awkward Cockneys tread on it, whose fault are all these faults but hers?

These common spots are not so common as they seem. The “beneficial Sun” smiles as he shines upon them—I have seen him—and it did not strike me that he smiled as if he derided them, but rather as if he loved them, and saw some natural beauty there not unworthy of his approbation. I have observed, too, that he spends some hours every day among these scenes; and if he does, why should not I?—and when he retires in the evening to “Thetis' lap,” that he blesses them with a parting smile. The Seasons visit there, each one in order due, and take some pains and more pleasure in showing how they admire them. The clouds drop their “fatness” upon them, and freshen their ever-fertile verdure. The stars look down upon them, and light up their night-dews till they shine like droppings of those stars. The Moon glides over them, and is not ashamed to be seen turning her sweetly-serious smile towards them, and gilds their little hollows of water with her silvery rays, and stops to look into them as Beauty looks into her mirror, admiring her own lovely face. He who laid down these humble scenes, and first adorned them, He breathes over them, and their wild-flowers blow at his bidding, that the air may be sweetened; and their wild fruits bloom and ripen, that his wild feathered creatures may be fed; and every rood of this poor common ground is instinct with verdant life. And lastly, and not leastly, he permits town-neighbouring Man to strike in his spade here, and his dibble there, and his ploughshare in another place, and bestows an unheard blessing upon his labours; and while “Paul planteth, and Apollos watereth,” He “giveth the increase.”

But these things in their favour notwithstanding, I should not—so I

* THOMAS MILLER'S “Ode to the Skylark.”

am admonished—admire “these unassuming commonplaces,” and haunt them so frequently as I do; nor

“Take pleasure in their meanest object’s sight,”

as Poet Withers did: for, nathless, I do make myself chargeable the reb with that rank offence which cannot look for “benefit of clergy”—Cockneyism!—Well, I will hope to live long enough to see the day when a bill shall pass through both Houses to enable “the undertakers” (they have begun the work) to remove all that is rurally beautiful in the neighbourhood of London so much farther off, that it may be fit to be visited, without impeachment of the visiter. Hampstead, if “lifted” as our Northern friends were wont to “lift” the cattle of their Southern border-neighbours, would make a pretty parcel of addition to Arthur’s Seat; and as there are no Scotch cockneys, would not be Cockney ground, as it is now. Richmond in Surrey, if “translated,” might be patched upon Richmond in Yorkshire, and thus be rendered visitable by tourists, and no shame to them. Essex might be given, fogs and frogs included, to the Dutch, who would jump at it, having lost so much dry territory lately, and welcome “the damp stranger.” Kent may stand as it is, for the sole sake of Greenwich Hospital—not but it would be a generous gift to the French, who, as we used to take their new ships, ought now to take our old sailors, on the reciprocity system.

But, however, to pursue our theme and our journey. Having rested, or rather lounged, for a full hour, up we started, and off we went again. The Common was soon left behind: “the world was all before us, where to choose:” we pitched upon a neighbouring village, Tooting, and, as the wags say, “pitched into it,” for, in a few moments, Upper Tooting was under us, and Lower Tooting kept at a respectful distance, as if it feared the worst that might befall. But as we did not wish to spread alarm before us, we struck off to the left, aside as it were, into Devonshire Road, not very inviting to look-at at its entrance, but when we had go into it, and detoured again to the right, we found ourselves in a very pleasant, winding, Naysmith sort of lane, *hight* Dragmóor Lane, hedged and studded with trees, with a poor-looking but picturesque cottage on the left side thereof, and a little farther down, on the right, a smart, fantastic cottage, newly built in imitation of the old style—and a very comfortable, uncomfortable, lonely, out-of-the-way house it was, the lord of which ilk had need be a sturdy fellow, and when he claps his well-aired night-cap on, looks, I should hope, before he puts out the light and gets into bed, to see that his pistols are primed and loaded, and “his powder dry.” We found ourselves, in no long time, stumbling over Streatham Common, the wartiest ground we ever walked upon—a wild green spot, unhandsomely disfigured with some hundreds of mole-hills—a sort of pustular eruption of the “earth earthy.” A noble line of fine old trees on the right, and Mrs. Thrale’s (Johnson’s Mrs. Thrale’s) residence and park on the left, made the wild spot cultivated and classic ground. Johnson, perhaps, had rolled his Leviathan bulk over the very hills at which I stumbled, Bozzy picking his way behind him, carefully—surly Sam growling at him all the while to “Come on, Sir, and not make mountains of mole-hills!”—and then stumbling over one of them himself, and pitching his hat and wig and walking-stick some distance

in advance of the rest of his *personnel*! Bozzy perhaps ran up to raise him up, when the disdainful Doctor drove him back with a "No, Sir! The man who in walking along the devious paths in the various fields of life, if he is not humble enough to look to his own feet and see where he treads, if he falters and falls, should not allow another man's pride to stoop so low as to lift him up. Sir, as I have made my own bed in my own way, let me lie on it till I choose to rise in my own manner. As I greatly fell without assistance, let me greatly rise without your interference. The man who——But ring the bell, Sir, and a truce to your reflections, Sir, for we have been keeping the dinner waiting with these frivolous disputations. Ring the bell, Sir!"—which the obedient Bozzy did, no doubt, only too proud to do it. And when they were seated at the dinner-table, and the first fierce severity of the fine old bear's hunger was partially appeased, if he confessed his failing and his falling to the company, Bozzy interposed a "Yes, Sir, but you fell with dignity, and rose greater by that fall:" at which fulsome-ness the old Doctor would growl an angry "Bah!" like a bear with a vexation, and indignantly send his plate up for a fourth helping to the mutton. I saw and heard it all, and felt that I was treading classic ground while threading my way between the mole-hills upon Streatham Common.

On we went, however; and in a little while we were on Tooting Common—wild, but a pleasant wildness. Patrick Naysmith had been over these spots, for I traced him. Here we got again among furze, wild flowers, wild birds, tame ducks, weedy ponds, tinted with mineral water (?), straggling children, dreamy-eyed donkeys, and haymakers, winding in and out among the bushes, as they returned to the fields, to sweat and labour in the sun, and send the fragrance of the new-mown hay streaming towards the town. It would have been a perfect rural scene if the workhouse on the right had not spoiled all; and yet there was some comfort still in looking at that last refuge for the destitute. It did not seem as yet a goal. The light and the air of heaven could visit its open windows and shine and breathe into them; and the poor could yet look out of them upon the green common, and the blue hills in the distance, and hear the skylark warbling to the silent noon. Here, as the weather was really "insulting hot," we sat ourselves down under shadow of some friendly furze—friendly as long as you do not interfere with it—and got into a *tête-à-tête* with a donkey who was "dining out" there. The ass has a sorry reputation for intellectuality, yet we could not help noticing that at the dinner-table his few faculties were all on the alert, like an alderman's, and that he twinkled his ears and whisked his tail with a liveliness such as he never exhibits when employed in the graver business of life—perhaps from some mistaken notions of dignity, or of the necessity of looking serious when you are not so. Having cooled ourselves by these contemplations, and having shown that we were not particular what sort of company we got into, so long as it was agreeable, we rose refreshed, and on we went over the little there was left of Tooting Common, and were soon in Streatham Lane—a pleasant, rural lane enough—and winding it up, we found ourselves at Tooting. Here, having surveyed the place, and seen all that was curious, we made our head-quarters at the King's Head Inn, and ordering a mutton-chop, lettuce, and ale, settled down in the good large parlour of that old-fashioned house of entertainment. I could not help imagining, as I

entered the old room, that "the Doctor" had been before me there, in some of his tergiversations while resident with Mrs. Thrale, and that these poor walls had often resounded his loud, unpacifiable "bow-wow." The poor place was immediately *tabooed* and made sacred by imagination. The great Doctor was not "above" these humble places, and has said a word or two in their praise, but I forget what, and where to find it. Then why should I be "above" them? I am not. I love these old inns, and their old parlours with low ceilings, heavy cross-beamed, ~~old oak chairs~~, hard-bottomed, oaken pannels, fantastic-fashioned chimney-glasses, oval mirrors, the owl in a glass-case over the fire-place, the round tables, and flapped tables, the two or three bad paintings, and the numerous bad engravings, "published, as the Act directs, 30 June, 1786, by ROBERT SAYER, Map, Chart, and Print Seller, No. 53, Fleet Street."—If the Act directs the publication of such execrably bad pewter-plate engravings, more shame to the Act for such an uncalled-for act—that is all I say. And yet the subjects of the engravings in review are pathetic enough, however humorously handled. "Jemmy" as he is called—the "Janie" of that most exquisite of all "auld ballats"—"Auld Robin Gray"—is seen in one taking his farewell of poor Jenny, a fashionable young lady of eighty years since, sashed, feathered, standing somehow in high-heeled shoes, her gown-tail bundled up behind—looking much more like "Poll of Plymouth" than a "braw Scotch lassie." "Jemmy," too, is not to be sneezed at as unfashionable. He is a smart sea-faring fellow enough—in striped trowsers, and striped waistcoat to match, smart round jacket, round hat, shoes, and buckles as big as his shoes, a stick tucked under his arm in sailor's fashion—not a walking-stick, but a stick to be carried jemmyly under the arm, in Portsmouth fashion. While he is taking his affecting farewell—I presume it to have been so from Jenny's white handkerchief being applied to her left eye, and that only)—a shipmate is seen, in the background, hauling the ship's boat to the shore, might and main: *his* stick is thrust under his arm all the while—he cannot part with it: sea-water enough to keep the boat afloat is flowing behind him, but he "heeds not what the landmen say:" he is no "tailor," but a sailor: so he "Hauls away, yo-ho, boys!" and though he should be properly up to his middle in the sea, the artist has taken care of him, and you see every bit of his shoes dry on the top of a wave.

This pathetic piece is the right-hand supporter of the owl in the glass-case. On the left "Jemmy's Return" is almost as "seriously inclined," as Othello says, on the part of the artist. Mrs. "Auld Robin Gray" is seen drowned, I should almost say, in sorrow at the door of the cottage of her "gude man," situated by the sea-side, with the sea in the offing running so high, that if it did do as it could do, it would drown poor disconsolate Jemmy, Mrs. Gray, auld Robin, cottage, cat at the cottage-door, and all; but it forbears, very much to its credit. There are a few misprints in the verses quoted underneath, which show a not-unbecoming ignorance of "the Scottish Doric:" such as *bath* for *baith*—*wraith* for *wraith*—*fair* for *sair*; but it would be hypercriticism to dwell upon them. Four sporting prints—all over horse and dog—and "one other," in which two young ladies are taking Love (a decent lad enough, in a sort of short, smart bedgown) in at the window, while the old lady their mother is fast asleep in her easy chair—(if she can be easy in a chair

which is so much out of the perspective)—and “the companion print,” in which the old lady is roused, and driving Love away, *à et armis*, with a birch-broom—these adorn the other spare walls of the parlour, and make them entertaining. These things do not abate my love for an old road-side inn—“not a jot!”—they add to it. I might have been better accommodated *perhaps* at the Athenæum Club House; but here I am all alone—which is a luxury sometimes: there, there is that eternal Member always present, with that unfiring, tiring member of his own Athenæum, his tongue, perpetually bore, bore, bore-ing me with some “fire-new scheme,” perhaps, for deflagrating the poor, dear, dead, departed coal-heavers of both shores of the Thames into coal-gas! I have thought of that myself, so that he is not original. These men, in their time, swallow so much coal-dust, that it does seem a pity that it should be altogether lost, as it is when it is buried with them. Here I miss hearing for the hundredth time that other scientific proposition of his—as ticket-porters are, all their lives long, such “entire butt” tossers-off of beer, that it is possible to get back from them a pure “extract of malt!” Schemes feasible enough, but is it not carrying science a little too far, when it seeks to resolve the elements of society into their constituent principles? I think it is; and therefore am I happier here than in Mr. Professor ———’s company. I might be better entertained *perhaps* at the United Service Club; but then there’s that never-absent-on-no-account old Major Fullpay of the Fencibles, who has so little consideration for the Halfpays—a large portion of the family of military and naval Men—and none at all for the Quarterpays—a larger. And then I have heard that story of his about the Duke of York, and what his Royal Highness said when he critically reviewed his corps at Chatham Lines, and what the Major said to his Royal Highness, being “an answer to the same,” that I could tell it the Major, word for word, for he never varies—I *will* say that for him. And then there are those “*Lines*” by the Major, written upon that proud occasion, which I call “His Chatham Lines”—at which he laughs—not at the “*Lines*,” but at the joke; and I laugh—not at the Major, but at the “*Lines*.” I know them now by heart, and could prompt the author, if need were. Therefore am I better pleased with the King’s Head than the Major’s. The socialities of these Clubs are delightful, doubtless. It is not unpleasant, that I am aware of, to dine socially, at four different tables, with Captain Alexander in one corner, Baron Skimmilk, of the German Legion, in another, Captain Moggeridge in a third—(that is, if the wind is favourable to his whiskers, for, if it is not, and it blows them, carefully combed one way, the other way, the Captain returns home, and does not venture out again till the wind has turned)—it is pleasant to dine there, and be, the while, snugly ensconced in a fourth corner. It is not unpleasant—indeed, it is agreeable—to “exchange the news of the day” by exchanging the newspapers—the ‘Times’ for the ‘Chronicle’—with the Baron, and taking the ‘Globe’ after Captain Alexander has done with it—(not *that* Captain Alexander who conquered this world, and cried because he had got nothing more to do—no, quite a different sort of man)—give the ‘Sun’ up to him in return. But yet I like the one solitary paper of an inn better—no waiter bespeaking it—having it quietly and comfortably all to myself, to read it, or spell it, or go to sleep over it and the debates in the Imperial Par-

liament, just as they dispose one, or one feels disposed. I have my prejudices and preferences, and cannot help entertaining them.

"After dinner sit awhile," adviseth the sensible old proverb: we did so, and found ourselves none the worse for following its advice: some people do, for they get drowsy in their chair—a bad sign, and "drop off to sleep," as they express it, and sometimes never wake again—a worse sign than the other of the perniciousness of this after-dinner, full-blooded slumbering. Children are all the more sprightly for their meals, and ten minutes after dinner will turn the house out of windows, if you will allow them or commission them to do so. Full-grown children, if good boys and girls, should be just as much alive, and full of their fun, after their dinners; but the worst of these spoiled children is that they eat more than they want—fill their eyes instead of their stomachs—regulate their appetites by the pound avoirdupoise, and are not content and satisfied till the scale goes down thumping on the counter with rather too honest a lumping weight and measure. And thus they grow plethoric and stupid, and lie senseless and inactive in their *styes*, though they are not so rated in the parish-books. We—being moderately given—felt no drowsiness: even three-fourths of a quart of honest good ale did not set our head humming like a top asleep: quite the contrary: we were all alive and leaping—our few faculties, at least, were—and so we superadded to the "After dinner sit awhile" an invention of our own—"After dinner scribble awhile"—by way of *dessert*, which made our sitting still and quiet not unpleasant. That done, and having looked over what we had written, and dotted the egotistic vowel (which letter is that?) where we had missed so doing in "the enthusiasm of the moment," and having given a dash to a double *tt*, and stuck in a comma here and there, to measure the sense, and mark the construction, and not confound and confuse both, we rolled up our work as neatly as a sempstress—put it by—rang the bell—brought in the maid, who brought in the bill, gave it a first, second, and third reading, passed it without a dissentient voice, and then counting the House out, adjourned. The "King's Head" seemed perfectly satisfied, and, we thought, smiled on us as we took our leave; and so he ought, for we had shown our attachment to the Constitution and our loyalty at one and the same time.

Off we went again, at a brisk pace, not caring for the heat—not caring, indeed, for anything. Not far from our inn, a pleasant-looking lane opened its mouth and asked us to walk in. It was a lane which some proud persons would avoid as much as they would "plague, pestilence, and famine:" more humble men would modestly walk up it, and see no harm in it—nothing which could disgrace them in being seen to visit there. It is time that I mentioned its expressive name: did plain John Bunyan christen it, or what man with a like homely mind? It is, then, called—(for I see you are curious to know its name)—*Obligation Lane*!—why so named, and with what unrevealed signification, I know not. It was a pleasant place, and so I was not curious to know more. On the left was a little cottage, new, but built in bad imitation of an old cottage; but its situation was delightful, and made amends for its improper pretensions to be what it was not. It faced the glowing West, and looked up a small green field, and through trees, and over meadows, and over Wandsworth, and over the Thames,

and on and on, till the Western horizon shut in the scene. "Ah!" groaned we: but we will not let the reader into the secrets of our thoughts—except these—that forty pounds a year, books, friends, and a few articles of similar sorts, got somehow mixed together and made up an agreeable miscellany enough of hopes. On the right was an old-fashioned farm-house, and, as we approached it, the farmer, we supposed—an infirm-limbed man—was wheeled out at its gates in an invalid's chair, attended by a servant and a young gentleman, his son, and the field-gates being thrown open before him, was soon among his labourers, getting in the hay-harvest—the most fragrant labour of the farmer's year. The air was scented with it—the ground was sweet with it: health and gratification seemed to breathe in every wafture of the new-mown fragrance and every movement of the gently-agitated air. The wind seemed loth to carry its fragrant load away, and yet it would—for there is not a part of this great metropolis which is not conscious that the hay-harvest in its neighbourhood is going on: the scent of it—the wind being favourable—visits it in the coolness of the evenings of June, and sets the thoughts of its town-prisoned people fieldwards.

On we went, listening to the cuckoo—where?—and the blackbird—and the thrush—and the little linnet—and some other small contributors to Nature's "*Little Warbler*"—a pleasing miscellany of songs, "to be had gratis" in "the Row:"—be particular, however, in inquiring for the right Row—the hedge-row. Just as we had made up our mind who was the possessor of "the desirable copyright" of the words and music of this most interesting collection of old *Natural Melodies*, and having critically investigated the style of both, liking the unaffected simplicity of the one and the unlearned learning of the counterpoint of the other, we tumbled over a stile of another sort, and upon picking up ourselves, and looking where we were, guessed where we were, and there we were upon the *fifth* common of our uncommonly common pilgrimage—Wandsworth Common.

On we went, enjoying the fresh, cool, open scene, and the silence, only broken by birds—and the gloriously bright and warm sunset—and the loneliness: for the only living thing we saw—the birds keeping themselves out of sight—was a brown spaniel dog—a rambling, meditative, humorous dog, like myself. We looked all round, a circle of some miles, to see if he had a master anywhere thereabouts: no—he was alone: a "melancholy Jaques," in a shaggy coat, going about upon all-fours! We did not interrupt the current of his cogitations, and let him pass. The Common was now all ours, and we enjoyed it: we were "monarchs of all we surveyed," and well to do, and well content. Getting off the Common at last, we found we were in the right road—one lined, on both sides, for a quarter of a mile, with beautiful dwarf-oaks, here and there interspersed with two or three poplars and some stately elms; but the oak is, *par excellence*—at least, I think so—the pastoral painter's tree. Look at its innumerable arms, and their graceful attitudes, and the undulating lines they make, and the broad wideness and handsome wholeness of the whole, and you will say that it is the landscape-painter's tree. Look at it, and through it, especially at twilight, and you will see more of its beauty than you can behold in the common light of day. A little farther on, I was struck with the care which some one had taken of an old oak-tree "which grew aslant a" pond, and would

have tumbled into it, if its main limb had not been under-propped by a stedfast post, and its minor limbs bound up strongly, to support one another, with sheets of iron. Who had this reverence for the old tree, that they would not cut it down, but tended it like a deformed child or old man grown decrepit? You could not help thinking well of them: I could not.

On and on we went, and in no long time were again on Clapham Common, now grey with the gradually-deepening dusk of evening; but the birds were not yet a-bed—the cattle were still cropping—the sheep were still bleating—the crows, vagrants like myself, were returning home, and *cawed* and chattered in such inharmonious fashion as I should be loth to imitate when I wish to be listened to, as I do sometimes. The Common passed, that most enduring beast of burden, Adam's pad, trotted me safely, at a good pace, down the hill, past Stockwell, through Kennington, and I stepped down from my stirrups at my own humble door in ancient, archiepiscopal Lambeth, untired in mind, untired in limb, and not a whit the worse for all my travails. I used to think that the North side of London was "the ruralest"—to use a town-made idiom: after this day, and the scenery I have seen, I give up that old opinion as heretical, and shall, with Richard,

"Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

Now, gentle Reader, as you have listened to me so far, listen to me a minute longer, and answer me—Which is more pleasurable—more healthy, hearty, and even entertaining, a walk or a lazy, idling lounge up and down Regent-street, or such a walk and lounge as I have only half described up and down hill and dale, and over common, and "thorough *weed*"—I won't say wood—"and thorough brier?"—If you will not candidly speak out for the latter, I will: it shall have my voice—a weak one—and my vote and interest. "Think of that, Master Brooke!"

C. W.

AN ORIGINAL ESSAY ON SHOOTING.

"Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head."—SHAKESPEARE.

"You've hit it. So did he not the sparrow."—*Idem*.

"Teach the young idea how to shoot."—*Dictionary of New Quotations*.

At this season of the year, when Nature, no longer clothed in her mantle of green, has already assumed her many-coloured suit, when the dew lies heavy on the morning grass, and the fields, stripped of their bounteous gifts to man, are opened to his amplest range, a word or two upon shooting will not be deemed *mal-à-propos*, either by such of our readers as pursue the sport, or by such as do not; for it is the especial privilege of the didactic to find favour alike with those who understand a subject, and those who are desirous only of understanding it. To the discussion of this theme we, or (to be more honest and natural) I may boast of bringing especial qualification; seeing that I know nothing whatever of the matter, and have not many times in the course of my life discharged my missile weapon, nor ever, to the best of my belief,

been guilty of disturbing hair, feather, or naked skin from the surface of man or beast. The consequence is, that I must come to the subject a mere *tabula rasa*, exempt from all prejudices, all false doctrines, heresies, and schisms; and further, it is likely that I must take some pains with my essay—a necessity by no means imposed upon those who consider themselves quite at home with the subject matter of their discourse. The best way of studying any branch of science, it has often been said, is to write a book on it; since, in that case, a man must more thoroughly satisfy himself that he understands as he goes: for if, in his presumption, he makes more haste than good speed, he will be soon brought “to book,” and compelled to try back, till he gets on the right scent again. This method, too, is especially available to those who, from some unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune, find themselves called upon (on pain of not eating) to teach something,—anything, no matter what,—to those who know no more than themselves. The tutor, so circumstanced, has little more to do than to keep one lesson in advance of his pupil, and all will go on well; so that, at the end of the course, if the lad be not much the wiser, he himself is; and that, at least, is so much clear gain. Instances may be cited in which the tutor, going a step further, (or stopping short a step, shall we say?) has contrived to learn from his pupil, and instead of leading him forward, absolutely pushes him along the road, to pioneer for their common information. But to act thus requires the assurance of an Irishman joined to the caution of the Scot, a combination too rare to be counted upon *en these générale*.

Being, then, in this happy state of ignorance concerning shooting in all its departments, I certainly would set to work and compose a volume on it as large as Beckford’s if I only had the time; but, alas! few men’s ignorances are confined to one branch, and I do not write at a rail-road pace. I should never, therefore, overtake my desire for instruction, if I proceeded on so elaborate a scale. Instead of a book, I must content myself with an article for the magazine: and here let me observe, *en passant*, on the happy universality of magazines, and the opening they afford to encyclopædic attainment. Our readers will perhaps recollect that our worthy *collaborateur*, “the Captain,” has laid it down in the last number of the “New Monthly,” that magazine writing is, of all modes of composition, the most difficult; owing to the necessity of writing “up to the mark,” (a necessity, by-the-by, which presses particularly in the present article on shooting.) Every paper, as he justly insinuates, is part of an infinite series; and is not to be judged merely by its own merits, but by those, also, of its relations and dependencies. While all other mortals have only to dread their failings and deficiencies, the magazine writer is the victim of his own successes. As Ovid says of the contrivers of instruments of murder, it is justice that he should *arte perire sua*, that he should be laid aside prematurely, as soon as he arrives at the length of his tether, and can no longer “outdo his former outdoings.” Lucky, then, is it for this class of writers, that they have so wide a range of materials for their labours, that “the world is all before them where to choose,” or, to use a more homely expression, that “all is fish which comes to their net!” With a scope less wide, the *genre* would soon be brought to a standstill; even as it is, with the license to treat *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* in full possession, it is sometimes difficult enough to

hit upon an unworn subject. What between the number of periodicals and the rapidity of their succession, the utmost ingenuity must sometimes fail; and it is an act of mercy to the reader, if a contributor thus pushed, will take some little pains adroitly to conceal the dishing up of his *crambe repetitum*, by a taking title.

But whither am I wandering? Am I not proving a little too plainly what a bad shot I am, and how wide I can swerve from my mark? "*re-renons à nos—perdrix.*"

Shooting is an art whose origin loses itself in the night of time. Not to mention the Hittites of holy writ, who must have been so named for the justice of their aim, we hear of no nation so savage as not to have discovered some instrument for carrying destruction beyond the reach of the arm. Shooting, therefore, we should think, must be an innate propensity of the species; and man be aptly defined a shooting animal. Such being the observed matter of fact, we need not travel far for the metaphysics of the case: they lie on the surface. The invention of shooting depends upon two very primitive impulses,—the general desire to obtain our ends, and the tender regard we feel for the integrity of our own proper persons; which either of them may very naturally originate the thought and desire of bringing down an opponent or a prey, as Bob Acres has it, "at a long shot." In the development of this notion, civilization has made but small advances on savage art. The feathered weapon of the wild man contains implicitly all the intention of the best detonating hair trigger; while the tipping the arrow with a mortal drug transcends our happiest notions of slugs and langridge. Not, however, that I am disposed to undervalue the destructive efficacy of gunpowder, or to overlook the sublimer energies of twenty-four pounders and thirteen-inch mortars. But as far as a musket or a rifle go, it must be admitted that they want some advantages possessed by the arrow; on which point the reader is referred (in order to save time) to Colonel Roach Fermoy on the defence of Ireland.

Here, however, a great question presents itself for solution; namely, whether the employment of missiles was first suggested in the practice of war, or of the chase. On this point, as usual, much may be said on both sides. On the one hand, it may be stated that fear enters for so much into the naked idea of the practice, that war must have been necessary to inspire the thought. In the order of nature, too, springs and traps for animals should have preceded the invention of arrows, and by this anticipation have kept the notion out of men's minds. But, on the other hand, the habit of eating is confessedly of the remotest antiquity; and if the indulgence of that habit is so difficultly accomplished in civilized society, there can be little hesitation in admitting that savages must often have been put to their trumps for its gratification. As Petronius says, "*Magister artis ingenique largitor, venter;*" which, being interpreted, signifies that nothing sharpens man's invention like a smart access of hunger. Here, then, is a desperate dilemma; and I pray the reader to regard the ingenuity with which I shall lead him out of the labyrinth. To tell the plain truth, the proposition for a long time puzzled even myself; and after revolving all the arguments, feasible or fallacious, on either side the question, I was about, as Billy Black says, to "give it up," when, "like the sun new lighted out of chaos," the truth flashed upon me. Abstractedly speaking, either pro-

position is within the bounds of possibility ; but that possibility amounts to a probability, and the probability grows to a certainty, when we combine both motives, when we call to mind that cannibalism is an attribute of savage life, and that the desire to get rid of a foe must be vehemently enhanced, when to the satisfaction of killing the gentleman, is added that of roasting him for supper. War and the chase being thus incorporated, and, so to speak, identified, the combined necessity, without all doubt, must have been sufficient to energize the bumps of some savage cranium up to the invention. Such is my solution of this intricate question. If the reader knows a better, well and good ; if not, let him *hac utere mecum*, for he is heartily welcome. All I ask in return is, that he will not imagine that, like many other authors, I invented the difficulty for the purpose of showing with what dexterity I could remove it, and that, like Tom Thumb, "I made the giants first, and then I killed them." There is a paltriness in such clap-trap contrivances which I utterly despise : and this I would have the Zoili of the press, and the scandal-hunters for blue-stocking coterie tea-tables to know beforehand ; in order to save them the trouble of making the accusation, and the disgrace of its confutation : but to return.

Next to the antiquity of a thing, the great consideration for an essayist is its nobility, a notion, by-the-by, tolerably vague. For whereas in the discussion of persons, nobility has generally been assigned in consideration of superior capabilities for destruction, or, in more civilized times, for superior do-nothing-ness—(if you read Greek, you will remember Aristophanes' definition of a gentleman)—in the estimate of things the attribute is, on the contrary, conferred on an apprehension of some utility, physical or moral, inherent in the subject. Thus we have the noble science of blazoury, the noble art of falconry, and the noble game of goose. In either of these senses, however, shooting may be termed noble ; for whether we shoot partridges or scoundrels, the resulting advantage is self-evident, while no one will dispute the destructiveness either of a general engagement or a *battu*. Accordingly, among the most ancient zodiacal tablets we find Sagittarius figuring with the best ; who was, in all likelihood, translated to the skies upon an opinion or conceit of the nobility of his nature. Whether that notion was founded on his physical archery, or, as is more probable, metaphorically, in his quality of horse-marine, for his shooting with a long bow, this deponent sayeth not. It is also recorded, in honour of the art, that Apollo and Diana were dead shots ; and the fact is the more worthy of note, inasmuch as the former being a graduated physician might have dispatched the Master and Miss Niobes quietly and with infinitely less danger of disturbance from the police, if he had not considered the bow the more high-minded and gentlemanly mode of proceeding. Another test of the nobility of shooting lies in the popularity of the martyrdom of the inevitable St. Sebastian, whose picture, to be found in every collection, stuck all over with arrows, may have inspired the first crude conception of a plum-pudding.

On this consideration, however, I shall dwell no longer. The number of shooting galleries established in all places of fashionable resort, which have even threatened to supersede the billiard-table, sufficiently indicates the high estimate which the world has formed of the handi-

ness of pistols in preference to snuffers, and of the vast utility of splitting bullets against the edges of knives. We must not, however, pass over unnoticed the case of William Tell, if it be only on account of Rossini's music or Macready's acting; and at the same time to express our own wonder that this accomplished toxophilite should have reserved his *second* arrow for the heart of the tyrant. He must have been devilishly vain of his talent for hitting a mark!

But now it is that we come to the very pith and marrow of the subject, and arrive at the morality of shooting; a consideration which naturally divides itself (as the sermon writers are wont to say) under three heads, war—duelling—and the destruction of game;—“and first of the first”—

The morality of war rests on this most plain and demonstrative fact (if upon no other), that whenever a great battle has been lost or won, and some hundred thousands of human beings have been tortured and slain,—or whenever a town has been taken by storm, and murder, lust, and rapine, have done their worst by the unoffending inhabitants, the most christian of kings have not failed to sing *Te Deums* on the occasion; and the people also have poured forth their thanksgivings to “the God of battles,” whose sanction and approval of such doings are implicitly contained in his precept “to love one another,” and his divine mission of “peace on earth, and goodwill towards man.” There are, I own, casuists who, in their fanatical love of peace, maintain that shooting soldiers and sailors is bad for trade, and, *therefore*, exquisitely immoral; but to these I reply triumphantly, by pointing to the revolutionary war, in which we had a monopoly of the world's commerce, and raised the manufacture of cotton nightcaps from hundreds to millions.

With respect to the morality of duelling, I am almost ashamed to trespass on the reader's patience. Every child knows that if there were no duelling, there would be no walking the streets in safety, that everybody would insist on taking the wall, that every man would be called a liar, and every woman insulted in a much more serious and unbearable manner. The fact is notorious, that so quarrelsome, ill-mannered, and brutal is the constitution of man, and more especially of the gentry of Europe, so savage their temperament, and irreligious their disposition, that if it were not for Sir Lucius O'Trigger as a dancing-master, the bonds of society would be broken up, our dinner-tables and drawing-rooms would become one continued scene of violence and rage, and “darkness be the burier of the dead.”

Lastly, touching the morality of shooting for sport, I am not one of those straw-splitting philosophers who see much difference between killing sheep or partridges, oxen or pheasants for the table; nor can I believe it makes “much odds” whether we do the office for ourselves, or sanction its being performed by others. If the use of animal food be permitted us (and that it is so, is revealed in the structure of our stomachs and teeth), it seems absurd to tax the practice of sporting as cruel or criminal, because animal life is taken in its enjoyment; nor does it appear in practice that the Daddy Hawthorns are generally less kind-hearted or moral, than others who do not find delight in the amusement of shooting. On the contrary, the healthfulness of the sport, the bracing effects of good air and exercise, are in themselves causes

for a more cheerful and therefore for a more moral constitution of the mind; not to say anything of the sportsman's removal from the busy cares, the avarice, the ambition, and the jealous rivalry of a city life.

Admitting these premises, however, it must still be confessed that the practice of shooting does imply some slight degree of insensibility to the sufferings of sentient beings. Sportsmen in general "cast from them with indignation" (as the political spouters express themselves after dinner) the imputation of pandering for their own stomachs, and, "yield to no man" in their contempt for the gratifications of masticating and imbibing the flesh of game. It is not the end, then, but the means, that prove attractive; but the pleasure of destruction, I admit, is not very sentimental; and the love of shooting must be set down as an animal appetite. But what then? are not our animal appetites an essential part of our physiological complex? are they not a part of the great scheme of Providence? and if they be not quite as elevated, as ennobling, as heaven-seeking propensities, as pride, ambition, and the love of reading one's own name in the newspaper, they are not to be cried down and trampled under foot, as if they were the creation of Satan. "Of all the cants, &c. &c." I abominate this cant of running down our animal indulgencies. Show me the highest flier among the sentimentalists whose temper would withstand the loss of his dinner, nay, its simple procrastination;—(by which I do not mean etymologically the putting it off till *to-morrow*, but a trifling adjournment for some half an hour or so)—show me the idealist who would not resent a *tropo meno* or *tropo piu* in the boiling of his turbot; nay, of so small a matter as his potato. Why the very hermit who lives upon roots and water, does so by way of penance; and his belief that such mortification is acceptable, includes no trifling estimate of the pleasures he abandons. No, no, my dear Sirs, these same animal pleasures answer a very necessary purpose in the economy, and were made to possess a high relish, in order to insure its accomplishment. As much poetry, then, and music as you please, as much sublime and beautiful, as much ideality and Werterism; but no disparagement to cakes and ale, in Heaven's name; and "Oh! don't forget the toasted cheese."

Moralists of a somewhat sickly complexion are apt to insist upon the gratuitous pain inflicted by sportsmen in shooting at animals whose dead carcasses are not of any use to the party when he has hit them. By a strange perversion of logic, too, converting the sportsman's misfortune into a fault, they will also upbraid him with the sufferings of the animals which he may have only wounded, and left to perish in the woods. But exclusively of such things being an inevitable contingency, and not a designed ill, let me ask if the winging a bird be worse than hurrying a mantuamaker's 'prentice into a consumption, in order to have a new gown in time for an impromptu ball, or for an unexpected court drawing-room? Is the laming a hare worse than the ulcerating a needlepointer's lungs with the sharp fragments of steel abraded by the wheel? What are the few partridge that annually thus suffer, to the painters paralyzed with white lead, or the asthmatic millers poisoned by their own dust? to say nothing of the factory children murdered by overwork, the young women who perish the victims of man's gentler pleasures, the people blown up, or the people cast down, in making fireworks, or ballooning,

for the gratification of the London *gobemouches*. The fact is, that there are few, if any, of our amusements which are not attended by the suffering and premature decay of those who administer to them; and scarcely a comfort or a luxury which is wholly unstained with human blood. But we tell our friends the Tartuffes of morality that these things must not be looked at thus, for there would be no enduring it.

To place the morality of shooting in a still clearer evidence, and to put the seal to our argument, I shall just recal to the reader's recollection, that aphorism of constitutional wisdom which defends the game-laws upon the specific ground of upholding the race of country gentlemen. If, say these reasoners, if the landed aristocracy were not permitted to shoot, they would never stay in the country to dun their tenants, give the curates their Sunday dinners, and set refractory bumpkins in the stocks. What a furious libel would this be upon the parties in question, if shooting were, I will not say merely an harmless amusement, but, much more, a virtue of no ordinary brilliancy and utility. On this point the conclusion is stringent. English country gentlemen are the perfection of wisdom and of virtue: but all country gentlemen shoot; shooting therefore is not incompatible with the perfection of wisdom and virtue.

There is, however, one other department of shooting which must not be passed over;—I mean the case in which a desperate spendthrift or gambler, after having wasted his substance, broken the hearts of a wife and children, and consigned his too confiding creditors to a prison, administers a spontaneous and summary justice, by shooting—himself. The morality of this practice is the more remarkable, for that it is generally speaking the one solitary good deed that the party has ever perpetrated. The pity of it is that so unexceptionable an act was not the first, instead of the last, in the series of his mischievous existence.

As far as concerns the æsthetics of shooting, I may not possibly be the very best of judges, inasmuch as I have never tried them, in my own proper person. I am thus liable, it is certain, to estimate the gratifications which shooting affords at a higher or lower rate than they deserve; but still if those who look on, see the most of a game, and if moralists in general make much better estimates in their neighbours' affairs than in their own, I shall not despair of approaching the truth; at all events, I will candidly set down my *guesses* on the subject, leaving it to the initiated to preserve their own opinions, should they unaccountably differ from mine.

In the first place, then, as I have already hinted, it seems to me that in all sorts of shooting, the main pleasure is the killing. How else is it that sportsmen ever count their victims, and estimate the day's sport by the numbers they have bagged? If this were not so, why would a *battu* through preserves, where the game stay to be shot at, as tame as barn-door fowls, be preferred to common shooting, in which the excitement of some slight uncertainty adds its zest to the amusement? In this view of the subject I am much strengthened by a practice I have observed to prevail among bad shots, who, not being able to answer the cravings of their appetite for destruction, by bringing down a *quantum sufficit* of birds, instead of scratching behind their ears, (where lies the organ of destructiveness,) to allay the irritation, very quietly let fly, bang, at the nearest brother sportsman.

Now do not be shocked, my young friends, at this somewhat cynical revelation of a great truth. Remember that, if we cannot, by taking thought, add a cubit to our physical stature, neither can we, by giving ourselves unfounded airs, and setting philosophy on stilts, eke out our imperfect and grovelling moral nature: we are but what we are, take the matter as we may. The phrenologists, who could not have philosophised so foolishly as to argue from the bump to its faculty, declare that we have a pleasure in destruction, whether it be the bayonetting of a flying enemy, the breaking of moveables, the simple tearing of paper, or even the ideal destruction doled out in a round of good hearty cursing and swearing. As far as the two last go, I must own, *col mio rossore*, that I have tried both; and I cannot conceal how great was the gratification experienced in reducing to minute fragments a tailor's dunning epistle, and, with clenched teeth and stamping feet, consigning his members and appurtenances to —; but that was in early days, when the blood was hot, and the discretion uncultivated.

A strong analogy presents itself in the case of duellists, with whom the word "satisfaction" has become technical. Whatever may be said to the contrary, no one really believes that, in seeking *satisfaction*, a man contemplates the pleasure of receiving a thrust through the lungs with a small sword, or a bullet in his pericranium. No man looks forward to the *satisfaction* of being carried home on a shutter, or having a surgeon dabble for half an hour in his interior, in search of some drachms of lead, and a couple of inches of stray broad-cloth. The satisfaction, therefore, must lie in the active and not the passive portion of this transaction. If it be objected that when the job is done, the shooter very commonly expresses much regret to the shootee, wishes to exchange situations with him, and prays heartily for his speedy recovery, I answer, first, that such is the established rule of procedure in the like cases, and that a man of honour cannot do less than say as much; and, secondly, that there may at the moment come over the shooter some rather positive notions of an arrest, an imprisonment, and the lottery of twelve men's opinions on the entire business.

That man has a positive pleasure in the destruction of war, is an admitted fact. In war, if under any circumstances, you catch human nature in the fact, stripped of all the disguises which civilization with its thousand affectations throws round it—in war, there is no fear of the gallows, no dread even of the *qu'en dira-t-on* of the bystander: but what exultation follows the bomb that blows up a magazine, or the springing of a mine that launches whole battalions into eternity! Not only is the opposing enemy killed without mercy, but the unlucky native, who has nothing to do with the combatants; and so rife is the impulse to destroy, that, in the plunder of a town, what cannot be carried away is broken to pieces, for the mere pleasure of doing gratuitous mischief.

On all these grounds, then, we may safely infer that the sportsman has no objection to a little blood; and as some one used to take off his hat to coach-horses, for doing that which the great (without their intervention) would impose on the little, so I am half inclined to do the like by the hares and partridges, for the *diversion* they afford to an organ, which might otherwise seek its indulgences at my own cost. The de-

structive tendency is indeed rather openly manifested in the determined opposition which the entire sporting world has afforded against all alleviations of the severity of the game laws. To little purpose have the pseudo-philanthropists pointed out the demoralising influence of that code, the lives it has cost, the insecurity it has inflicted on property, and the employment it has given to the gallows. To all these considerations there was but one answer—the game must be preserved: and the man-trap and spring-gun that guard the preserves are scarcely less inaccessible to pity than the legislators who allow them.

Another pleasure derivable from shooting lies in gratified vanity. To this pleasure we may attribute the invention of pigeon matches, in which there is neither the cheerful exercise, the enjoyments of nature, nor the excitement of the chase. The sole object which is sought, is the ascertainment that one man is a better shot than another; for, as to the gambling part of the transaction, that is extrinsic—an abuse that has grown out of the practice, and which has been quartered on a vast many other amusements, in themselves perfectly innocent. But the shooter of whom vanity is most justly predicable, is the gentle Toxophile, who is called into the field by the charms of a picturesque dress, the display of a good figure, and the hopes of the silver arrow which is to signalise superiority. These gratifications are much enhanced by the intermixture of the sexes; and though I by no means would be understood as denying the attraction of the luncheon, which accompanies the target to the field, yet I must not pass over the amatory speculations which may be engrafted on the sport, nor deny my belief that the *beaux* go for as much as the *hows*, that the arrows shotten are not all aimed at the target, nor all the triumphs rigorously circumscribed within the bull's eye.

Let me not be reviled as striving to lower the character of the sportsman, if I state my belief that some portion of his pleasures are derived from the noise. This is a rooted conviction of mine, and on that account I have ever esteemed cocking the most exciting department of the sport. The animal pleasures of noise are declared in the unsophisticated habits of children, savages, and the frequenters of public dinners. All public rejoicings, too, are accompanied by noises; and the chiming of the parish bells and the booming of the great guns bear obtrusive evidence of the universality of the maxim. The only exception that occurs to me at this moment, is in the case of smokers, who generally have more of the Pythagorean about them than others. But concerning smokers, as the Jesuits say, *distingo*. It is not the abstract love of silence that disposes them to "abstain, yea, even from good words;" but the physical impossibility of using the mouth for both purposes at once: and this, too, may be the reason why the ladies so rarely indulge in tobacco, as imposing an undesirable restraint on their undoubted privilege of declaring their sentiments at all times, upon all things, and 'all persons. The sportsman, therefore, need not be ashamed of deriving a pleasure from the explosion of his piece. Even the Lords and Commons of Great Britain—the two most dignified assemblies in the world—delight in the echoes of their own voices; and, upon occasion, can be as boisterous and as noisy as any other congregation of less exclusive pretensions. On this account I cannot enter into the feelings of those musical critics, who

exclaim against the modern composers for their preference of noise to melody. For one person that can relish a good melody, fifty derive enjoyment from a good bang at the "long drum;" and there are hundreds who are kept awake by the clangor and crash of a brass orchestra, who would sleep over the sweetest strains of Paesello, the most cheerful airs of Rossini, or the tenderest and most impassioned notes of the unfortunate Bellini. Why then should not the composer suit his goods to his market, like any other manufacturer? or why should he not work up the materials that cost the least, if they are more in request than those of more difficult acquirement?

But of all the pleasures incidental to shooting the most undeniable are the appetite it gives for a good dinner, and the sweet, sound sleep that succeeds repletion; to say nothing of that feast for the gods, the bread and cheese and stout ale which the village pot-house offers for the refreshment of the sportsman, what time the sun is mounted in the zenith, and the first half of his day's sport is over and complete. I am a devoted admirer of Ude, and Carême was my idol; but neither they, nor the whole tribe of *bonnets blancs* put together, ever produced a dish whose flavour was so highly relished as is that of these simple cates. These are pleasures which all may understand, and in which all may participate; and with them, therefore, I may as well end my illustration.

With respect to the relative pleasures of shooting and of other modes of killing time, I would willingly grant the utmost tolerance to all. "To each his taste allow" is as good philosophy, as it is morals. Shooting, fishing, hunting, fiddling, and *omne quod exit* in ing, stand exactly on the same ground of preference—the matter-of-fact that they please. To interfere with a neighbour's pleasures is not less illiberal, than to prescribe his religion. It is not enough that I may not perceive the attractions of shooting or field preaching, of hunting, or transubstantiation;—that is no reason why I should stigmatise all persons as rogues or fools whose perceptions on these points are more acute than my own. Nay, so constitutionally tolerant am I, that I would not willingly look down on a Frenchman playing dominos, nor on a tailor devouring cabbage. I can, therefore, readily believe that a man may be intellectual, and follow a pointer; I do not hold that every rod which has a worm at one end, has a fool at the other. It is possible that there may be a sufficing reason even for breaking one's horse's neck, or one's own, in a fox-hunt, or, more inexplicable still, in a steeple-chase—though, on a coroner's inquest, conscience might decide against the perfect sanity of the parties. But the first of October is come, the birds are plenty, the dogs fresh, and the scent high. Up, then, ye sons of the trigger—"up and be at them," and good luck attend ye. Only this: when you return with a loaded bag, and you have duly supplied friends, patrons, mistresses, money-lenders, and returning-officers, pray, in the further distribution, don't forget your obedient servant,

THE PHANTOM SHIP.*

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C.B.

CHAP. XV.

It was about three months after this conversation that Amine and Philip were again seated upon the mossy bank, which we have mentioned, and which had become their favourite resort. Father Mathias had contracted a great intimacy with Father Seysen, and the two priests were almost as inseparable as were Philip and Amine. Having determined to wait a summons previous to Philip's again entering upon his strange and fearful task; and, happy in the possession of each other, the subject was seldom revived. Philip, who had, on his return, expressed his wish to the Directors of the Company for immediate employment, and, if possible, to have the command of a vessel, had since that period, taken no further steps, or had had any communication with Amsterdam.

"I am fond of this bank, Philip," said Amine; "I appear to have formed an intimacy with it. It was here, if you recollect, that we debated the subject of the lawfulness of obtaining dreams; and it was here, dear Philip, that you told me your dream, and that I expounded it."

"You did so, Amine; but, if you ask the opinion of Father Seysen, you will find that he would give rather a strong decision against you—he would call it heretical and damnable."

"Let him, if he pleases. I have no objection to tell him."

"I pray not, Amine; let the secret be intrusted to ourselves only."

"Think you Father Mathias would blame me?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, I do not; there is a kindness and liberality about the old man that I admire. I should like to argue the question with him."

As Amine spoke, Philip felt something touch his shoulder, and a sudden chill ran through his frame. In a moment his ideas reverted to the probable cause: he turned round his head, and, to his amazement, beheld the (supposed to be drowned) mate of the *Ter Schilling*, the one-eyed *Schriften*, who stood behind him with a letter in his hand. The sudden apparition of this malignant wretch induced Philip to exclaim,

"Merciful Heaven! is it possible?"

Amine, who had turned her head round at the exclamation of Philip, covered up her face, and burst into tears. It was not fear that caused this unusual emotion on her part, but the conviction that her husband was never to be at rest but in the grave.

"Philip Vanderdecken," said *Schriften*, "he! he! I've a letter for you—it is from the Company."

Philip took the letter, but, previous to opening it, he fixed his eyes upon *Schriften*. "I thought," said he, "that you were drowned when the ship was wrecked in False Bay. How did you escape?"

"How did I escape?" replied *Schriften*. "Allow me to ask how did you escape?"

"I was thrown up by the waves," replied Philip; "but——"

"But," interrupted Schriften, "he! he! the waves ought not to have thrown me up."

"And why not, pray? I did not say that."

"No! but I presume you wish that it had been so; but, on the contrary, I escaped in the same way as you did—I was thrown up by the waves—he! he! but I can't wait here. I have done my bidding."

"Stop!" replied Philip; "answer me one question. Do you sail in the same vessel with me this time?"

"I'd rather be excused," replied Schriften; "I am not looking for the Phantom Ship, Mynheer Vanderdecken;" and, with this reply, the little man turned round and went away at a rapid pace.

"Is not this a summons, Amine?" said Philip, after a pause, still holding the letter in his hand, with the seal unbroken.

"I will not deny it, dearest Philip. It is, most surely so; the hateful messenger appears to have risen from the grave that he might deliver it. Forgive me, Philip; but I was taken by surprise. I will not again annoy you with a woman's weakness."

"My poor Amine," replied Philip, mournfully. "Alas! why did I not perform my pilgrimage alone? It was selfish of me to link you with so much wretchedness, and join you with me in bearing a fardel of never-ending anxiety and suspense."

"And who should bear it with you, my dearest Philip, if it is not the wife of your bosom? You little know my heart if you think I shrink from the duty. No, Philip, it is a pleasure, even in its most acute pangs, for I consider that I am, by partaking with, relieving you of a portion of your sorrow, and I feel proud that I am the wife of one who has been selected to be so peculiarly tried. But, dearest, no more of this. You must read the letter."

Philip did not answer. He broke the seal, and found that the letter intimated to him that he was appointed as first mate to the *Vrouw Katrina*, a vessel which sailed with the next fleet, and requesting he would join so soon as possible, as she would soon be ready to receive her cargo. The letter, which was from the secretary, further informed him that, after this voyage, he might be certain of having the command of a vessel as captain, upon conditions which would be explained when he called upon the Board.

"I thought, Philip, that you had requested the command of a vessel for this voyage," observed Amine, mournfully.

"I did," replied Philip; "but not having followed up my application, it appears not to have been attended to. It has been my own fault."

"And now it is too late?"

"Yes, dearest, most assuredly so; but it matters not, I would as soon, perhaps, sail this voyage as first mate."

"Philip, I may as well speak now. That I am disappointed, I must confess: I fully expected that you would have had the command of a vessel, and you may remember that I exacted a promise from you, on this very bank upon which we now sit, at the time that you told me your dream. That promise I shall still exact, and I now tell you what I had intended to ask. It was, my dear Philip, to sail with you. With you, I care for nothing. I can be happy under every privation or danger;

but to be left alone for so long, brooding over my painful thoughts, devoured by suspense, impatient, restless, and incapable of applying to any one thing—that, dear Philip, is the height of misery, and that is what I feel when you are absent. Recollect, I have your promise, Philip. As captain, you have the means of receiving your wife on board. I am bitterly disappointed in being left this time; do, therefore, to a certain degree, console me by promising that I shall sail with you next voyage, if Heaven permit your return.”

“I promise it, Amine, since you are so earnest. I can refuse you nothing; but I have a foreboding that your and my happiness will be wrecked for ever. I am not a visionary, but it does appear to me that, strangely mixed up at once with this world and the next as I am, some little portion of futurity is opened to me. I have given my promise, Amine, but from it I would fain be released.”

“And if ill *do* come, Philip, it is our destiny. Who can avert fate?”

“Amine, we are free agents, and to a certain extent are permitted to direct our own destinies.”

“Ay, so would Father Seysen fain have made me believe; but what he said in support of his assertion was to me incomprehensible. And yet he said that it was a part of the Catholic faith. It may be so—I am unable to understand many other points. I wish your faith were made more simple. As yet the good man—for good he really is—has only led me into doubt.”

“Passing through doubt, you will arrive at conviction, Amine.”

“Perhaps so,” replied Amine; “but it appears to me that I am as yet but on the outset of my journey. But come, Philip, let us return. You must to Amsterdam, and I will go with you. After your labours of the day, at least until you sail, your Amine’s smiles must still enliven you. Is it not so?”

“Yes, dearest, I would have proposed it. I wonder much how Schriften could come here. I did not see his body it is certain, but his escape is to me miraculous. Why did he not appear when saved? where could he have been? What think you, Amine?”

“What I have long thought, Philip. He is a Ghoul with an evil eye, permitted for some cause to walk the earth in human form; and, certainly, in some way connected with your strange destiny. If there requires anything to convince me of the truth of all that has passed it is his appearance—the wretched Afrit! Oh, that I had my mother’s powers!—but I forget, it displeases you, Philip, that I ever talk of such things, and I am silent.”

Philip replied not, and both absorbed in their own meditations walked back in silence to the cottage. Although Philip had made up his own mind he immediately sent the Portuguese priest to summon Father Seysen, that he might communicate to them and take their opinion as to the summons he had received. Having entered into a fresh detail of the supposed death of Schriften, and his reappearance as a messenger, he then left the two priests to consult together, and went up stairs to Amine. It was more than two hours before Philip was called down, and Father Seysen appeared to be in a state of much perplexity.

“My son,” said he, “we are much puzzled. We had hoped that our ideas upon this strange communication were correct, and that, allowing all that you have obtained from your mother, and have seen yourself, to

have been no deception, still that it was the work of the evil one; and, if so, our prayers and masses would have destroyed this power. We advised you to await another summons, and you have received it. The letter itself is of course nothing, but the reappearance of the bearer of the letter is the question to be considered. Tell me, Philip, what is your opinion on this point? It is possible he might have been saved—why not as well as yourself?"

"I acknowledge the probability, Father," replied Philip; "he may have been cast on shore and wandered in another direction. It is possible, although anything but probable; but since you ask me my opinion, I must say candidly that I consider he is no earthly messenger—nay, I am sure of it. That he is mysteriously connected with my destiny is certain. But who he is, and what he is, of course I cannot tell."

"Then, my son, we have come to the determination, in this instance, not to advise. You must act now upon your own responsibility and your own judgment. Whatever you may decide upon we shall not blame you. Our prayers shall be, that Heaven may still have you in its holy keeping."

"My decision, holy Father, is to obey the summons."

"Be it so, my son; something may occur which may assist to work out the mystery, which I acknowledge to be beyond my comprehension, and of too painful a nature for me to dwell upon."

Philip said no more, for he perceived that the priest was not at all inclined to answer. Father Mathias took this opportunity of thanking Philip for his hospitality and kindness, and stated his intention of returning to Lisbon by the first opportunity that might offer.

In a few days Amine and Philip took leave of the priests, and quitted for Amsterdam, Father Scysen taking charge of the cottage until Amine's return. On his arrival, Philip called upon the Directors of the Company, who promised him a ship upon his return from the voyage he was about to enter upon, making a condition that he should become part owner of the vessel. To this Philip consented, and then went down to visit the Vrow Katerina, the ship to which he had been appointed as first mate. She was still unrigged, and the fleet was not expected to sail for two months. Only part of the crew were on board, and the captain, who lived at Dort, had not yet arrived.

So far as Philip could judge, the Vrow Katerina was a very inferior vessel; she was larger than many of the others, but old, and badly constructed; nevertheless, as she had been several voyages to the Indies, and had returned in safety, it was to be presumed that she could not have been taken up by the Company if they had not been satisfied as to her sea-worthiness. Having given a few directions to the men who were on board, Philip returned to the hostelry, where he had secured apartments for himself and Amine.

The next day, as Philip was superintending the fitting of the rigging, the captain of the Vrow Katerina arrived on the quay, and, stepping on board of her by the plank which communicated with it, the first thing that he did was to run to the mainmast and embrace it with both arms, as much as he could, although there was no small portion of tallow to smear the cloth of his coat. "Oh, my dear Vrow, my Katerina!" cried he, as if he were speaking to a female, "How do you do? I'm glad to see you again; you have been quite well, I hope? You do not

like being laid up in this way. Never mind, my dear creature! you shall soon be handsome again."

The name of this personage, who thus made love to his vessel, was Wilhelm Barentz. He was a young man, apparently not thirty years of age, of diminutive stature, and delicate proportions. His face was handsome, but womanish. His movements were rapid and restless, and there was that appearance in his eye which would have warranted the supposition that he was a little flighty, even if his conduct had not fully proved the fact.

No sooner were the ecstasies of the Captain over, than Philip introduced himself to the Captain, naming his appointment. "Oh! you are the first mate of the Vrow Katerina. Sir, you are a very fortunate man. Next to being captain of her, first mate is the most enviable situation in the world."

"Certainly not on account of her beauty," observed Philip; "she may have many other good qualities."

"Not on account of her beauty! Why, Sir, I say (as my father has said before me, and it was his Vrow before it was mine) that she is the handsomest vessel in the world. At present, you cannot judge: and besides being the handsomest vessel, she has every good quality under the sun."

"I am glad to hear it, Sir," replied Philip; "it proves that one should never judge by appearances. But is she not very old?"

"Old! not more than twenty-eight years—just in her prime. Stop, my dear Sir, till you see her dancing on the waters, and then you will do nothing all day but discourse with me upon her excellence, and I have no doubt but we shall have a very happy time together."

"Provided the subject is not exhausted," replied Philip.

"That it never will be on my part: and, allow me to observe, Mr. Vanderdecken, that any officer who finds fault with the Vrow Katerina quarrels with me. I am her knight, and I have already fought three men in her defence,—I trust I shall not have to fight a fourth."

Philip smiled: he thought that she was not worth fighting for; but he acted by the suggestion, and, from that time forward, he never ventured to express an opinion against the beautiful Vrow Katerina.

The crew were soon complete, the vessel rigged, her sails bent, and she was anchored in the stream, surrounded by the other ships composing the fleet about to be despatched. The cargo was then received on board, and, so soon as her hold was full, to Philip's great vexation, there came an order to receive on board 150 soldiers and other passengers, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and families. Philip worked hard, for the Captain did nothing but praise the vessel, and, at last, they had embarked all, and the fleet was ready to sail.

It was now time to part with Amine, who had remained at the hotel, and to whom Philip had dedicated every spare moment that he could obtain. The fleet was expected to sail in two days, and it was decided that, on the following, they should part. Amine was cool and collected. She felt convinced that she should see her husband again, and with that feeling she embraced him when they separated on the beach, and he slipped into the boat in which he was pulled on board.

"Yes," thought Amine, as she watched the form of her husband, as the distance between them increased—"yes, I know that we shall

meet again. It is not this voyage which is to be fatal to you or to me; but I have a dark foreboding that the next, in which I shall join you, will separate us for ever—in which way, I know not—but it is destiny. The priests would talk of free-will. Is it free-will which takes him away from me? Would he not rather remain on shore with me? Yes. But he is not permitted, for he must fulfil his destiny. Free-will! Why, if it were not destiny, it were tyranny. I know not why, but I feel, and have long felt, as if these priests are my enemies; and why I know not: they are both good men, and the creed they teach is good. Good-will and charity, love to all, forgiveness of injuries, not judging others. All this is good; and yet my heart whispers to me that—but the boat is alongside, and Philip is climbing up the vessel. Farewell, farewell, my dearest husband. I would I were a man! No, no! 'tis better as it is."

Amine watched till she could no longer perceive Philip, and then walked slowly to the hostelry. The next day, when she rose, she found that the fleet had sailed at daylight, and the channel, which was so crowded with vessels, was now untenanted.

"He is gone," muttered Amine; "now for many months of patient, calm enduring,—I cannot say of living, for I exist but in his presence."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIR OF MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD, M.P.

(With a Portrait.)

RATHER more than twenty years ago, Thomas Noon Talfourd being then not quite twenty years of age, visions of poetical paradises floated before his eager eyes. The fictions of the future were invested by him with all the reality that could attach to the facts of the past. Far-off wastes and regions rude, "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," speaking by airy tongues that had the practical effect of publishers' advertisements, were "put into the witness-box" to give evidence of the progress of poetry; and with the ear of an enraptured and confident fancy he heard other Wordsworths holding mysterious converse with the oracles of Nature—other Miltons charming with their music realms less shadowy but not less magnificent than those of their own creation—and even other Shakespeares relating, in tones of mingled solemnity and laughter, the marvellous story of the human heart. He was young, and of a nature essentially youthful in itself. He was full of the true poetic faith. "True poets," protested he, "are *in* this world, but they are above it. They live and breathe beyond the influence of its strife, anticipating the enjoyments of a future paradise," such as that which he pictured to himself as the sure and splendid result of the advancement of knowledge, the progress of morals, and the refining influences of the imagination. "Surely," he exclaims, at the close of an eloquent sketch of the history of poetry, a masterly examination of the claims of the great poets of the time, and a brilliant exposition of the poetic faculty in a picture of the blessings and delights which the cultivation of it can alone confer upon social existence—"surely the very hope of such a

consummation, however dim and distant, is sufficient to forbid us to despair of the future triumphs of genius, and to arm us against the eloquence that would check all our noblest impulses, by making us believe that the world is too old to be any longer romantic." The boy, in Mr. Talfourd's case, is father to the man. The glory that was once so bright has not vanished from before his eyes, and the present time, no less than the season of early youth, is to him the hour

"Of glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower."

The hope of the consummation he then devoutly wished for has been his strengthener and companion through life, and has inspired him, amidst pursuits and duties calculated not to feed but to stifle the inclinations of a poetical temperament, to make a memorable addition to the triumphs of genius in our own time. Armed simply in this hope, we find him still protected from the evil influences of "the law," preserving his natural taste uncontaminated by the vicious lessons of professional study, and his natural sympathies unweakened by the splendid success with which that study has been rewarded; in short, cherishing more fondly his first faith through every temptation to abjure it, retaining his childish confidence in the truth of fiction while hunting, day by day, for such facts as are the necessary food of lawyers, and still refusing, in spite of the most disheartening realities, to believe that the world is "too old to be romantic."

His own example is an evidence of the truth of his theory. Even the world of Westminster Hall is not too old to be romantic. In the subject of this notice we have a living proof that a man who is true to himself may be true not only to his profession but to the still higher purposes which nature meant him to serve. Conscious that, though educated for the law, he was born for literature, he may be at once "in the world and above it." He may wear the coil and not forego his right to the bays. He may be a Queen's Serjeant and Apollo's servitor at the same time. The cause in which he is engaged need not deaden him to the cause of mankind. His larger apprehension and sympathy may take in Shakspeare as well as Blackstone; he may feel and comprehend not merely the laws themselves but the objects for which they were made, the interests which they embrace, and the humanities they vindicate and protect. He may read the poets for something better than to pervert a happy passage into a clap-trap, or drag forth a couplet as a crutch to a lame argument; and his opinion may be not less sound, or written with less clearness, because he cherishes in the most sacred corner of his heart an intense reverence for the great recognised masters of thought and composition. It is preposterous to suppose that he would more imperfectly understand the motives, actions, and position of an individual, because he perfectly understands all qualities of human dealing; that he should be less qualified to do justice to a client, because he can fathom the injustice that is done to humanity; that he cannot weigh facts because he can estimate fiction; or that he is disqualified from mastering the immediate by his sympathy with the remote. It is easier to count the stones in the street than the stars in heaven; and the eye of imagination that can achieve the more difficult triumph need not allow matter-of-fact to monopolise the glory of the easier task.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd was born at Reading, the town which he now

represents, on the 26th May, 1795. There also both his parents were born. His mother was the daughter of a Dissenting minister, Mr. Thomas Noon, who had officiated as minister of an Independent congregation in Reading for thirty-three years, and died three days previous to the birth of his grandson. His father, who was a brewer in the same town, where he brought up a family of eight children (all of whom, with their mother, still live), was also religious after the form of faith professed by Mr. Noon, and in that he educated his eldest son, Thomas Noon Talfourd. After a tour of the infant schools, finding in each some small stepping-stone to knowledge, the youthful Independent was sent to the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar-School at Mill-hill. Here he remained two years, and thence went to the public grammar-school at Reading under Dr. Valpy, where he learned to prefer the doctrines of the Church of England to the austerer faith of his fathers, and to cherish a love (not "heavy as frost," though "deep almost as life") for that glorious product of the intellect and imagination of man, the Drama, which was prohibited at home as sinful. It was perhaps not less early in life that he imbibed strong political feelings in favour of the cause of reform, and aspirations for freedom ordinarily characteristic of the enthusiasm and generosity of youth. His first venture in print was, we believe, a poem addressed to Sir Francis Burdett on his liberation from the Tower, which was published in an evening newspaper, the "*Statesman*," then edited by Mr. Fenwick, "*the Bigod of Elia*;" and to this paper he afterwards contributed various outpourings of juvenile Radicalism in prose and verse.

It was not long after this, and while yet at school at Reading, that he was encouraged by some friends, willing perhaps to inculcate in him a belief that the world was not "too old to be romantic," to publish a little volume, which he entitled "*Poems on various Subjects*," including a poem on the Education of the Poor; an Indian tale; and the Offering of Isaac, a sacred drama—which Mr. John Valpy printed, and Longman published—the author then being in his sixteenth year. The first of these poems was written at Mill-hill, on the occasion of a visit to that establishment by the once well-known Joseph Lancaster. The young poet is not sparing of his incense; he has no misgiving about the grandeur of his idol; he offers his homage to the schoolmaster of that day with all the freedom and fervour of a grateful worshipper, and, let us add, in lines as melodious as the feeling that inspired them was ardent and unquestioning. Howard, Newton, Chatham, Milton, are rapturously apostrophized in turn—Shakspeare is of course religiously passed over—impassioned tributes are offered to the hero, Nelson for example,

"Who by his own prevents a nation's grave;"

and much musical commiseration, many kindly and gentle sympathies, are expressed for the lot of the millions who pine in ignorance,

"Think but to err, and only live to die."

In the same spirit as this composition, and containing also many passages of youthful eloquence and melodious expression, are specimens of a didactic poem on the "*Union and Brotherhood of Mankind*," with other pieces that awaken in the reader's mind the idea of a religious Rogers, and show that, young as he was, and inauspiciously educated

for poetical ends, his love of the muse was as strong as his devotion to morals and his sense of piety. Nor should we omit to mention, that his natural modesty was not less conspicuous on this occasion than his other qualities; for though under sixteen when the volume was published, and much younger perhaps when the pieces were composed, he does not set forth the fact in his preface—"claims no particular indulgence by a statement of his youth and inexperience, but leaves his publication to stand or fall by its own intrinsic merit"—making no excuse for it, "as he thinks that which needs an excuse had better be consigned to oblivion."

In the following year he left school, with the intention of studying the law, and in the hope of enabling himself to do so by the recompense of literary exertions. His poem on "Education" had introduced him to Mr. Joseph Fox, a gentleman who had made some splendid sacrifices in the cause of education, and from whom he procured a letter of introduction to Mr. Brougham, at that time occupying "chambers in the King's-bench Walk." The introduction to this distinguished person was successful; he entered with great kindness into the plans of the young poet, politician, and moralist, gave him advice both in person and by letter, and encouraged him to persevere in his project of working his way to the bar by literary labour. Following the same well-judged advice, Mr. Talfourd became, in April, 1813, the pupil of Mr. Chitty—now to be called "Sen.," then in the vigour of life, and enjoying a most extensive practice. The pupilage was for the term of four years.

Mr. Talfourd's literary labours had now commenced. In the interval between his quitting school and entering Mr. Chitty's office, he composed "An Appeal to the Protestant Dissenters of Great Britain," on behalf of the Catholics, which was published early in 1813, in the first number of the "Pamphleteer." Emancipation never had a more ardent, scarcely a more eloquent or discriminating advocate. Many passages bear the stamp of close and powerful reasoning; others are evidences no less striking of a quick and subtle apprehension, and scarcely a sentence but denotes the easy play of an imagination equally graceful and vigorous. We do not hesitate to rank this and other essays written about the same time—that is, when Mr. Talfourd was something under rather than over *eighteen*—among the most remarkable testimonies of great and rare powers, with which the youth of genius ever enriched its country's literature. The style and manner are frequently those of a young mind eager to express itself with freedom and volubility; too intent, perhaps, on displaying the brilliancy of its resources, and throwing about its treasures of ornament and imagery with more prodigality than judgment; but the speculations opened up, and the mode of reasoning pursued, the clear and strong understanding of an intricate question, and the forcible illustration of it by home-arguments, are often far in advance of the years at which, in this instance, the power of the writer was developed. Among these performances we may mention, in addition to the pamphlet on the Catholic question, a critical examination of some objections taken by Cobbett to the Unitarian Relief Bill, in which the fearlessness and dexterity of the assault upon so powerful and practised a politician is "pretty to see;" and "Strictures on the right, expediency, and indiscriminate denunciations of Capital Punish-

ment, with *Observations on the true nature of Justice, and the legitimate design of Penal Institutions*”—an attempt of a still higher kind, and still more admirably accomplished, exhibiting singular powers of study, a noble sense of the highest moral purposes, a keen insight into the workings of society, a familiar knowledge of the arguments of previous writers, no common tact in adapting and combining them, and great original powers of reason and fancy crowning the whole as a work deserving to be classed with the best treatises on that fruitful and important subject. We have also read, as the fruits of Mr. Talfourd's early years, two other excellently written articles—"Observations on the Punishment of the Pillory," and "An Appeal against the Act for Regulating Royal Marriages." But neither these nor the foregoing have we time or space to criticize minutely.

The production, however, which we commenced by alluding to, the "*Estimate of the Poetry of the Age*," published in May, 1815, just as its author was reaching his twentieth year, we cannot so hastily pass by. It is on a purely literary subject, and therefore better adapted to our purpose. Until "*Ion*" appeared, this was the only production to which Mr. Talfourd had given his name. He has referred to it in his sketch of the life of his friend Lamb; and any one of the literary party to whom the friendship of Lamb introduced him—Wordsworth, Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Procter, Coleridge, Knowles, &c.—might have been justly proud to refer to the season of his youth, could he have pointed to such noble fruits of his boyish fancies, sentiments, sympathies, and emotions. Its author, however, remembers it most likely for no other reason, and derives no other gratification from the remembrance, than that it contains one of the first decided recognitions of the genius of Wordsworth, and fixes the writer of it as one of the boldest as well as the earliest asserters of a poetical supremacy which has in later years been universally, though silently, acknowledged. It will be interesting to the reader to hear, from the evidence of a few sentences, not only how truly Talfourd thought, but how expressively he recorded his thoughts upon the writings of Wordsworth almost a quarter of a century ago—how his poetical mind, even in its boyhood, saw what was hidden from the ungifted eye of vulgar criticism—and proclaimed, when the general ear was deaf, the mastery of that music which has since won its way into thousands of hearts, and lingers there "long after it is heard no more." The young reviewer of the poetical genius of that time approaches other poets with love and admiration, indeed—with the reverence of one who is conscious of all that belongs to their divine art, having a poetical affinity with themselves—yet with something of the confidence of a critic and an inquirer. He dissects without shrinking the poetical philosophy of Southey and Scott, Byron and Moore, Crabbe and Campbell; but observe with what an air of timid yet intense homage he approaches the portals of that sublime temple in which Wordsworth holds his sole and simple state.

"To the consideration," he says, "of Mr. Wordsworth's sublimities we come with trembling steps, and feel, as we approach, that we are entering upon holy ground. At first, indeed, he seems only to win and to allure us, to resign the most astonishing trophies of the poet, and humbly to indulge among the beauties of the creation the sweetest and the lowliest of human affections. We soon, however, feel how faint an

idea of his capacities we have entertained by classing him with the loveliest of descriptive poets, and how subservient the sweetest of his domestic pictures are to the grandeur of his lofty conceptions." "He has enlarged the resources of the mind, and discovered new dignities in our species. The most searching eyes observe in his productions a depth of thought which they are unable to fathom—eminences rising far into an imaginative glory which they cannot penetrate. Above all others he has discerned and traced out the line by which the high qualities of intellectual greatness are intimately united with the most generous exertions and the holiest principles of moral goodness. His perceptions of truth, derived as they are from the intuitive feelings of his heart, are clear and unclouded, except by the shadows which are thrown from the vast creations of his fancy. Set before him the meanest and most disgusting of all earthly objects, and he immediately traces the chain by which it is linked to the great harmonies of nature—sweeps through the most beautiful and touching of all human feelings, in order to show their mysterious connexion—and at last enables us to perceive the union of all orders of animated being, and the universal workings of the Spirit that lives and breathes in them all." "His theories may rather be regarded as prophetic of what we may be in a loftier state of being, than as descriptive of what we are on earth. No man of feeling ever perused his nobler poems for the first time without finding that he breathed in a purer and more elevated region of poetical delight than any which he had before explored. *To feel for the first time a communion with his mind is to discover loftier faculties in our own.*"

We cannot appropriate sufficient space for any passage calculated to exhibit the full power of this "youthful and wise" criticism; we have quoted a sentence or two only to show the enthusiastic feeling of the critic, the boldness with which he anticipated public opinion, and the elegance of his overflowing style.

We resume our sketch of Mr. Talfourd's professional progress. While in Mr. Chitty's office he assisted that gentleman to a considerable extent (as we learn from an acknowledgment in the preface) in his voluminous work on the criminal law. The four years of pupillage having expired in April, 1817, Mr. Talfourd started himself as a special pleader, and soon succeeded so far as to be independent of assistance from home, which up to this time he had required. He had now a fair share of business as a pleader, and what was not less desirable, a market for all his literary productions. The "Retrospective Review," and the "Encyclopedia Metropolitana," were at this time the principal sources of his literary income. To the latter he contributed (besides some papers of a merely historical character) the articles on "Homer," on "The Greek Tragedians," and on "The Greek Lyric Poets." This last article, we may be permitted to say, rendered good service to the then, and many of the present, readers of the "New Monthly," for it was the cause of his introduction to Mr. Colburn. The paper having been abridged and published as original in this identical magazine, Mr. Talfourd remonstrated, and the result of this was, not a quarrel, but an alliance, which existed in unbroken harmony for twelve years. The contributions of Mr. Talfourd during these years were of course considerable; especially at first, for, in the year 1820, he wrote a great portion of every number, and enjoyed each month a perfect honeymoon of

criticism; celebrating his friends the poets in rapturous prose, and rendering himself, we doubt not, more and more a monthly essential to the admiring reader. His contributions in later years were less frequent; but he regularly supplied the dramatic article during the time we have mentioned. The elegance, fervour, and acuteness of these criticisms we need not dwell upon. The critic always delighted to "do his *spiriting gently*," yet contrived to touch the very heart of dramatic mystery. He seemed to visit the theatre for pleasure only, and to criticise its characteristics in the same spirit; and yet he went to the root, and laid bare with a masterly hand the principles as well as the practice of the art. Mr. Talfourd also evinced his old sympathy with "romance," by writing for Mr. Colburn, in 1826, the memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe, which is prefixed to her posthumous works.

Having practised for nearly four years as a pleader, Mr. Talfourd was called to the bar on the 10th February, 1821, by the society of the Middle Temple, and joined the Oxford Circuit and Berkshire Sessions. His friends at Reading had now an opportunity of testifying their estimation of his character and talents. But the source of his first professional successes was Oxford, where he early obtained a lead in important causes. His business having gradually extended through the circuit, he retired from session, exactly at the expiration of twelve years from his first appearance there, and determined on taking the coif. Having, upon application, received Lord Brougham's assent, he in Hilary Term, 1833, was called to the degree of Serjeant. Since that period he has chiefly confined his practice to the Circuit and the Court of Common Pleas. Among the few exceptions to this rule must be mentioned two occasions on which Mr. Serjeant Talfourd especially distinguished himself,—the defence of the proprietors of the "*True Sun*" in the King's Bench, which produced from him a burst of eloquence not inferior to the noblest achievements of Erskine, and the defence of "*Tait's Magazine*" against the action of Richmond, in the Exchequer.

For some years after being called to the bar, Mr. Talfourd derived from his literary labours considerable accessions to his income. Many contributions were received and admired in the "*Edinburgh Review*" and the "*London Magazine*," and he also found time for editing "*Dickson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions*." His attachment to the theatre was still cherished, not merely by taste, but by the active part which he took in negotiating on behalf of Miss Mitford—whose residence near Reading had led to an intimacy early in life—for the production of her several tragedies. Still he had not at this time the smallest idea of writing for the stage. In the preface to the unpublished edition of "*Ion*" its author has described the progress of that noble drama. This statement does not appear to have been sufficiently published to repress extravagant reports as to the time devoted to its composition. Rumour has fixed this sometimes at a quarter, sometimes at half a century. The play was sketched eight or nine years ago, but nothing beyond a speech or two was written until the beginning of 1833. Remembering, then, that faint heart never won the fair lady, in Heaven yeleft Melpomene, Mr. Talfourd allowed his genius fair play, and at the end of 1834 the drama was read privately to a few of his friends. Their judgment led to its being printed for private circulation—their judgment also elicited its author's assent to

its production for Mr. Macready's benefit on the 26th May, 1836. Its success from the first scene was unequivocal; and it is now not only a portion of the higher poetry of our language, but a popular acting play, refining the thoughts and purifying the passions of the audience, and thus elevating that human nature which it illustrates.

Mr. Talfourd's reputation as one of the most accomplished and eloquent lawyers of his age now pointed attention to him as one eminently qualified by his talents and position, no less than by his sympathies, to aid and advance the Liberal interest in Parliament. His political feelings had been signalled in 1819, when he made his first appearance in public at a meeting in Reading on the Manchester affair, and he had previously contributed articles of the same political tinge to the "*Champion*," edited by Mr. Thelwall. On the dissolution in 1834 he was elected one of the members for Reading by a large majority, composed of all parties. At the last election, he was again returned, at the head of the poll, but by a smaller majority. He has not spoken frequently in Parliament: his finest speech was on behalf of literature and its professors, on introducing a bill for the amendment of the Law of Copyright. Here, indeed, if we consider the character of the audience and the nature of the subject, his success was triumphant. The effect on the House was singularly striking.

The attachments of his youth and the associations of his less distinguished years survive amidst these successes, and become dearer, perhaps, as they grow older. During the life of Dr. Valpy, Mr. Talfourd regularly attended the meetings of his scholars; was deputed by them to present him with a piece of plate on the completion of the fiftieth year of his labours; and always wrote the epilogues to the Greek plays triennially presented at the school. The mention of a piece of plate reminds us that, having acted for several years as Deputy Recorder of Bunbury, Mr. Talfourd was presented by the inhabitants with a silver cup, when retiring from the office on the alteration created by the Municipal Bill. His name has since been honourably connected with the "*Literary Remains of Hazlitt*," and more recently with the "*Letters of Lamb*," for which the public are indebted to him, as well as for a delightful sketch of the life of that "guide, philosopher, and friend."

We have reserved until the close what our advocate, senator, and dramatist would himself regard as perhaps the most important and fortunate incident of his successful life. Mr. Talfourd married, on the 31st of August, 1822, Rachael, the daughter of John Towell Rutt, Esq.

Mr. Talfourd's manner is little like that of a popular advocate, or an actor of any public rank on the great stage of life for upwards of twenty years; it is the manner of a retired, sensitive, and amiable scholar—a disciple of poetry, who had seen much of books and little of mankind. This is merely the visible sign and effect of the simplicity which is not less now than in childhood a part of his character, and of that subtle apprehension of excellence combined with a modest self-judgment, which impel him to think highly of others' genius and humbly of his own.

L. B.

THE HUMORIST.

THE LIVES OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

II. JONES WHO COULD SWIM "A LITTLE."

CHAP. I.

"WELL," said he to Jones, "can you swim?" "A little, Sir." "A little!" said the master; "why you were in more danger than Brown, and might have been drowned, if you had ventured much further. Take him up," said he.

Such was the argument, such the command of the schoolmaster, as shadowed forth in the immortal spelling-book of Daniel Fenning,—and the luckless Jones, because he could swim "a little," was taken up.

There is a season when the branding-iron marks less than the birch. Throughout his life Jones was content to do only a little, that little leading to nothing save the self-exaltation of the doer, who was wont to stop half-way in his purpose, rub his hands, crow, and bless his stars that he had not ventured "much further."

We hasten to take Jones from school, and present him, a full-grown responsible biped, in the metropolis.

(And here, gentle reader, we intend to follow the example of that cunning master in his art, old-fashioned Ben Jonson, who does not, like two or three of his descendants, bring on his men and women to tell their histories to themselves, as thus—"I'm a young man of an old family, very much in love with Elenora, who is about to elope with me this evening, if by any possibility I can raise the money to pay the post-boys;" or, "Helpless creature that I am! betrayed into a Fleet marriage three years ago with the heartless Edward Montgomery, who had at the time a wife and two fair pledges." No, no; Ben tells his history, exhibits his characters by incidents, not by soliloquies. That glorious brawl of Face, Subtle, and Doll Common, lets us at once into the secret of their compact—clamorously publishes the coming of the Alchymist. Thus, let an occurrence discover the inward mystery of Jones.)

Jones stood before the mansion of Lord Loaves, the newly-appointed governor of an island, far away "amid the melancholy main." Jones had walked three miles on a sultry day that he might bow to his lordship, and, on the strength of the patriotic endeavours of his uncle in several elections, ask of the governor a few crumbs of official bread. Jones stood with his friend Short, a fellow-townsmen, with claims similar to his own upon the consideration of his lordship.

"Now, Jones!"—and Short was about to ascend the steps.

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Jones; "what are you going to do?"

"Do! why this is the house," said Short.

"It is, eh? Well, I tell you what, Short," and Jones eyed the knocker he had walked two miles to touch—"this is the house, is it? Well, I tell you what"—and Jones looked very seriously at the knocker, and spoke with startling emphasis—"I tell you what—I'll write!" and with this determination, Jones walked very boldly from the door.

Short knocked, and the sound almost paralyzed the heart of the retreating Jones. The door was opened, and Short had an audience of his lordship.

A month passed away, and Short presented himself to bid farewell to Jones. Short had been preferred to one of the offices in the gift of his lordship, and was about to go on shipboard for the voyage.

"You're a lucky fellow—a very lucky fellow, Short," said Jones. "A beautiful climate you are going to—and then there's small patronage—a very nice salary, and—well, you are a lucky fellow;" and Jones looked up and down his friend, as if he had been an animal of a new species. "You are a lucky fellow."

"Yes, I think so. There's only one thing that annoys me; and that is, parting with you." Jones shook Short's hand, squeezing it with a reciprocity of feeling. "I am sure the fellow who has got what you wanted hasn't half your ability." Again Jones shook Short's hand. "But, however, the greater the fool, the greater the——:" for the moment Short forgot his own promotion,—"That is, I—I wish you were going."

"I should have liked it—nothing better," said Jones.

"And what astonishes me is, that his lordship—for you *did* write, you say?"

"Yes, oh yes," said Jones—"I wrote."

"Well, it is so unlike his lordship! I am so astonished that he never answered your letter," said Short.

"I—I don't know for that," said Jones, hesitating.

"Don't know! I think a man who doesn't answer the letter of a gentleman deserves to—to be called out," cried Short, with some animation.

"I almost think so, too," said Jones.

"Then what excuse have you for his lordship? *He* has not answered your letter. How can you excuse that?" asked Short.

"Why, there is some excuse for his lordship," said the charitable Jones; "for though I wrote the letter—I—I never *sent* it."

Jones, disappointed in his hopes of colonial employment, was presented with an ensign's commission by his liberal uncle. Jones looked a peaceable recruit, but who that saw him could predict what he might be—could count upon the victories he might win!

(Reader, you have this morning taken an egg at breakfast—almost the simplest of human food. It is the type of frugality—the nourishment of saints and hermits. Molly thought nothing, as she dropt it in the saucepan—it was an egg, no more. Change the circumstances; and, warmed by the maternal breast, or heated by an Egyptian oven, the egg is chipped—not by your spoon, gentle reader—but by a living bill! The pullet chirps and grows; time passes, and lo! a cock, glorious in his plumes, self-complacent in his harem, struts and scratches, the king of the yard. What shouts! what clamours burst from the

pit! Hear you that cry of victory? What does it proclaim? This; "Bill Giles's bird has won!"—that cock's a conqueror! Look at the hero with his blood-dyed spurs! Hear his exulting trumpet. A young recruit is an egg; he may become a household thing—on the contrary, he may stalk along the plain, a mighty victor! Never do we see a raw recruit that we do not think of an unboiled egg.)

Albeit Jones, in the restlessness of his new ambition, yearned for foreign service, having promised himself the most heroic achievements on the first and least opportunity against the enemy; still do we fear that the constitutional infirmity of the young warrior would not have suffered him to annihilate the foes of England. The valiant king of France, whom the trumpet-tongue of Fame declared to have "walked up a hill, and down again," exhibited greater energy than we fear fell to the lot of Jones. We have no doubt that he would have rushed—flown to gather laurels, but not finding them *half-way* up the hill, would have quickly descended, applauding himself for a Fabius, that he had not "ventured much further."

Jones was not a soldier of six months' growth ere, having little else to do—for he had four months since given up the study of fortification—he fell in love. As nothing could be more natural, so nothing in the present case could promise greater advantages—the daughter of a retired merchant, with "a shower of beauty" and a shower of gold! Such was the desirable young woman who danced nearly the whole evening at the garrison-ball with Jones—who smiled, coloured, vowed she must not listen to him, then heard him for the rest of the night.

Was it accident—or what was it, that, on the evening of the next day, brought together, strolling on the ramparts, Augusta Blushly and Ensign Jones?

* * * * *

The reader is under a deep debt of obligation to us for the above rows of stars, which we beg he will receive in lieu of the details of a love-scene. At the same time we desire to register it as our conscientious belief that the aforesaid stars are admirable substitutes for any words that can by any possibility be spoken by persons meeting with the same motives, and under the same circumstances as Augusta Blushly and Ensign Jones. All that is to be said upon such a matter was said (according to the Chinese) ten thousand years ago, and everything uttered on the subject since that time is only a vile plagiarism, which we are convinced every reasonable man and woman, betrayed into at an unguarded time of life, like not, at a later season, to be reminded of. It is to such we write: hence, we will not, with some professors, seek to make our heroes, like Falstaff, "long-winded" with barley-sugar bought of love.

Jones and Augusta met and met again. Unhappily, however, Augusta had a father. Not that Miss Blushly had before had cause to lament that accident; but circumstances will arise peculiarly trying to the obedience of a daughter. Mr. Blushly, with every respect for the military character in the abstract, cared not for it in the person of Ensign Jones. It was very strange that Mr. Blushly could not view an object with the same eyes as his daughter. Very strange!

"We must part for ever," said Augusta to Jones, and then proceeded to describe to the amiable young soldier a late scene with her father, in

which—so blind was Mr. Blushly to the merits of our hero—she had been forbidden to see Ensign Jones again ; under penalty of close confinement, a regimen of bread and water, with more than a hint of the addition of iron bars at her chamber-window.

“ Then, no time is to be lost,” exclaimed the Ensign.

“ What would you do ?” cried Augusta, in the voice, and with the looks of a “ wire-wove ” heroine.

“ Nothing remains—nothing but flight,” said Jones.

“ Flight !” and from the horror painted on the countenance of Miss Blushly, it was evident the suggestion was wholly new to her.

“ Flight,” repeated the young soldier ; and no veteran general ever pronounced the word with greater decision.

“ Fathers, though cruel, should be obeyed,” said Augusta.

“ When they would tyrannize over the affections of their children—then they snap apart the ties that bind——”

The reader must finish the period from his own imagination ; for Augusta Blushly, sinking in the arms of Ensign Jones, left him no more to say. The fortress had surrendered, and, as the mature reader may think, without discretion.

CHAP. II.

The “ White Lion ” was an inn enjoying the best reputation on the North Road : the outward sign betokened the purity, and, withal, the strength of the potations to be had within. Mrs. Fairday, the amiable and fortunate landlady, presented her welcoming countenance at the door, as a chaise drove up. It was dusk, but the hostess, with an educated eye, read at a glance the interesting history contained in the inside of the vehicle ; for there sat Augusta Blushly and Ensign Jones. The lady, with uneasy looks at her lover, resigned herself to the hospitality of Mrs. Fairday, who ushered her into the best apartment, and, though perfectly aware of the venturous step taken by Miss Blushly—the rash girl had positively gone off with Ensign Jones, leaving nothing behind her but her prayers for her father, inclosed in a note upon her dressing-table—never ventured to hint at the imprudence, but lavished every kindness and attention upon Augusta.

“ I think, postboy, there’s nothing to be afraid of now ?” said Jones, as he gave the man a guinea.

“ Never was more comfortable about anything in my life, Sir,” said the postboy, pocketing the coin with “ measureless content.”

“ Yes, yes—I think we’ve gone far enough for to-night,” observed Jones, complacently throwing himself into a chair. “ Some supper. Now, my dear Augusta——”

“ If—if papa,” murmured the young lady, looking almost reproachfully at Jones.

“ It’s impossible he should come up with us ; we’re twelve hours the better of him : and to-morrow, to-morrow at six, my beloved Augusta, we’ll be on the road again. In the evening we shall reach—— Hush ! the waiter.”

Supper was brought. Mrs. Fairday was incessant in her attentions. Jones ate and drank with the healthiest appetite, whilst Augusta played with the untouched wing of a fowl, continually casting glances towards the window.

"It's a very fine night, Ma'am, is it not?" asked Augusta of the landlady.

"Fine, but cold, Miss; and the roads are very heavy," said Mrs. Fairday.

"'Twould be killing you to go on to-night," cried Jones, and he swallowed some wine. "I tell you, my love, we are far enough."

Augusta bit her lip, and in silence looked towards the window.

"Another wing, dearest?" and Jones, with a deep look of love, and a winning smile about his mouth, proffered the member to the statue-like Augusta. "I wish, my sweetest girl, you'd take another wing."

"I wish I could take half-a-dozen," replied the fair runaway, with an expression of bitterness not lost upon the acute Mrs. Fairday, though unnoticed by the simple Jones.

"Now, you don't eat at all," exclaimed the Ensign with surprise. "I declare, you've touched nothing. You don't like it? Now, my darling girl—Oh! never mind Mrs. Fairday;" and Jones rose, and took the hand of Augusta, the landlady quitting the room. "Now, my dearest life! what will you have? What in the whole world would you most like?" and the Ensign hung over the fair and trembling maiden, soon to become his bride. "Why don't you speak, love? What—now tell me—what in the whole world would you most like?"

"Post-horses, Mr. Jones—post-horses!" and Augusta suddenly rose, looked with flashing eyes upon her lover, then burst into tears, and again sank upon the chair. Jones was astonished—paralyzed by the violence, the emotion of Miss Blushly.

"Now, Augusta! dearest Augusta! how can you be so silly? 'Twould be killing you to go on to-night: you have been harassed, agitated, fatigued beyond endurance; I am sure you have:" and the lover pressed the fingers of his mistress, who, deaf to the attention, sat with her eyes bent upon the whiskers of a tiger worked in the hearth-rug, vehemently beating her little foot upon the effigies of that carnivorous animal. "Augusta!" exclaimed Jones, and he seemed to pull the word by syllables from the very end of his heart—"Augusta!"

"Oh! Papa!" cried the girl, in a self-accusing voice, deaf to the winning tones of her passionate lover.

"Now, you will distress yourself without cause. I tell you, my own, own life,"—at these words Augusta stared coldly at the fervent Jones, but no coldness could chill warmth like his—"I tell you, we are quite safe until early to-morrow: you will then be refreshed for your journey; **■** six we shall be on the road to happiness again."

"You will lose my fortune, Mr. Jones, should my father overtake us," said Augusta, with sudden composure.

"Your fortune! My angel, speak not of your fortune,—it is you, and you alone that——"

"You'll stay to-night, then, Sir?" asked Mrs. Fairday, entering suddenly.

"Yes: prepare two rooms—and mind!"—and Jones gave the order with great emphasis—"be sure that the chaise is ready by six—not a moment later—six," and away, with shrugging shoulders, and, we fear, a contemptuous curl of the lip, went the hostess.

"Should my father come up with us, you'll never see me more," said Augusta.

"Name it not! See you no more! How—how could I survive it?" asked the hero, threatened in the only vulnerable spot of his Achillean frame.

"He has already threatened to send me to France, and to shut me up in a nunnery," observed Augusta; and the young lady began to speak much more tranquilly than instead of discoursing with her to-morrow's husband, she was holding counsel with her milliner. "Yes, I assure you, Mr. Jones, in a nunnery!" and Miss Blushly, we fear, out of the very frowardness of her sex, smiled at the threat of the very best of fathers.

"And does my own beloved think that the walls of a mere nunnery could hold her from my arms? No, Augusta, I would dare dangers—death—and tear you from the very altar!" As Jones made this proclamation, he felt nothing less than Louis Quatorze.

"You would?" asked Augusta, with half-shut eyes, and an indescribable smile. "You would, indeed, Jones?"

"Can you doubt it?" cried the soldier, and with a fervour that would have made it very uncivil in a lady to suspect him.

"Well, that would be a romance. To break open a nunnery for me! Well, I declare! Ha! ha!" and Augusta laughed, and Jones laughed too, though to a quicker ear than fell to the lot of Jones the mirth of his mistress might have rung a little hollow.

"I wish, my darling life, I could have prevailed upon you to take some fowl," said Jones, quickly returning from nuns to pullets.

"After all, I think I might as well," replied Augusta, whose appetite seemed to accompany her returning composure.

"That's right. Why, that's like yourself, dearest," cried the encouraging Jones. "You are quite assured again."

"Yes, Mr. Jones, yes; but—but it has cost me an effort." And had Jones not been as blind as love, he might have seen that, as Augusta raised the wine to her lips, she grasped the arm of her chair, as if sustaining herself against some strong emotion.

"Some more wine, love?" and Jones was about to fill.

"No more—not a drop, Mr. Jones;" and Augusta became pale and trembled slightly.

"You are not well, my angel?" observed Jones, very innocently.

"I was better this morning, at least I thought so—but I am not so unwell as I was a short time since."

"And yet you would have gone on! Why, you see how wise it was in me not to have ventured any further!"

"It is impossible, Mr. Jones, to dispute your discretion."

"Whereas, to-morrow, as I said—to-morrow, my charming girl—at six to-morrow——" and Jones looked in the frozen eyes of Augusta.

"Six—to-morrow," echoed the maiden.

"When the lark is singing his song in heaven—when the glory of the sun—the balminess of the morning—the——"

"Ha!" shrieked Augusta, as she heard sudden footsteps in the passage, and ran to the door: ere she reached it, it was opened, and Augusta had thrown her arms about the neck of a middle-aged gentleman, and was sobbing "Papa—papa—dear papa!"

"Caught ye, eh? Caught ye!" exclaimed Mr. Blushly.

"I'm so glad—I'll go home—directly, papa—directly!" said the girl, with evident delight. •

"Augusta!" cried Ensign Jones, with no less astonishment at the sickliness of his mistress.

"Oh, papa! I see I have been wrong—very wrong—pray forgive me! And, Mr. Jones——"

"August—Madam!" answered the lover.

"You have, by your eloquent discourse, quite convinced me that you and I have journeyed far enough as fellow-travellers, and that it would be very, very irksome indeed, at least to one of us, to venture any farther!"

So saying, Miss Blushly presented to Ensign Jones, as tokens of remembrance, a most elaborate curtesy, and a look of arch contempt, enough, in our opinion, to have levelled a constable.

Miss Blushly was handed by her happy father into the carriage, and driven to another inn—Jones being left a doomed bachelor for the remainder of his existence.

"She was a beautiful girl—had money, too—amiable and all," Jones would say, in after-life; "and yet, who knows how things might have turned out, had I ventured much farther?"

CHAP. III.

In the course of years, and by means of purchase, Ensign Jones ripened into a Lieutenant. He had, on the outset of his career, bounded his ambition by a colonelcy: he had, however, advanced only a second step towards that dignity, when, at the age of forty, he felt that he had gone far enough; and, his uncle dying, and bequeathing him house and lands, our hero sheathed his sword, and became a simple country gentleman. Leaving others to look for laurels, he would employ his energies in the cultivation of potatoes. And then the improvements he would effect in the old-fashioned mansion,—in the much-neglected grounds! And, as in the beginning of everything, Jones always addressed himself to the highest authority on the subject, so, on taking possession of his new property, and meditating on the miraculous changes to be wrought in it, he called about him, and at the same time, twenty writers on draining, building, grafting, the growth of pines, and the breeding of cattle. Were a pig-stye to be erected, Jones would first consult Vitruvius.

"Well, Mattocks,"—thus spoke Jones to his steward, after two months' sojourn on his new property—"I am afraid, Mattocks, that the people about here are no better than they should be."

"'Twould be very difficult for some of us to live with 'em if they were," answered the steward, who had already sounded the character of his master.

"But I understand, Mattocks—indeed, I am sure of it—that there are poachers—pouchers in the place," cried Jones. "They've been greatly encouraged, I fear? Now, who's to blame, eh? Tell me, whose fault is it?"

"Why, Sir, if I must speak out, I think all the fault lies with the pheasants. Your uncle, Sir——"

"My uncle was a very excellent man, Mattocks; but he was too easy with all the world. My uncle, good man! he'd not only have stood and bowed to a footpad, but would have thanked the thief for robbing him."

"He was, to be sure, a generous gentleman," said the steward.

"I like generosity, Mr. Mattocks; but I am also an admirer of perseverance and firmness: I can give away, I trust, with a grace; but I—I can't be robbed. So, listen; tell the keeper to arm half-a-dozen men, and let them all night keep watch in the preserves."

"Armed men, Sir! Guns! Why there never was such a thing heard of in the village," cried the steward.

"I'm sorry for it—very sorry—that all the conveniences of life have not been better considered. And, Mr. Mattocks, I can't have my orchard a land of promise for all the boys in the country. Your boys about here are, I am afraid, very licentious."

"Very fond of apples, Sir," replied Mr. Mattocks.

"You'll immediately get a dozen traps for the orchard and gardens," ordered Jones, looking sternly.

"Traps! Now really, Sir, you'll pardon me, but you'd better chain a live griffin to every apple-tree than—traps! I don't think there's one in the county."

"I thought not, Mr. Mattocks—I thought not: that's why the gaol's so full. I thought not: that's why the county gaol is to be enlarged. You will, however, see my orders done. And, Mr. Mattocks, I'll not have my ponds fished in. Yesterday I ran after a boy whom I caught angling for trout. I wish I had caught the young rascal," said Jones.

"I know the boy, Sir: he came back in the evening; and—for I had seen you after him in the morning—and then I seized him," said the steward.

"Very right—very right, Mr. Mattocks. It is these little pilferings that are the beginning of burglaries and murder. You took away the tackle from the offender, I trust?"

"Yes, Sir; all the boy's tackle—willow-switch, thread, crooked pin, and everything," replied Mr. Mattocks, with a sly look at Jones, who coughed, affecting not to hear the description of the spoil.

And thus Jones, to the bewilderment of the neighbourhood, began to display that energy, that perseverance, to him so essential to the perfect man. Men—foreigners, as they were termed by the dwellers on the soil—were hired from a distance, and, armed to the jaws, watched in the preserves. Painted notices of traps and spring-guns stood menacingly in the forbidden orchards; three mastiffs, of spotless breed, were entrusted with the guard of certain tenements; and Homepickle Hall, the late abode of peace, seemed turned into a fortress to overawe the surrounding country. The cage, that either the morals of the people or the neglect of the magistracy had suffered to become a ruin, was surveyed, and its condition reported to 'Squire Jones, who, as it was complained, with more public spirit than benevolence, had resolved to repair it at his own cost; and a confidential retainer had, it was said, heard the landlord, in an unguarded social hour, promise a new coat of paint to the unused stocks.

All these improvements—all this energy on the part of Jones, as may be supposed, did not pass without a significant acknowledgment from the people. The stranger, who would learn the last resting-place of the new landlord's uncle, had only to watch the deportment of the villagers on meeting Jones coming to or returning from church. They looked with a blank stare in the face of Jones, and then, turning from

him, made a profound reverence at the monument of the dead. This went to the heart of Jones, who, really wishing the good-will of all men, and even ignorant of the causes that withheld it from him, was, from a weakness in his character, hated as a despot.

Two or three weeks only had elapsed since the above scene with Jones and his steward, when the landlord, taking a solitary ride down a green lane, was roused from a deep study by the voice of a woman.

"That's he—there he rides! Oh! that there was a pit under his horse's hoofs!" cried the woman, pointing out Jones to a little ragged boy shambling by her side. "That's the blood-shedder!"

"My good woman," said Jones, pulling up his horse, "are you mad?"

The woman paused, turned round upon Jones, ground her teeth, and, with a look of hate, raised her clenched hand to the sky. She then, without a word, strode onward.

"My good woman—I say—my little boy—tell me, what's the matter?" and Jones cut off the retreat of the frightened urchin, who looked piteously after his mother. "Don't be afraid—what's the matter?"

"Father's very bad," said the little fellow.

"Very bad? What is he, eh?"

"He goes out—he goes out to work of nights; and he crawled home last night all over blood," and the child began to whimper.

"All over blood! Why, don't be afraid, and tell me all; and look—here it is—I'll give you this guinea. Your father came home all over blood? Where did he get hurt?" asked Jones.

"Don't you say I told you," said the child, his eyes glittering at the guinea; "but he was in 'Squire Jones's ground."

"And what's your name?" demanded Jones, feeling himself an accused culprit. "What's your name?"

"Jemmy Atkins," said the boy.

"Take that to your mother," cried Jones, and, flinging the boy the guinea, our landlord turned his horse round, and galloped back to the Hall—"Well, Mr. Mattocks—"

"Yes, Sir," observed the steward, at the door, as the 'Squire dismounted.

"In my study, Mr. Mattocks." The steward followed his master, who looked pale, and trembled as he tried to speak.

"What has happened, Sir?" asked the steward, anxiously.

"Murder has happened, Sir! Do you know a man named Atkins? that man was wounded in my grounds last night."

"I heard there had been a scuffle, Sir," said Mattocks.

"A scuffle, Sir! And do you suppose, Sir, that I will have blood shed? What do you take me for, Mr. Mattocks?"

"Really, Sir—I—permit me, with deference, Sir, to ask you two questions?"

"Go on, Sir—go on; twenty—but go on," said Jones, scarcely suppressing his wrath.

"Did you not give orders that men should patrol the preserves?" asked Mattocks.

"I did, Sir," said Jones.

"And did you not order the men to be armed?" asked Mattocks.

"Granted," said Jones:

"Well, Sir!" cried Mattocks, "am I to blame?"

"Certainly—most certainly. I own I ordered the men to be stationed there—I ordered them to be armed; but, Sir, I—I didn't order them to use their arms. I thought, naturally enough, every reasonable person would have thought so, that putting weapons in their hands would be going quite far enough."

"I don't believe, by what I have heard, that the mischief is very great," said the steward.

"I hope not—I hope not. See—but don't let it be known—that the man's attended to; and, hark ye, Mr. Mattocks, let the keeper discharge all his followers."

"And ar'n't the man-traps to be kept set, Sir?"

"Kept set!" exclaimed Jones, in astonishment—"what! have they been set at all?"

"Carefully set, Sir," answered the steward.

"Mr. Mattocks, I'll have no such doings on my estate, Sir. It's all very well that the boards should remain; but, on second thoughts, I think that's going quite far enough."

"And then the mastiffs, Sir?"

"They can't bite—and they *may* frighten trespassers," said Jones.

"Can't bite, Sir!" cried the astonished steward. "Why not, Sir?"

"Why not? Because, of course, you muzzled them. The look of the dogs will be found quite sufficient—yes, that will be going quite far enough."

But the mischief was done; and Jones, despite his pacific intentions, had for ever forfeited the confidence of his dependants. He took refuge in Parliament from the weariness of rustic life, and, to his own astonishment, distinguished himself as a very eloquent member. At a dissolution he again presented himself to his constituents, who, with little ceremony, rejected him.

The disappointment was too much for Jones: he was mortally wounded by the ingratitude of man. He pined, and pined, and died—a rejected member.

"Ha, Doctor!" he would say, "I don't know who would serve his country. You see how I have been treated! Rejected for—but no matter. And yet I should like to know what complaint they *could* have against me?"

"Why, I—I have heard, 'Squire that they charge you with inconsistency."

"Inconsistency!" cried Jones.

"Yes, on the—the — Bill," said the doctor.

"Why, I spoke and voted for it on the first reading, didn't I?"

"You did."

"And on the second?"

"Assuredly; but then you spoke and voted against it on the third."

"I confess it; for," exclaimed the dying patriot, "I thought I had gone quite far enough."

Jones was never married, yet have we heard it stoutly maintained that he has had sons and grandsons in all parliaments downwards.

"Robinson," the last of the three boys, will, in due season, appear.

THE EVIL EYE OF THE OXFORD ROAD.

BY A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

Few are the individuals who are so fortunate as to pass through life without some temporary occasion for personal concealment. Debts and duns are not the sole motives for occasional seclusion; a fair companion of one sex, or a black companion of the other—associates who will not be privately shaken off, and cannot be publicly avowed—a vindictive wife—an angry father—an election manœuvre—a literary production recently damned—nay, even the disfigurement of some cutaneous blemish defying the powers of Gowland and Rowland, may induce the most audacious of mankind to skulk for a time. To the unfortunate majority of my readers who may have submitted to similar necessity, I appeal for confirmation of my own experience, that however insignificant at other periods—however diminutive in stature or trivial in importance—the fatal necessity for passing unobserved, like the charm of histrionic talent, makes

“ Prichard genteel, and Garrick six feet high ;”

invests a pigmy with gigantic eminence, and endows the shadow of a shade with the substantial muscularity of the Farnesian Hercules. The shrinking incognito finds himself expanding and expanding till, like Alphonso's phantom in the “ Castle of Otranto,” no earthly dwelling will limit his dimensions, and the eyes of the whole world become riveted on his superhuman immensity. For him there exists no shade, no obscurity; the thickest veil grows transparent, and the darkest night seems illuminated by some miraculous aurora borealis; every crow becomes an Argus pheasant as it perches by his side, and the very peacocks, as they spread their tails in the sun, seem to regard him with a thousand peering eyes.

It matters little to the world by what disastrous concatenation of circumstances I found myself in the spring of 1830 reduced to the necessity for a partial eclipse—I say partial, because, even in the extremity of the case, I might have sat in the centre and enjoyed clear day, or walked unfearingly in the brightness of meridian sunshine through every metropolis from one end of Europe to the other. A side-box at Covent-garden, a chair in the Tuileries gardens, a stall at the Kärnthner Thor, a lounge on the Prado or the Corso, would have wrought me no manner of evil: I might have smoked a cigar on St. Stephen's Green, or confronted the literary mists of Prince's-street, without apprehension or annoyance. Nevertheless, I had my vulnerable heel. Why should I blush to own it? Troy, Marathon, Waterloo, Varna, have witnessed the defeat of heroes; and I am free to admit, that one city of the United Kingdom—one fatal and inevitable city—contained for myself the elements of personal disaster—Granta, or in plain English, Oxford.

Such, too, was the contrariety of my destiny, that circumstances of great moment actually compelled me to march to the field of action, to carry myself and my presentiments to the scene of annoyance, to dare

detection among ten thousand observant individuals. Nay, to make the matter worse, I had a whole month to contemplate the approaching catastrophe; thirty miserable nights wherein to shape detection in every variety of annoyance which nightmare could devise; thirty tedious days wherein to ponder, and grieve, and despond over the probabilities of speedy and public recognition! Sometimes I started from my pillow as a voice, shrill as that of a guinea-fowl before a storm, seemed to shout my name from some mysterious concealment; sometimes a detestable dear old friend appeared to seize me by the arm with officious fervour as I sought to pass him by and make no sign; sometimes a stray cur fixing its fangs into my leg, and piercing through boots and overalls as though they had been manufactured, like the garments of Tom Thumb, of an oak-leaf and a spider's web, forced me to shriek out for mercy, and raise the slouched hat from my agonized brows. From these and similar dreams, I used to wake to the dreadful certainty that all these pains must actually be endured in the flesh as well as the spirit; that

“Airy tongues, which syllable men's names,”

were very likely to vociferate mine from some attic story—that officious friends and yelping puppy-dogs were waiting for me by dozens in my unsatisfactory destination—and that I had no better chance of evading their united detection than such as might be attained through the assistance of a coat *un-fitted* by my ordinary tailor; a hat of anything but my usual form and dimensions; and a gait as little resembling my accustomed frank and fearless dignity of demeanour, as if it had been trained under the tutorage of a mincing French dancing-master.

At length the fatal hour of trial approached. April was the latest month to which I could procrastinate my visit; and as the boisterous winds of March howled around me with that leonine voice which is ever said to mark their oriental origin, I attempted to elevate my spirit to their uproarious level, and bully myself into courage. After due consideration, I resolved, that as redundancy of precaution often oversteps its mark, I would treat the matter cavalierly; and whereas a scudding step and downcast visage are apt to attract the notice and puzzle the curiosity of the Paul Pry's of the creation, I promised myself to assume the lofty port of the Place Vendôme column, and wear out the everlasting flint with the step of a recruiting serjeant. And yet my first manœuvre was scarcely that of a hero. After reflecting that a midnight journey in his Majesty's mail would bring me to the dreaded spot in company with the rosy dawn, I could by no means make up my mind to confront day's garish eye in the onset of the business;—to rush into a mob of ostlers, cads, waiters, bootsees, and all the Centaurean monsters who hang about the stables of an inn, appeared little less than madness. I was sure to be accosted on the very step of the leathern convenience with “Mr. —, Sir, please to let me take the portmanty;” or “Mr. —, Sir, I've always had the job of your honour's luggage.”

Fool that I was! I accordingly determined to travel down by a day-coach; omitting from my calculations that the same number of miles and hours which sufficed to convey me from the Bull and Mouth to Oxford, between eight of the clock and sunrise, would not extend themselves to detain me between the Spread Eagle and the same destination

from seven in the morning till dusk of the evening. I had, in short, completely miscalculated the affair! The morning twilight would have presented me only to some half-dozen ragamuffins, engrossed by the extortion of "tizzies" from coach-passengers; whereas, the setting sun was sure to expose me to shoals of my lounging friends and acquaintance, to whom the High-street affords an unending close to the monotony of a long afternoon, and to whom the arrival of the London coach is as refreshing as tidings of the Spring fleet to the exiles of the Hooghly.

Journeys in stage-coaches are usually treated with great humour by writers of fiction; but I, alas! who am simply an autobiographer, must own that I have hitherto journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, from Truro to Berwick-upon-Tweed, in these miscellaneous vehicles, and "found all barren." I never had the luck to stumble on a beauty, a wit, or a wonder, in the course of my public-conveyance experience. On this occasion, my companions consisted of a female servant out of place, returning on a visit to her friends in the country, in a pair of very moistened cotton gloves and a cast-off bonnet of her last lady's; and an elderly man in gaiters, who was fast asleep when I placed myself by his side. All this suited me very well. The ex-housemaid was evidently a villager, and could have no concern in mine: and the old gentleman seated beside me, even if he should awake, could obtain only such a view of my countenance as I chose to afford. He might have been the leading grocer of the High-street of Oxford for anything I cared to the contrary. But again my calculations were erroneous! I had not progressed five-and-twenty miles beyond the last turnpike of the last suburb of the metropolis before I discovered that our Cowslip was not only bent upon acquainting me with every incident of her own life, but upon rendering herself cognizant of mine. With the most unbecoming frankness, and artless impertinence, she perplexed me with such plain questions as it was impossible to answer except by naked truths, or naked untruths; such as whether I was married or single, —a father or childless,—a Londoner or Agrestian;—whether I was going to Oxford or further, and whether I had ever been there before. There was a degree of simplicity in this audacious spirit of investigation which almost set me at my ease!—and I managed to reply to her early interrogatories without much expenditure of patience or veracity, when, just at the crisis of the catechism—just as I was at the point of uttering a monstrous fabrication, I perceived that my somnolent neighbour had not only shaken off his lethargy, but that nature having inserted his optics transversely, after the fashion commonly called swivel-eyed, the near eye of these obliquitous features, instead of being directed in an honest position towards the maiden in the calico gloves, was most nefariously fixed on myself! There it glared!—a fish-like, cold, unmoving, accusatory orb!—forming, as well as my fancy can conjecture, the moral antipodes of the insinuating pupil of the widow Wadman. No—I dared not have uttered another equivocation for the world!

I verily believe the respectable gentleman in gaiters was innocent of any intention to annoy me; for instead of pushing still further the cross-examination which had already so severely taxed my inventive faculties, he began to talk in the most desultory style of times and places, stock and stocks, Catholics and corn; nor did his conversation assume

anything of a perplexing form, till the discussion upon place and time resolved itself into the shape of a calculation touching the probable period of our arrival at Oxford. Taking from his corduroys a globular tortoise-shell watch, of the date of the battle of Dettingen, he began to enlarge, with chuckling exultation, on the prolongation of daylight this fine spring weather; assuring us that we should reach the Angel by half-past four; or in other words, that I should find myself landed in the High-street with full two hours of daylight, as well as all my misfortunes before me!

What was to be done? To encounter the high tide of the lounging population at such an hour, in such a spot, was not to be thought of. I half resolved to stop at some village of the environs, on pretence of indisposition, or hunger, and proceed on my journey towards nightfall. But it is not every village which reckons "neat post-chaises" among its natural or artificial productions; and the act of discussion with coachee, the examination of the way-bill, and the search after and appropriation of the luggage addressed to —— Esq., passenger, would expose my patronymic to a thousand perilous chances among my fellow-travellers. After a renewal of my original resolve to meet the enemy with heroism, I threw myself once more into the corner of the coach, fancying that my perturbation could not have escaped the scrutiny of the swivel-eye which was fixed on all my movements with a sort of demoniacal bewitchment, and heartily praying that the clear chilly sky which overhung the road before us, might become obscured with clouds; that a hail-storm, or a thunder-storm, or any other kind of storm, might inundate the streets of Oxford previous to our arrival. But from the moment I formed this wish a resplendent April sun shed forth its radiance in the heavens; and as its beams reached my disordered countenance, methought they seemed to waken a glance of fiendish and malignant triumph in the projecting grey swivel-eye, which interposed between my own and the window of the coach. Every minute I was growing more uneasy, more agitated, more conscious of impending evil; and right glad was I when, on drawing up at Wycombe, before the colossal effigy of a vermilion lion, with a beard spiked with iron palisades, I found that we were to stop to dine, and that I should be for a time relieved from the unnatural glare of that perverted organ of vision.

Without being a curious epicurean, I must own that I entertain no peculiar predilection for stage-coach dinners. The sirloin of a superannuated draught-ox—an acidulated draught of stale ale—a pigeon-pie made of rooks—and an apple-tort made of putty—are viands by no means inviting. Yet on the present occasion, intent upon prolonging the rich repast to the latest possible moment admissible by the patience of my companions, I set about demolishing two gigantic specimens of the gallinaceous tribe, which had probably crowed at the barn-door of the Red-Lion from the first sprouting of its ferruginous whiskers. While the individual in gaiters kept consulting, from minute to minute, his ponderous chronometer, I attacked wing after wing, drumstick after drumstick, tugged, twisted, hacked, and finally dismembered every limb of the unfortunate old fowls, till at length the uncompromising cry of "Coach a-waiting gen'men," admitted of no further effort. Nothing

remained but prompt payment, and immediate departure. The bulkiest outsider was at length hoisted to his bad eminence; the ladder was withdrawn, the ostler stood counting his pence beneath the shade of the scarlet quadruped, the steps jangled, the dogs barked, the whip cracked, "all right," and away we went, as if Paradise and Oxford were of synonymous attraction.

"I think," said I, half interrogatively, as we reached a long hill a mile or two further on the road, "I really think it will be dark before we arrive."

The swivel-eye assumed a sneering expression, although its proprietor said nothing; while Cowslip, who had been prodigal in her trials of the Buckinghamshire ale, uttered an audible snore; and thus discouraged, I naturally fell into a fit of musing. But alas! all my cogitations centred in one fatal self-conviction that I was on the Oxford road, actually within twenty miles of a city, where to be seen was a sentence of disgrace, where to remain invisible was as physically impossible as to throw a veil over the dome of St. Paul's, or cover the Monument with an extinguisher! Again, in the agony of my heart, regardless of the slumbers of my female, or the sneers of my male companion, I cried aloud, "After all, it may possibly be dark before we arrive."

Startled by the ejaculation, Cowslip suddenly paused in her laborious nasal symphony, exclaiming, with a half-suppressed yawn, "Las, Sir, sure you ben't feared of highwaymen?"

On this hint, a new and still more diabolical expression gleamed in the stationary swivel-eye; a sort of fiendish waggery deriding the sufferings depicted on the wretched countenance whereon it had fixed its preternatural stare. I actually shuddered under the infliction. "Highwaymen!" he reiterated, with a sort of cackling laugh. "The gentleman need not be under any apprehensions; I will guarantee him *daylight* enough both before and after his arrival." A cold dew rose on my forehead; I was persuaded that it could be none other than Mephistopheles himself.

From the moment this notion took possession of my mind I felt wholly unable to withdraw my attention from his face; I was conscious of being under the fascination of an evil eye; and in defiance of stoppages or velocity, up-hill or down-hill, turnpikes or interposing pigs and children on the road, jolts, jumbings, jars, and parcels to be dropped by the wayside, I never, for a single moment, removed the vacant stare with which I rendered back his derisive glance. By Heavens! instead of dreading the aspect of the long, smooth gravel walk which foreshows the suburbs of Oxford on the London road, I actually beheld the spires of the city rising above the green meadows with a sensation of relief. "Daylight" I knew I should have in abundance; he had promised it to me—the wretch, the fiend! but what were twice five thousand eyes fixed in recognition upon my person, compared with that one, cold, dead, meaningly-unmeaning, insignificantly-significant eye, glaring upon me in horrible approximation! "Oh! for a horse with wings!" I would have flown to the ends of the earth to be rid of my tormentor!

It had been my intention on dislodging myself from the coach to sneak round from the High-street towards that obscure lane wherein the ancient hostel of the Bear and Ragged Staff gives shelter to the

commercial classes, and a copious dispensation of punch and other comfortable liquors to such hosiers and drapers of the neighbourhood as have wives professing an antipathy to the fumes of the Virginian weed. But the Bear and Ragged Staff was to me on the present occasion as a rock of perdition. I might as well have advertised myself at once in the "Hue and Cry," or exhibited my face among the samples on the Corn Exchange. For once, therefore, it became necessary that I should "take mine ease"—or rather my disquiet—in a crack inn; and with my agonised gaze still fixed on the Polyphemic orb of my loathsome neighbour, I suddenly determined to get out at the Angel, the original destination of our coach, and the most eminent inn in the city. The traveller's or coffee-room was not for my money; I made up my mind to the security of a private apartment—*private!* delicious word! At that moment a sudden jerk proclaimed our pause at the last turnpike.

"Well, Sir," said my companion, in a sort of inward chuckle, but without withdrawing his eye, "I promised you *daylight* enough! Trust me, you have full two hours before you to see and be seen!"

My heart grew sick. Still, he gazed, and glared, with that one glassy orb; and still I stared upon him in paralysed dismay. The hum of the High-street rose in my ears; crowds were moving hither and thither over its wide flag-stones—crowds of my familiar friends and familiar foes. Yet I looked not on them—thought not of them—dreaded and eschewed them no longer. "*He sees me! he is looking at me! he recognises me! he will denounce me—dishonour me! What matters precaution? What avails concealment? The eye!—the eye!*"

We pause! Boots, ostler, waiters, porters, chambermaids, landlord, landlady, barmaid, all are astir—all ready—all eager for the coming custom and the customary comers! The door opens; the steps descend; the fustain-suited arm presents itself; I shake off the spell—I breathe—I am a man again. A single stride clears me the causeway and conveys me into the capacious hall of the Angel inn.

No peculiar alacrity attends on coach-passengers, especially during the bustle of arrival. "Waiter!" said I, detaining a dirty dog who was shuffling along with a glass-cloth, by way of napkin, on his arm, and a tureen of horse-tail soup in his hand—"Waiter, I want a private room—show me to a private room."

But lo! as he prepared to deposit his tureen and comply, a hoarse voice whispered over my shoulder, "Ay, ay, Sir! I promised you *daylight* enough. I am not to be——"

I could not stop to listen; but, following the scudding waiter up the matted stairs, three steps at a time, found myself ushered into a small neat chamber, overlooking the street.

Ye powers of peace! Shall I ever forget the sensation of delight with which I found myself—*alone*, uneyed, unwatched, unmolested? To my dying day that small chamber, with its Turkey carpet, and marone leather sofa and chairs—its gaudy looking-glass and rainbow bell-ropes, *and, above all, its closed and sacred door*, will live in my remembrance as the snuggest sanctuary ever vouchsafed to a wayfaring wanderer. No sooner had the waiter retreated, and the hasp of the door snapped in its socket, than I threw myself on the sofa, and gasped aloud with the sensation of a reprieved criminal. For full five minutes I could do nothing

but expatiate in the full luxury and stretchery of physical and moral release: but the sixth minute carried me to the window; and, drawing aside the blind, just enough to peep into the street and ascertain the approach of twilight, I beheld, glaring from the opposite house, a pair—yes, an actual pair of the self-same great, grey, glassy eyes which had excruciated me for five preceding hours.

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed, falling back upon the sofa in the desponding attitude of the French hypochondriac, whose physician had dressed up a fac-simile of one of his own mental apparitions—"Great Heavens! there are two of them!"

No explanation of the foregoing anecdote need be offered to such travellers as have sojourned at the Angel inn, Oxford, opposite the sign of the optician's shop.

ODE FOR OCTOBER.

BY C. J. DAVIDS, ESQ.

(Vide the Song in *CHILDE HAROLD*, "*Tumbourgi! Tumbourgi!*
thy '*Larum afar*,' &c.)

OCTOBER! October! thy mash-tubs afar
Give hopes to the thirsty who pay at the bar.
Would a poet write verse full of pathos and fire,
He should take a large tumbler of *Whitbread's Entire*.
Does he wish to be witty, and make people laugh,
Let him take a cool tankard of prime *half-and-half*.
No losses or crosses my brain can perplex
While I toast *The New Monthly* in strong XX!

My Ode for October has nothing to fear
From rational readers who brew their own beer—
These lines cannot injure man, woman, or child;
Though I sing of *malt liquor*, I'm *drawing it mild*.
I love to be merry, but not to get drunk,
Like the erudite *Rhunken* and right learned *Brunk**,
Though sober *tee-totalers*† haply may rail
At my rigmarole rhymes about *porter* and *ale*!

* I think it was *Porson* (of *Grec* and *Cider-Cellar* notoriety) who improvised the following lines, illustrative of his Literary Tour on the Continent:—

"I went to Frankfort, and got drunk
With that right learn'd professor, *Brunk*;
I went to Wortz, and got more drunken
With that more learn'd professor, *Rhunken*."

† "This is the Age of Cant!"—Why cannot the fanatical worshippers of weak tea swallow their mawkish infusion of *sloe-leaves*, &c. without abusing those who prefer a moderate quantity of more generous fluids to *milk-and-water*?

Talking of *water*,—what stupid *pump*—what maudlin old woman in *her cups* (of *Bohea*!) invented that senseless phrase "*TEE-TOTALERS*?"

BRIGHTON FAIR.

I MUST confess a vagabond inclination for the vulgar pleasures of a fair. The mingled sounds of the mimic penny-trumpet, the rattle, and the toy-drum, the grinding of the barrel-organs, the clashing of cymbals, and the whole miscellaneous concert of discordant music is always very exhilarating, and never more so than when it breaks in upon the monotonous routine of a fashionable watering-place.

About eight o'clock upon a fine warm September's evening I quitted my temporary residence on the Marine Parade, and, crossing the Steyne, mingled in the parti-coloured stream of boys and girls, and children of a larger growth, which was flowing on towards "Ireland's Gardens," where the Fair was held.

The road, like a grocer's shop on a July day, was swarming with flies. All the beaux were unbent, and the belles bending to beaux, as they greeted each other on the way, ridiculing the idea of going to a fair, and yet all pushing forward to the scene of the annual Saturnalia. The countenances of the many fashionable females I recognised in the crowd encouraged me in the pursuit. "Sweet creatures!" thought I, "they at least will not censure my predilection in favour of such a pastime. Indeed, it would be sheer ingratitude in them to condemn my devotion to the fair!"

I entered the gardens. On two sides of the spacious green the cake and toy-booths and the shows were ranged, forming an angle. The children, who had parents or pence, were admiring the spice-nuts and gilt-gingerbread, and the fragile and many-coloured allurements of the former, while a well-ordered mob were listening and laughing at the stentorian invitations of the bawling proprietors of the latter places of scenic, dramatic, and intellectual entertainment. Every booth, with its neat white cloth, looked like the aproned lap of a capacious grand-mamma filled with nice things for distribution among her children's children. The laughing looks and the exclamations of the sun-burnt little rogues filled my heart with pleasure and emptied my pockets of the coppers wherewith I had stored them for the occasion.

As the twilight faded the smaller part of the joyous multitude gradually disappeared from the festive scene, and the number of servant-maids, smart shopmen, sailors, and fishermen almost imperceptibly ~~increased~~. The coloured lamps burned brighter, and gave the place the appearance of the jewel-bearing trees in the fruit-gardens of Aladdin. A party commenced a country-dance on the green, which was soon lengthened by new-comers, and even some of the genteeler people, inspired by the scene, contrived to get up a quadrille without the aid of a master of the ceremonies. Although admiring the freedom and good-humour with which they entered into the prevailing spirit of the hour, my dancing days were long since past, and I therefore moved on and mingled with the motley mob before the principal show.

Here Mr. Merryman, having performed a *preludio* upon the salt-box with a rolling pin, with all the "con spirito" and force which the compass of that favourite instrument allows, had just placed the box under his left arm, and was extending the rolling-pin, *à la truncheon*, in his right, when the proprietor of the adjoining booth, dressed in a white hat

and red coat, extended his body over the adjoining show, in order to catch the attention of Mr. Merryman's customers, and bawled out,

"This is the show!"

"And this is the substance!" exclaimed Mr. Merryman. "Ladies and gentlemen, that man's a Radical—look at his hat!" A roar of laughter followed this allusion. "The only sign of good sense he has shown is his endeavour to thrust himself into our splendid and incomparable Thespian Establishment! The only animal worth seeing is himself; for, as you observe, he is a kind of amphibious nondescript—being half beaver and half donkey, which is the cause of his exposing himself!"

Another peal of laughter followed this spirited expression of party feeling on the part of the indignant Mr. Merryman.

"Only tuppence, and children half-price!" emphatically exclaimed the rival.

"If you pay your money there," said Mr. Merryman, "you will most certainly be—let in. Here, here is the place, where all the money you lay out will produce a profit! We have travelled the country far and wide to gather materials for your amusement; and you will find, and must confess, that we have progressed with the march of intellect. We fearlessly challenge competition; and if any individual, ignorantly blind to our superior merit, shall declare he is dissatisfied, and that we have made a fool of him, we will refund his money. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and you will find a feast of wit here, where you may not only feed but carry away scraps enough to entertain your friends for the next twelvemonths. Only threepence!—four a shilling! Why it's as cheap as mackerel, and much more nourishing; for every one may laugh and grow fat, if he *choose*, without the trouble of mastication. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—walk up!"

The wit and drollery of Mr. Merryman won upon his auditory, and they began to mount the wide-extended steps, from three to six abreast, and having paid their money for admission the platform was soon left clear of the performers, whose services were wanted on the stage, giving an opportunity to the Radical, who had so unwarrantably ventured on the precincts of his neighbour, to "explain," and win over an audience from the crowd.

When I again approached the Thespian Establishment a "delighted and overflowing" audience were coming out.

"Now, my merry customers all," exclaimed the unwearied clown, "walk up! walk up! and we will rejoice the very cockles of your hearts for the small cost of threepence! Is it not worth double the money, father?" exclaimed he, addressing a broad-shouldered Sussex farmer.

The rustic grinned at being addressed; and I heard the words, "Deep as Garrick!"

"Not equalled since the days of Garrick, he says!" said the unblushing Mr. Merryman. The farmer grinned again, and descended with the crowd, leaving a "clear stage" for the antics of the outside performers.

The clown then proceeded to accompany a sort of six-handed reel, performed by his gorgeously-spangled brother-comedians, upon his favourite instrument. At the conclusion of the serpentine evolutions

Mr. Merryman began eating fire amid the loud applause of his ruder audience.

"Now doesn't that beat snap-dragon," cried he, "all to tinder? Don't be alarmed, young ladies, my heart's already in a flame with your charms, and this is the way I feed the combustion! Though no posture-master, I can put my *tow* in my mouth as cleverly as the best of 'em."

After this feat with his *tow*, he turned to a be-rouged gentleman with a hat and feathers, a black velvet fly jacket, white pantaloons, and yellow boots, with a riding-whip in his hand.

"I say, Mister Master," said he.

"Well, Mr. Merryman, and what—do—you—say?" said the other.

"Why did the dun cow not know her tail when she saw it in the pond?"

"Don't—know—Mr.—Merryman."

"Why, 'cause she had never seen it—*before*—to be sure," replied the clown.

A laugh of course followed this solution of the query.

"Now here's a puzzler," continued he. "Why is a cabbage run to seed like a lover? Give it up? Because it has lost its heart!"

Another encouraging shout from the rustics succeeded.

"What were the last words of the trumpeter when he was gored by the parson's bull? Why, blow the horns! to be sure, for that was in his vocation. I say, Gaffer," said he, addressing a "joskin" in the crowd, whose mouth was extended from ear to ear with an awful grin of approbation, "if you've cut your teeth of wisdom, can't tell me what are the three domestic delights of a poor man on a cold day?"

"Noa," replied the party. "What be they, ey?"

"Why, a 'nagging' wife, the tooth-ache, and no chips to boil the pot withal!"

"Bravo, Mr. Merryman!" exclaimed the 'Master;' "you shall have a bowl of gooseberry fool."

"One fool at a time, if you please," cried Mr. Merryman. "Pray can any other fool tell another fool what is the height of luxury? You—or you—or you? None! then I'll elucidate your ponderosity, and dazzle the eyes of your intellectuality with the brightness of my intelligence. Know, then, that the height of luxury is—a tight boot on a July day with a sharp peg in the heel of it. Now, mend that boot if ye—~~any~~ ye cobblers of conundrums!"

And he commenced capering among the dancers in the most agile and ludicrous manner, accompanied by the roars of his auditory. He certainly was a fellow of infinite humour, and I regret that my treacherous memory has let slip many bright specimens of his glittering nonsense.

At the conclusion of his Terpsichorean efforts he again presented himself, assuming and caricaturing the character of a candidate at an election.

"Men of Sussex!" said he, oratorically, sawing the air with his extended arms, "a dissolution of the house having just taken place, I again have the honour of appearing before you to solicit the favour of your suffrages! and I firmly trust that the manner in which I performed my arduous duties on the last occasion I had the honour of serving you, will have sufficiently testified my heartfelt zeal for your

welfare and approbation. My principles are too well known to require me to pledge myself to the performance of my duties ; and yet, should you require it, behold ! I am ready to be ' put up the spout ' for your benefit ; although, in tenderness, I ought to resist such a request, for you would never be able to redeem me, for, without vanity, I may say there's no *duplicate* of your humble servant ! Gallant men of Sussex ! I call upon you to support the *fair*.

" Ladies of Sussex ! 'tis your cause I advocate, and I, deserve some support at your hands in gratitude, for all my life I have endeavoured to uphold the interests of the *fair* ! Then come to the poll ! Remember a *fair* is like a lady's *ear-ring*, there being only *one* in a *year* ! and now 's your only chance. Walk up ! walk up ! three pence is a qualification ! Here 's reform and liberality ; why, 'tis nothing less than universal suffrage ! Come, then, and lay down your half-crowns, your shillings, and your sixpences, and you shall have all the *change* you desire. Y'es, you shall find us Radicals in our promises and true Tories in our performances !"

I felt that the ' show ' deserved patronage, and yet must confess I had no inclination to mount the stage ; I was, however, determined that the concern should not be a loser by my *mauvaise honte*, and had no difficulty in finding a representation of four deputies among the urchins in the crowd. I am happy to say that my example was liberally followed by many of the " genteeler folk."

I now lounged along the range of cake and toy booths, anxious for the repetition of the merry tricks and quips, and quirks of our motley hero.

I had just yielded to the pressing instance of a smart " patissière " to purchase a bag of the " best spice nuts " which she was " putting up " for me, when the sound of a gong suddenly startled me, and turning hastily about, I observed that the performances were just over. I hurriedly threw down half-a-crown, and seizing my " fairing," turned my steps eagerly to the chosen spot, fearful of losing a particle of Mr. Merryman's quaint and laughter-moving speech.

A young serving-lass was pushing and anxiously endeavouring to penetrate the mob, evidently in pursuit of some object.

" Seeking for a lover, my dear ?" asked Mr. Merryman.

" No ; I've lost my shoe," pettishly replied the girl.

" A shoe !" said the clown : " it must be a slipper, and a very shabby one, too, to desert such a pretty foot. Y'es, really 'tis barbarous—nay, shocking—to slip from such a fair—and well-darned stocking !"

Mr. Merryman now began to " hunt the slipper," which he soon found, and presented to the blushing damsel. The platform was speedily cleared again, and the same evolutions were recommenced by the untiring company to the boisterous clang of cymbals, drums, and trumpets.

" This is what I call life," exclaimed Mr. Merryman : " cutting and shuffling is the order of the day ! There they go in and out, like so many wriggling eels in a fish-basket ; and that 's the way to make your way in the world now-a-days. Your straight-forward fool only runs his head against a post, and comes to a stand-still ! Commend me to a knave !—Knives are sharp *blades*, and honest men their *handles* !"

"And pray, Mis-ter Merry-man—what—are—you?" demanded the master, laying an emphasis upon every syllable and word.

"A fool!" replied Mr. Merryman; "and every fool is an honest man, and every honest man a fool, that's my philosophy."

"And pray, Mr. Merryman—what—am—I?" demanded the other.

"You're another!"

"Call me a fool?"

"To be sure," replied Mr. Merryman; "for if you were a wise man, you'd 'know yourself,' and have no occasion to ask questions!" Hereupon, spinning round upon one leg, *à la pirouette*, he snatched up a hoop bound with red cloth, and began twisting himself through it, throwing it over his arms, legs, and head, with the most dexterous rapidity.

"That's what I call a 'round game,'" said he, breathless with his exertions, and offering it to his master, "would you like to take 'a hand?'"

"No; go on."

"Thank-ye," replied he; "but if I go on, I shall go off for want of breath."

"Disobey me, and I'll discharge you directly, Sirrah," said the master, with mock authority.

"That's just what I want, Mister Master."

"What, to be discharged?"

"Yes; that is to say, *let off*! which is one and the same thing to a fool and a duck-gun!"

Here the indefatigable fellow again began capering among the *corps dramatique*, and at the conclusion, immediately commenced the following invitation to the crowd.

"Now my merry masters and mistresses all, walk up, and taste of the delightful banquet we have catered for your amusement. Here, tragedy, comedy, and farce, are combined to move you to tears, and win your smiles. Here the thin may grow fat with laughter, and the fat sup full of horrors, and dwindle to the size of a Kentish hop-pole! Come, then, and down with your dust! only threepence. The only legitimate drama in the whole fair! All the rest are mere 'by-blows,' and fathered by fools! Here you will find, not only the gold and glitter, but the ginger-bread, good, spicy, and substantial. Allow me, Sir, to lend you a hand!" continued he, stooping to a wooden-legged sailor, who was ~~leaping~~ "crawling" up the steps; "I would willingly lend you a leg to boot, had I one to spare. Walk up, lads, the front row is still vacant, and there you may not only see, but be seen. Now, farmers of Sussex, ye first of corn-cutters, put your best legs foremost. It always delights my heart to welcome the agricultural interest; they are all sharp and good-tempered blades. Raisers of crops, and crops of razors! walk up, walk up, the room and the 'company' are both extensive."

The booth was speedily filled, and I again sauntered from the spot, when one of those sudden showers so frequent in Brighton, drove me from the scene of noise, bustle, and rude merriment, and hailing the first 'fly,' I drove home to my lodging, perfectly delighted with my evening's entertainment.

On the morning after the conclusion of the Fair, I turned my steps towards the gardens. Most of the booths were dismantled, and many of

the show people had packed up and departed. The Thespian establishment, too, had nearly completed its travelling arrangements. A long cart covered with the scenery and the paraphernalia of the drama alone remained, with its horseless shafts extended along the ground like a couple of bony arms waiting to embrace the lean ribs of the "hack" to transport it to the place of its next destination.

Several trunks were scattered over the path and green; and a man with sandy hair, deeply pitted with the small pox, was issuing his orders to his assistants, diligently applying his hammer, to secure the "proper-ties." He was in his shirt-sleeves, wore a pair of large corded, light-coloured inexpressibles, dirty white cotton stockings, and high-low, heavy-nailed boots. He appeared the master of the concern, for he was ordering about him, and certainly in no very good humour.

"I hope," said I, "that you have made a good harvest?"

"Pretty well, Sir, I thank you, considering the times," said he; "but fairs are not what they used to be: the people fancy themselves so clever that we find it difficult to please them now-a-days. The merest clown now sets up for a critic, and fancies, because he can read, he has brains, and feels much more pleasure in finding fault with what he don't understand, than with being pleased with what he does."

"Well, I am sure 'your clown' gave universal satisfaction," said I; "for my part I must confess I was infinitely amused by his exertions."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said he; "for the praise of the judicious few compensates us for many disagreeables. You are not, perhaps, aware, Sir, that you are now speaking to that 'gifted individual'?" continued he, smiling.

I was certainly what the old women call 'thunderstruck' at this intelligence; and, no doubt, my stare of astonishment tickled the 'Clown,' for he burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "it's a wonder what a difference a little white-washing makes in a man!"

When my amazement had abated, I continued the conversation, and found, upon inquiry, that he was the real and sole proprietor of the "Show." Though no beauty, I certainly discovered that he was no "ordinary" man, and proffering him a gratuity for the pleasure he had afforded me, I took my leave, delighted with my strange encounter with the First Fool of Brighton Fair.

ALFRED CROWQUILL.

EPIGRAM.

On a drunken Town-Crier.¹

Maudlin, the crier, cries a great deal more
Than any crier ever cried before,
Would you the reason know? 'Tis that he cries
Much with his mouth, and much too with his eyes.
Lo! should his mouth have cried a loss in vain,
Give but some drink, his eyes shall cry a gain.

G. D.

MATHEWS AND BORALOWSKI.

"Wee Willie Grey, with his leathern wallet,
 Peel a willow wand to be his boots and jacket;
 Twice a lily-leaf will make him sark and cravat,
 Feathers of a flea will busk up a' his bonnet;
 Wee Willie Grey."

AND so Count Boralowski is gone to his *short* home! Good little man, he has died at a great age, demanding the regret of those who ever had an opportunity of seeing him in private life.

I am about to recount my slight acquaintance with him, conscious that, though my nothing of a name can have little interest with my readers, the personages I shall mention will find favour in many eyes.

In my first suit of dittos, covered with quadruple rows of sugar-loaf annoyances, I was taken, as a reward for not having committed my usual share of mischief, to see the famous dwarf; and I remember well, even at that tender age, being struck by the elegance of the small gentleman's deportment and unshow-like discourse, so different from the squeaking parrot-rote of Mr. Allen, then travelling with "*Lady Morgan*," both of whom I had seen at the last fair. These two very unpleasant pigmies were afterwards united; but I am not aware if her ladyship retained her rank or resigned the title subsequently associated in our minds with a far higher order of celebrity. But I am wandering: the polish of the Polish Count delighted me. I was charmed with his interesting broken English, and in absolute raptures with his graceful manner of taking snuff; it seemed strange to see so small a thing indulge in a habit then only practised by grown persons.

To confess how many years ago it is since I first appeared "a forked thing" would be to let the world into the secret of my age, a matter of importance to a man not yet too old to propose to an heiress, or, "for a consideration," visit St. George's, Hanover-square, with a widow.

Many years rolled over my head; with a grateful recollection of the pleasure the charming little Count had afforded me, I was delighted to hear that so exquisite a specimen of man in miniature was still able to gratify hundreds by his presence.

In the summer of 1821 or 1822, my friend Charles Mathews asked ~~me to~~ pass a long day with him at Ivy Cottage; I gladly accepted his invitation, was received with the same cheering smile, the same warm hospitality as I had experienced on former occasions, but could not fail to observe an anxiety on the part of my host to interrupt the sincere expression of my happiness in again meeting his amiable wife.

"Of course, yes; 'glad to see you,' 'sweet place,' 'much improved,' 'your exquisite taste, my dear lady'—so everybody says, and what everybody says must be true; but we like you too well to expect compliments—besides I want you to come with me into the gallery, I've something to show you there that will delight you."

"A new Zoffany or a choice Harlow, I suppose?"

"Not a bit; what you are going to look on is, in the language of the proprietor of the travelling theatre at Norwich, Bury, and thereabouts, 'None of your shadows upon blankets, but the living work of—'" The sentence remained unfinished, his hand was on the handle of the

gallery door. "Now, my dear boy," he pursued, "prepare; for you shall see my long Pole, and if it does not 'stir you up,' may I never again be encored in 'Bartlemy Fair'—I mean the song, not Smithfield."

He entered the room; not a living creature was visible; and Mathews looked searchingly about, never lifting his eyes above the surbase.

"I left him here when you rang the gate-bell, perhaps he's gone for a walk round the garden—roller, or has—'tis very annoying, so it is."

As he said this, his fingers were run through his hair with such rapidity as to convince those who knew his ways that he was annoyed; but scarcely had he withdrawn his hand from deranging the economy of his curls, when from behind a table glided forth Count Boralowski.

Age had dealt kindly with him: a few deep wrinkles marked the lapse of time since last we met, and the hair, which I had first seen *en toupée et en queue* and well besprinkled with mareschal powder, was now silver gray, and streamed in thin tresses about his intelligent face; the eyes were bright and sparkling as ever, and he advanced to meet his host with a smile perfectly bewitching. I was presented in due form. With a bow that would have put any master of the ceremonies to the blush, the Count held out his tiny hand, saying—

"Saar, any bodey dat my ver dear Mistare Matoos call his friend must be mine. I am ver glad to have honor to know you."

The presence of this extraordinary being brought back to my memory every action of his which I had witnessed at my first sight of him. I therefore presented my box, knowing that where snuff does not act as an absolute introduction, it is often a ratification of friendly feeling. *Ma tabatière* happened to be one of the Patagonian size. No sooner did I tender this offering from Brobdignag to Lilliput, than the Count burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which for some minutes prevented his speaking: at length he managed to say,

"Matoos, my dear Matoos, apon my vord, do look, I nevere saw sooch a ting in my life! *Parbleu!* I tink I could put all my *bas de soie*, and two tree pair of satin *culottes* in him, apon my vord, ha! ha! ha!"

His merriment did not prevent his accepting the proffered pinch, and producing his own small gold box in return.

After a while Mathews proposed to me a ramble round the beautiful grounds attached to the cottage; as might be expected, the being we had left forming the subject of our discourse.

"Isn't he a sweet little fellow? Now, I'm going to tell you what happened to us last week, for I do think *you* are a likely person to feel an interest in my relation—I don't mean the Count, Heaven bless his dear little body and big heart, I wish I could claim kindred with such a perfect diamond Bible of a man; no, I mean that I'm sure you'll be pleased at what I'm going to say," because I know you are a loyal subject, as all soldiers should be. So lend me your ear."

Scarcely had he uttered these words when he observed a large party making their way towards him, and, with a look of utter dismay, added,

"It's no use, I see that. The moment I fancy I can have an hour to myself, some incursion of Calmuc Tartars, Cossacks, Goths, Vandals, Fiends, is sure to break in upon my quiet. Now who *are* these people who have invaded my premises?"

Saying which, he walked towards the group. Various introductions

I could perceive were made to my friend, and presently the whole party entered the Picture Gallery.

I did not see my host again till the dinner was served; he was evidently suffering from the infliction he had endured in answering the questions of so numerous a party, principally ladies; once or twice he expressed his wish that the whole squad had been sent to—any other place but Ivy Cottage.

"Nevare mind, my dear Matoos; dey are all gone, and you shall not be teaze no more," said the good-hearted Count, as he clambered up to take possession of the chair which had been prepared for him.

I observed also that small knives, forks, and spoons were laid for him—a proof of the considerate care of his hostess. Mathews soon recovered his equanimity, and the *parti carré* seemed disposed to make themselves and their companions happy. Count Joseph fed more like a fairy than a man, though obviously quite habituated to all the niceties of good breeding requisite at table. On challenging him to take wine, he said—

"Ah! Sare, vill you pardon my rudeness to refuse? I nevare have drink vint, nor grog ponch, all de vile I stay in your countree. I do not require him, so I leave him alone. Vat shocking ting for me to make tipsy myself at dis time of my day, but I shall pledge you vid von glass vater, vid all my heart."

With the dessert coffee was served for the temperate Boralowski, who appeared to relish it as much as we did our wine. With unaffected good humour he volunteered to sing a French *chanson*, accompanying himself on the guitar; and it was with difficulty I could restrain my laughter when I saw Mathews screw him up, on the music-stool, till he conceived himself high enough for the performance. To see this extraordinary little figure, hugging an instrument nearly as large as himself, turned round and round till he came to a level with the table, had a curious and ludicrous effect.

The Count's singing was pleasing, and his execution on the guitar brilliant; his hands, tiny as they were, had a perfect command over the strings; and the whole affair was so unlike display as to be quite charming. At an early hour he retired to rest, Mathews reminding me that what had been said by some histrionic wag of Simmons, that he never lay long in bed, was more applicable in the present case.

"Well, now, my dear fellow, we have no fear of being interrupted, ~~and I will~~ proceed to tell you what I meant you to hear this morning, but for those invaders. If I did not know thou wert good audience, I'd see thee hanged ere I'd tell thee my story. You must know that an intimacy for many years has existed between the Count and myself. The last time I was at Durham, where he resides, I pressed him to come and see me here. He told me that he had long wished to visit town, as he was anxious to obtain an audience of the King. I was rather startled at this avowal, but could not in decency ask for what purpose, until I had him where I might be of some use, so I only became more urgent in my invitation, and it was accepted.

"About ten days ago, the darling atom arrived, and soon after dinner commenced the subject which appeared so near his heart.

"'Matoos,' said he."

Here the inimitable imitator assumed the voice, manner, and look of his theme so perfectly, that he had no occasion for going on his

knees, which he did so effectively as the Infant Richard, Molly Maybush, and other characters in his entertainments. The illusion was complete without this resource. Our tall comedian appeared to dwarf the lower the higher his genius towered.

"'Cher Matoos,' " he went on, "'please to tell how I sal get admit to Carlton House, apon my vord, eh?"

"'What is your object, my dear Count? tell me that, and I shall be better able to afford you information.'

"'Objec is to present a copy of ^{de} Memoir of Count Joseph Boralowski to Majesté; I write myself, big book in splendid bind, prepare to offer to de King. How can get to pay my devoir? Vat is to be done to go to court, to levee, apon my vord?"

"This was a pozer; loving the little creature as I did, and feeling the utter impossibility of such a figure mingling in the crowd of a levee within, and spectators without, I was in a perfect agony at the difficulty which presented itself in pointing this out to my small friend without offending him, for it is a remarkable trait in his character, arising I suppose from the force of habit, that he is perfectly unconscious of the existence of any singularity attached to him in private life. However, as the whole soul of the little body was bent on his project, I promised to write to Lord Conyngham on the subject.

"'Ah! you good creature, apon my vord; in Durham I tink you only funny Matoos, now I see you are kind Matoos, ver kind and good to your Boralowski.'

"Must give you every word, albeit in my own praise. My object was to do away with the ridicule which must have attended a public presentation, and, in addressing his Lordship, I stated my feelings and the facts.

"The following day brought a reply; it contained his Majesty's desire—command I should say—that I should call at Carlton House on Thursday: as no mention was made of the Count, I kept the communication a secret, fearing that, after all, the object of his ambition might not be attained. I need scarcely say that I was delighted at the prospect of paying my personal and dutiful homage to the King, and that I was in an unusual state of excitement. However, I braced up my nerves, stepped into the carriage, and astonished honest Thomas by telling him to drive to Carlton House.

"Well, I reached the palace, showed Lord Conyngham's letter, and with as much courtesy as though I had been an Ambassador from some great power, I was led to the presence of Royalty. Never can I forget my reception, never will the grace, the dignity of the King be forgotten. The moment my name was announced, his Majesty came forward to meet me, made me one of *his* bows;—talk of the Apollo Belvidere, —nonsense! stuff! He at once entered on the business which brought me into his presence, saying—

"'I have a great desire to see my old friend Count Boralowski; I remember him well when I was young, and being much pleased with him. Will you, Mr. Mathews, bring him here to-morrow evening?' I bowed. 'And,' added the King, 'I seldom go into public, Mr. Mathews; I have heard a vast deal of your performances, am I asking too much, tell me if I am, in requesting you, if it does not bore you, to let me hear any part of your entertainment you like best.'

"I bowed again lower than before, and, in a few words, expressed

my sense of the honour conferred on me, and my readiness to obey a command so graciously conveyed. I took my leave, was again attended with all due ceremony to the carriage, and hastened home to tell the news. My wife was delighted, the Count was in ecstasies; he would have kissed me if his lips had been within three feet of mine, but he mounted on a chair, threw his arms round my wife's neck, and said—'Ah! Madame Matoos, you have got such a good man for your osban, I must embrace you, as *he* will not let me, apon my vord.'

"Long before the hour of starting for town, his Countship made his appearance in his best bib and tucker, with *the* book under his arm, in as gorgeous a covering of morocco and gold as I ever beheld.

"'Eh, bien Matoos! am I fit to pay respect to Majesté? is my dress enough good for court?'

"'Nothing can be better; but let me carry your book till we get to the royal presence, you will be fatigued with its weight.' Heavy lightness, serious vanity as to its contents no doubt.

"Well, I handed—I was going to say lifted—my charge into the carriage. As we set out I observed that the Count's countenance lost its usual serene yet vivacious expression, and imagining that he felt awed at anticipating his interview with royalty, I dilated on the urbanity of the King, of which I had so lately enjoyed personal experience; but my companion soon enlightened me as to the cause of his agitation.

"'No, Matoos,' he said; 'I have stood before several very crown heads, it ees not dat, it ees not because de troble of my unhappy contre make a me sheltaire here; dat I can forget I am gentleman. Some time ago, it ees true, I receive de viseets, an people give my valet shilling for open de door; bot now I go to lay at de foot of your king de histoire of my leetel life, I am in terrible frightfulness. If sine, large Angleish Majesté shall not beleef dat dere ees room enough for great deal of pride, and man of honour even in dis breast; if he offair me money, my Matoos, apon my vord, your friend will faint, expire, dead as wall-stone. Oh! hope Majesté cannot tink to give no money to Count Boralowski.'

"I said *mi* I could to reconcile the dignified scrap to an occurrence so very probable, and assured him that the king would do every thing with the best possible grace; but in spite of my eloquence, little Joseph was determined on treating great George to a swoon, if even the tassel of a purse became visible.

"We reached our destination, and were ushered into a large drawing-room, one of the attendants begging me to name what I required, as his Majesty had given directions that attention should be paid to my wishes. The King seemed anxious that I should make myself quite 'at home,' and I was delighted at the prospect of seeing him so. In a very short time I finished my preliminary preparations *à la* English Opera House, arranged my wigs and properties, and found my 'soul in arms and eager for the fray.'

"About nine o'clock, the King and his dinner party entered the room: the moment his Majesty saw Boralowski, he caught him in his arms, kissed his two cheeks, and then placing him on the chair next himself, said—'My dear little friend, it is just two-and-thirty years since you were in this room before.'

"An inclination of the royal head I took for a signal to commence, and as good fortune would have it, I was in capital cue—voice in good order

—no need of jujubes, and only two or three sips at my glass of water between my saying, 'May it please your Majesty,' 'and your noble guests.' The King applauded me most manfully; the lords and ladies couldn't do less. I found it worth while playing to such a capital audience, and did my best. My never-failing friend, Mrs. Mac Knight, appeared an especial favourite of the King's, so was Daniel O'Rourke, your story, you know, and I left off, to use Parliamentary language, with 'deafening cheers from both sides the house.'

"Refreshments were handed to me, the King recommending to my notice some iced punch, made after a peculiar recipe. I took some, and found it delicious; but what was worth more to me than all the liquors or liquids in the world, was his Majesty's thanks for the entertainment I had afforded him and his friends, such were his own words, 'think of that, Master Hill.' Turning to Boralowski, the King said, 'Count, do you remember —, the page, who brought you to me on your first visit here?'

" 'Majesté, ver well, nice kind gentleman.'

" 'Poor fellow,' said his Majesty, 'he is confined to his room; you will oblige me by seeing him before you go. I will read your book, depend on't, and as a token of my regard, pray accept this.' So saying, his Majesty drew from his pocket a remarkably small, beautiful gold watch, with delicate Trinchinopoly chain, and minute seals. 'Good night, Count; good night, Mr. Mathews,' and exit through door in flat the finest gentleman in Europe.

"One of the ushers led us to the page's room. My friend the Count was the happiest creature living; he surveyed the bijou with streaming eyes, exclaiming, 'Majesté noble body; my mind ces ease, he offer no money. Happy Boralowski to live in countree with such prince.' We found the object of our visit in bed, to which I learnt he had been confined for many weeks: the eyes of the sick man lighted up with a strong expression of delight as he saw the Count enter, and he rose to welcome his visitor.

" 'Saar,' said the Count, 'Majesté tell me to come; I am happy to show my duty, but ver sorry to see you in bad bed.'

" 'My dear little gentleman,' said the invalid, 'I am very much obliged to you for taking the trouble. His Majesty told me that you were to be at the palace to day, reminded me of old times, and when I said I should like to see you again, promised that I should.'

" 'The King told you?' said I, inquiringly.

" 'Yes, Sir,' feebly articulated the sufferer. 'Heaven bless him, for the kindest and best master that ever breathed; every day since my illness, has my gracious Sovereign sat by my bed-side for an hour, cheering my spirits, and ordering every thing I could fancy to be sent to me.'

"It was now my turn to shed tears, and how could I help it, at this rare and beautiful trait of human feeling in a man, the goodness of whose heart, so many *beasts* are just now disputing; I won't attempt a word of praise, the deed speaks for itself. Again and again, I say, God bless the King! to which, I am sure, you will say, Amen."

I did; so spoke Mathews about Boralowski, and that is the long and short of my story.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LAST PARACHUTE.

BY HENRY BROWNRIGG, ESQ.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was on the —th ult. manifested throughout the populous district of Walworth. It had been industriously, though confidentially, whispered, that Mr. Minnow, a fishmonger and vestryman, distinguished no less for his public spirit than his private virtues, was about to share in the perilous ascent of Mrs. Graham. A new parachute, invented by Mr. Minnow, whose scientific attainments had long been the theme of admiration among a select circle of friends, was to be tried on the occasion. And, with that liberality which had ever characterized the conduct of the above-named gentleman, a bushel of live oysters, supplied from his own warehouse, was to accompany the aerial voyagers at least five miles above the earth, and then to descend in a parachute, in order that the timid and sceptical might be assured and convinced of the perfect safety of the conveyance. In his zeal for science, Mr. Minnow had resolved that his own infant—the youngest of an interesting family of ten—should be the favoured tenant of the parachute, but, as it had been only three days short-coated, Mrs. Minnow, in her natural anxiety for the health of her offspring, suggested that the dear baby might possibly take cold; and when it was considered that oysters would do quite as well, the maternal hesitation on the part of Mrs. Minnow must find some allowance in the bosoms of the most curious and the most scientific.

We should waste time, ink, and paper, were we to attempt to demonstrate the vast utility of the parachute. Its extraordinary influence on the comforts of society is, happily, not now to be disputed. To be able to shoot from a balloon to the earth, when the balloon itself would afford that transit, is to enjoy the most gratifying sense of independence. Who would descend the stairs of a house, when a safe and rapid flight into the street might be taken from the garret-window? However, to the eventful proceedings of the day.

At an early hour the ground was thronged. The balloon was inflated, and, by its tugging motion, seemed, like a young eagle, to desire to wing its proud and lofty way into that bright and circumambient air, wherein it was soon to soar in gentle grace and glittering beauty. At three o'clock, Mrs. Graham appeared upon the ground, and was received with marked enthusiasm. She looked at the balloon, bowed, and smiled confidently. She was dressed in a brown gown, white straw bonnet, and blue ribands. We had almost forgotten to state that she also wore a chinchilly tippet. By those who stood near her, she was understood to inquire for her fellow-passenger, Mr. Minnow?

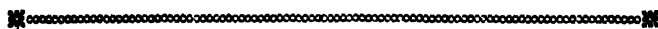
At this moment, as we are credibly informed by an ear-witness of unimpeachable character, Mr. Minnow came upon the ground. He was at first received with silence, but, on several persons exclaiming "That's he, that's Minnow!" an indescribable shout seemed to rend apart the very heavens. Mr. Minnow put his hand upon his heart, and bowed. He was a remarkably respectable-looking man, having on a handsome blue coat with bright buttons, drab breeches and gaiters, a white hat turned up with green, a gold watch (he took it out to inquire the hour) and large appendages. He carried in his hand what—and

we think, too, we state the general impression—we took to be a gig umbrella: reader, it was the NEW PARACHUTE! Who that looked upon the machine could have suspected it? Who, when the mystery was unfolded, can describe the delight of the intoxicated multitude! At length, all was prepared, and——

And, here, readers and fellow-countrymen, we are compelled to pause to call upon you to applaud the vigilant benevolence of the district magistracy, who had caused Inspector Lynx of the “I” division to prohibit the ascent of the oysters—we are bound to say, there was a full bushel—unless it could be satisfactorily proved to him, upon scientific principles, that no accident could accrue to them from the experiment.

We were delighted at this interference, for two reasons. The first is, it proved the humanity and activity of the magistrates; and the second afforded us the pleasure of hearing Mr. Minnow shortly, but lucidly, lecture on the principles of his new parachute, and convince Inspector Lynx that it was impossible the descent from any height could be so violent as to break in pieces *both* shells of the oyster; that if the bottom shell were broken, the top would be uninjured, and *vice versa*. On this, in the most handsome manner, Inspector Lynx suffered the bushel of adventurous æronauts to be placed in the parachute, and we deal in no hyperbolical figure, when we state that expectation was upon tiptoe!

Mr. Minnow handed Mrs. Graham into the basket-car, and, with no visible emotion, followed. A third passenger, a studious-looking man, as it was whispered, the editor of a journal of considerable weight, took his seat upon “the cross-bench.” The word was given—the ropes were cut—but the balloon rose very, very slowly. Mrs. Graham flung out several bags of sand, and Mr. Minnow lightened his pockets of several packs of cards, eagerly sought for by the crowd as mementos of the soul-stirring occurrence. We were happy in securing one of these precious tokens, the subjoined *fac-simile* of which we are proud to lay before our readers:—



PETER MINNOW,

SHRIMP AND SHELL-FISH MERCHANT,

NEW CUT, LAMBETH:

THE ONLY WAREHOUSE FOR THE REAL

Parachute Oysters!

SENT IN BARRELS TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

N.B. Periwinkles in every variety.

Although many bags of sand, and several packs of the above cards, were flung from the car, the balloon rose lazily, and some of the lower order of spectators had their mouths ready formed to hiss, when Mrs. Graham darted a glance of suspicion at the editor. With some confusion in his manner, he put his hand to his coat-pocket, and hurriedly flung an un-

suspected copy of his own journal from him; and extraordinary as it may appear, the balloon, with the parachute attached to it, shot like a rocket into the air, Minnow just before exclaiming to his wife—"Mind, Betsy, the left Box!"

The crowd huzzaed—Mrs. Graham, Minnow, and the second gentleman, each waving a flag of a different hue.

We are happy to say that here our task concludes; for we have now to report the words of that daring aeronaut, Peter Minnow himself!

"We rose with a gentle and steady breeze. For at least five minutes—so clearly could we discern objects—I could distinguish the moustache of Potlid, the master tinman of Lambeth Marsh; nor was it until two minutes more had elapsed, that we had wholly lost sight of his tip.

"We crossed the Thames, between Waterloo and Blackfriars. By the reflection of the sun upon a black cloud, and by the aid of an excellent glass, we plainly discerned the copper edge of a bad sixpence, presented to and taken by the unsuspecting tollman.

"The coal barges looked no larger than old shoes, and the fan-tail hats of the coal-heavers like patches on the cheeks of a lady. The pearl buttons on the velvet jacket of a ticket-porter, as Mrs. Graham assured me, presented quite an era in the history of acrostation.

"We looked from time to time with intense interest on the passengers in the parachute, all of whom appeared perfectly tranquil. We felt assured, from their unaltered demeanour, that no timidity on their part would prevent a fair trial of the powers of the new machine.

"The weather was beautiful. As we steered eastward, St. Paul's became a conspicuous and animating object. We hovered above it, like an eagle flapping his fan-like wings in the molten sun*. Here we descended so low, and there was about us such a death-like calm, that we heard, or thought we heard, the halfpence chink at the door of the cathedral. Mrs. Graham playfully remarked to me, that the statue of Queen Anne, observed from our point of view, looked very like a Bavarian broom-girl.

"As we were wafted gently onwards, Bow Church arose in all its simple dignity. By a strange coincidence, Bow-bells were ringing. We were borne tranquilly onwards until we found ourselves above the Stock Exchange. Here, many persons looked very small indeed; and here, we experienced a dead calm. In order that we might rise into another current, we cast more sand out, and fear, from the confusion we saw below, that we had unconsciously flung a great deal of dust into the eyes of several contractors.

"We rose, and found another current; and, to our inexpressible satisfaction, were carried due west. Even at such an altitude, we were able to make out objects. I saw what, I am sure, was the line of stables belonging to the Golden Cross; but Mrs. Graham insisted that it was the National Gallery.

"I observed to the gentleman who accompanied us that the rarefied air produced in me symptoms of sudden hunger. At this he significantly asked, if it were necessary that the whole bushel of oysters should descend unopened? To this, I replied with firmness, that I could not break faith with the public—the parachute must go the whole bushel.

* We trust we do no wrong to Mr. Minnow; but we shrewdly suspect that his companion, the editor, has helped him to a figure or two.

"We were now driven on with great speed; and were about the desired five miles above the surface of the globe, when Mrs. Graham remarked that we had sailed a great distance, and that, consequently, we should have an equal distance to return.

"I had promised the spirited proprietor of the Victoria Theatre, to present myself upon his stage at half-past eleven at night.—(I may be here permitted to express my regret that, as an old neighbour of that gentleman, I was compelled to refuse the terms of the proprietor of the Surrey Theatre. I could *not*, with justice to my family, take two pounds, and include the bushel of oysters. My tub is still at his service for the dress-boxes.)—Half-past eleven at the latest; the hour was stated in the bills, and I expected a great crowd in my rooms when the play was over. On this, I preferred to let the parachute descend.

"It was an anxious moment. I cut the cord, the aeronauts—the whole bushel—shot quicker than lightning down the blue abyss; we rose, but, owing to the skilful direction of Mrs. Graham, suffered no inconvenience. The balloon was almost immediately at our command; and we prepared to descend, that we might join, as soon as possible, our brother aeronauts.

"We alighted in a paddock—the property of Mr. Fuss, late of Houndsditch—at the picturesque village of Pinner. To himself, his amiable lady, their lovely family, and various domestics, we owe the greatest thanks for assistance in our descent.

"Mr. Cuts, schoolmaster of Pinner, in the most handsome way, dispatched his fifty boys in various directions in search of the parachute, liberally offering sixpence from his own pocket to the fortunate finder.

"We were then ushered by Mr. and Mrs. Fuss into their front parlour, where we partook of a cold collation, shoulder of mutton, pickled walnuts, ale, &c.

"We made a hearty meal, but were naturally anxious for the fate of the parachute. At length our fears were dissipated by the appearance of a male and female gipsy, followed by some of the boys of Mr. Cuts, who brought to us the uninjured parachute and all the—shells!

"The gipsies were rigidly cross-examined, but were firm in their statement that the oysters came to the earth ready opened. When the peculiar lawlessness of this caste of people is taken into consideration, their statement will weigh nothing with the scientific. For it is plain that the same force that opened an oyster, must have had some effect upon the frail fabric of the parachute, which will, for the next six weeks, be exhibited in my rooms for the satisfaction of the curious, whether they take their oysters raw or scollop'd.

"He indeed must be the most sceptical, or the most envious of men—or both—who can ever venture to question the safety and utility of my parachute.

"After enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Fuss, the balloon and parachute were packed up, and we arrived at the stage-door of the Victoria Theatre at five-and-twenty minutes past eleven, where we were cordially welcomed by the Lessee."

Thus far goes the simple statement of Mr. Minnow. It is now our duty to declare that his arrival was no sooner made known, than a loud

shout was set up for him, when he instantly appeared upon the stage, led on by the manager. A supernumerary in the background carried the parachute.

Mrs. Graham was next called for, when that lady appeared, and courted an acknowledgment of the honour.

A vehement cry was next raised for the proprietor. He came on, after some hesitation, and was welcomed with a loud burst of applause. He was so affected by the novelty of his situation, that he was led off, leaning on the arm of his friend the stage-manager.

Mrs. Minnow, and numerous family, were next recognised in the left-hand stage-box. They were loudly applauded, and severally returned their mute yet eloquent thanks.

The friends of science will, we feel assured, be delighted to learn that it is next season the intention of Mr. Minnow to ascend every evening with his parachute—beginning on Easter Monday—until further notice.

THE STRANGER I MET AT MY CLUB.

A TALE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

At the club of which I am a member, "The Whitechapel Athenæum," we are allowed to bring strangers with us to dinner—a very great convenience, every one must allow, to our friends. I live in that neighbourhood; I am not ashamed to confess it. In fact, I have been so long in business, and have seen such a variety of things in my life, that I am too old to be ashamed of anything. At any rate, I am above the paltry affectation of many of my neighbours, who consider it something mighty ungenteel to remain in town at this season of the year, and give out to all their friends that they are gone to Margate or Gravesend, when I know for a certainty that they have never budged from their own homes. One of them—I don't choose to mention names—a

salter by trade, a leading member of our club—in fact, the only one who endeavoured to exclude me when I was a candidate for admission—put a ticket in his window with "Gone to Brighton for the season" written on it; when, I declare, I have seen him almost every day slinking through by-lanes and alleys into his back shop. All this, I say, I am above. I stay in town the whole year round, and dine at my club every day. The club, however, it must be confessed, has a very desolate appearance all August and September; piles of uncut newspapers blocking up every table, windows badly cleaned, floors scarcely sanded above once a week, and if by any chance a member does come in, he looks for all the world as if he were detected in a forgery. The steward of the club has gone on leave of absence; the butler is never to be found; dear me! the very waiters seem asleep; and you have to wait at least half an hour for your pint of wine. However, in spite of all these inconveniences, it is better to dine there than at a chop-house; and, accordingly, every day, summer and winter, punctually at five o'clock, I take my seat at the little square table, up at the middle window looking directly opposite into the London Hospital.

One day last week I had dined—mutton chop, I remember, and pot of porter—and was picking my teeth very leisurely to give William time to get me my pint of sherry, when my attention was called to the other end of the room by a gentleman making a speech. He was a stranger; a stout man, about my own age—fifty or thereabouts—and he had been brought in by a friend, a member of the club with whom I am not acquainted. They had dined together very quietly—cold beef and pickles, William said, exactly at three—and, in fact, so little noise had they made, that I was not aware of their presence in the room. All of a sudden I heard a speech proceeding with the most amazing volubility. I was so far off I could not catch a word of it, but I perceived from the gestures he made use of, and the risings and fallings of his voice, that he was an accomplished orator. His whole audience was his friend—a mercer from Cornhill—a very quiet, respectable man, who certainly looked amazed at the performance. It lasted, I should think, twenty minutes; at the end of which time, the gentleman sat down and knocked very loudly with both hands on the table, and kicked with all his might upon the floor. Shortly after that, he volunteered a song; 'twas "Will Watch the bold Smuggler," and very well he sang it, bestowing at the end the same hearty marks of approbation on it that he had formerly done on the speech.

My wine was now put before me, and I placed my tooth-pick in my pocket. Before I had finished one-half of the decanter—I drank very slowly—the mercer from Cornhill slipped off, and I thought I perceived by the doggedly determined manner with which he fixed his hat on his head, that he had no intention of returning. The stranger waited very patiently for some time, but at last, looking all round, and seeing nobody but me, he carried his decanter—I declare to Heaven it was entirely empty—up to the table I was sitting at, and making me a very polite bow, proposed, as we were both enjoying our wine, that we should do so in company.

"Company, my dear Sir," he continued, drawing in his chair, and filling up his glass out of my decanter; "company, Sir, is indispensable to me. 'Tis even recommended for my health."

"Indeed, Sir," I said, keeping a firm hold of my wine, for he had finished his glass in a moment, and looked very dangerously at the decanter again.

"Yes, Sir; I am liable to low spirits. I have such a lot of sensibility; 'tis quite distressing to see me sometimes. Nice club this is."

"Very——"

"I think of belonging to it myself. 'Twill be a charming resource against the agonies of recollection, the woes of memory, and the grief of a too sensitive, too sympathizing heart. You don't help yourself to the wine."

"I have had enough, Sir," I said, as repulsively as I could.

"Nonsense! Enough? why you've had nothing. Let me help you." So saying, he fairly got possession of my pint decanter, and divided the contents of it equally between us.

"This is the fine free and easy way I like to see things carried on in clubs. What are clubs? Confraternities of congenial souls. If I belonged to a club, there is not a member in all whose woes I would not have a share."

"And in his bottle, too," I said, with a sneer.

"Good! good! Well, that *does* deserve something. Waiter, a bottle of port. Ah, Sir! how charming it is to meet with a good-humoured, pleasant, agreeable, witty companion, such as you! 'twas a capital hit about the bottle—I took it at once."

"So I saw, Sir. You took every drop of it."

"Good again! Waiter, why the devil don't you bring that bottle of port? Alas! Sir, you must excuse me. I am dreadfully subject to low spirits. But, thank Heaven, here comes William with the wine."

He poured out a glass, and, after looking at it for some time, swallowed it off in a twinkling.

"Medicine, Sir—purely as medicine I drink it. It enables me to bear up. I should die without it—ennui—blue devils—hypochondriasis——"

"And thirst, Sir?" I said; but somehow the extraordinary familiarity of the man's manner disarmed my dislike, and I filled up my glass, and accompanied my observation with a smile.

"Capital again! You have said three very witty things. I declare to Heaven, Sir, I *am* ashamed of myself, but I can't laugh. No, Sir; the effort would choke me. I have one fatal remembrance, one sorrow, but you know the lines——"

"Indeed, Sir?" I asked, inquiringly.

"True. I have thought of suicide; but 'tis so common, 'tis become vulgar: my shoemaker cut his throat last week. I will tell you my story, Sir; after that judge if I have no cause for regret."

"Happy to hear it, Sir."

The stranger drew his chair more confidentially close to the table, filled up our glasses, and then said—

"Do you know the Isle of Wight, Sir?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of old Sniggs, of Water-lane?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of Captain Hoskins, of Harridon Lodge?"

"No."

"Good Heavens! what a man you must be! The Isle of Wight is the loveliest place in the world, Sir. All the Undercliff is a slice out of Eden; hundreds of people go there every year, pretending to be in bad health—'tis only to enjoy the scenery and eat prawns. Dr. Clarke calls it the British Madeira; 'tis the only homebrewed I ever heard of which is better than the original. Ah! 'tis, indeed, a charming spot, and five-and-twenty years ago, 'twas still more beautiful than now. I *was* young then; thin, elegant, genteel; grief had not swelled me; nor tears reddened the point of my nose. And, then, old Sniggs—you never heard of old Sniggs?"

"No, Sir; never."

"Curious;—a d—d old hunk as ever was, but such a sweet creature his daughter! Ah, Julia! How playful she used to be at church! We always *hurled* immensely all the time of the psalms. And Hoskins—never heard of Hoskins?"

"Never."

"Odd again;—a dog, Sir. A handsome, laughing, jolly, swearing, whiskered, infernal fellow, Sir. He was six feet two—without a shilling

—he had spent two fortunes—and, as bad luck would have it, went down to the Isle of Wight.”

“To eat prawns, Sir?”

“No—to catch gudgeons, Sir. He caught *me*—the rascal! That’s my story, Sir.”

“What is, Sir? I have heard no story yet.”

“No! How slow you must be. Don’t you see it all? But I’ll tell it you, Sir, word for word. Pray, Sir, do you ever lend money to a friend?”

This was too much, and I determined to stop the man’s impertinence at once. The idea of asking me for a loan after ten minutes’ acquaintance! I could not help thinking he was a swindler.

“No, Sir,” I said: “I would not lend a shilling to the dearest friend I have in the world; no, not to keep him from starving. And, as to trusting a stranger with a sixpence, Sir, I should consider he was insulting me if he hinted at such a thing.”

“Give me your hand,” exclaimed the stranger, “give me your hand. I am proud to have met you—you will be a happy man all your days—you are a gentleman—a wise man. Would to Heaven I had always thought as you do! Ah! Sir, you shall hear. Old Sniggs was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—Julia his only child. I, Sir, lived next door to them in Finsbury Square, and flirted with the daughter every Sunday at church. Could anything be more agreeable? Yet somehow or other we never could scrape up an acquaintance. A she dragon, in the shape of an old housekeeper, always guarded that fairest of Hesperian apples—plums, I should say, for you perceive she was heiress to a plum and a half—and nothing I could do could get the better of her vigilance. I worried, and teased, and fretted myself to such a degree that I nearly tormented myself into a consumption. Change of scene—mild air—were recommended to me by the faculty, and I set off by the Portsmouth coach for the village of Steephill, at the back of the Isle of Wight. I got a charming bed-room and parlour at a farmer’s cottage—oh, ’twas Paradise!—and the hostess, ~~was~~ the most delicious huns in the world. Every morning at breakfast I had magnificent slices—sometimes hot, sometimes cold—exquisite prawns, with an occasional lobster. My health grew gradually better, but I still mused a good deal about Julia. Even then, Sir, solitude was my aversion, and you may guess my gratification when one day I was visited by a tall handsome young man, dressed in a style that had once been fashionable—trousers slightly patched about the knees—coat not quite entire about the elbows, for the benefit of the fresh air; and yet his *tout ensemble* showing he was a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. He was romantic, and had stationed himself at the ‘Crab and Lobster,’ a delicious retreat from the cares of life, just under St. Boniface Down. He begged the honour of my acquaintance. I went of course and dined with him that very day—cold lamb and salad—and vowed eternal friendship, as I was assisted on my homeward way at half-past eight. He was certainly a delightful fellow; no ceremony—no reserve—full of jokes. He came into my bedroom one morning before I was up, and clapped on my new coat—an olive green, I remember, with bright brass buttons—and, all I could say, I never could get it back again. Oh! he was full of fun! He did the same with my trousers: ‘pon my soul,

'twould have killed you with laughing to have heard how comically he spoke about the trick. I love him yet—the rascal!—though he has been the cause of all my misery. 'Twas Hoskins;—I need scarcely tell you his name; you guessed who it was, didn't you?"

"No, Sir; I had no idea."

"Well; he and I for about a week were happier than any two men since the fall. We rambled about the sweet vales of Bonchurch—dived into the coves of Ventnor;—we were seldom separate for an hour in the day. Would to Jupiter we had never been separate a moment! Of course we had no secrets with each other. I was come to the island to recover the tone of my mind and stomach, after a disappointment in love; he had come to those deep solitudes and awful dells to avoid the impertinence of his duns. We nearly succeeded in both. I became ruddy as a piony rose, and was hungry five times a day, and he lost the very recollection of wine-merchants and tailors. How he rallied me about Julia! how he laughed at the name of Sniggs! But he always particularly impressed on me the necessity of never despairing. We formed together a plan of the campaign by which I was to obtain my wishes. He was to come up and live with me in London—to drive about in my phaeton—cabs are a new invention—and, if possible, obtain an introduction to her husband; then trust to him for pleading the cause of his friend! Nothing could be nicer; I was only anxious to proceed to work, and to return to London immediately. As a preparatory step, I wrote to several of his creditors, and became responsible for his debts. Couldn't do less, you know, for a gentleman who was to get me a wife with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It seemed very odd to me all this time that Hoskins—gay, lively, handsome fellow—had never been in love. It seemed to give me too much the advantage over him, but he didn't seem to mind it much. He was as proud of himself as if he had been in love with a dozen. At last, one day—'twas the sixth of our acquaintance—he came to me and said, 'Tiddy,' said he, 'will you make my fortune?'

"~~Could~~ inly, Hosky, my boy," said I; "but how?"

"Lend me twenty pounds. The oddest thing in the world has just happened to me."

"I happened only to have twenty-five pounds left; gave him four fives without a word; and kept the other."

"What is it?" I said.

"Why, as I was just rambling along below Groves's inn, there passed me a carriage containing two or three ladies. They were evidently strangers; 'twas a Newport fly; and after they had passed me about twenty yards, the driver stopped, and one of the ladies—rather demure-looking, and somewhat dowdily dressed—came up and spoke to me."

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"Never saw her in my life before; but she said to me, 'I take the liberty of addressing you, Sir, perceiving you to be a gentleman—'"

"By Jupiter, Hosky! my coat and trousers——"

"To inform you," continued the old woman, "of our dilemma. We are living at present in Southampton; we have come over here for a two days' tour, and, unluckily, we have just this moment discovered that we have brought no money with us."

“ ‘ And what did you say, Hosky, my boy?’ asked I.

“ ‘ Say? why, that I was delighted to have the opportunity of being useful—that I would walk direct to my hotel and bring them whatever sum they required. They have gone on to Shanklin, and as they return this way, I shall present them with the twenty pounds you have given me.’

“ ‘ Hadn’t you better let me do it myself?’ I asked; for I thought, Sir, as the money was mine, I might as well have all the merit of helping those damsels in distress. But Hoskins was resolved; and insisted on giving me a note of hand for the amount, in order, as he said, that he might hand it to the ladies with a safe conscience. Noble fellow Hoskins was—wasn’t he? Well, Sir, when I asked him what more he intended to do, what do you think he told me, Sir? Why, that he intended to marry the old woman!

“ ‘ The old woman, Hosky!’ says I. ‘ Why do you fix on her?’

“ ‘ Because she is dowdily dressed, and asked me for money, she *must* be rich.’

“ ‘ Why?’ said I, in surprise. ‘ Because she is ill dressed and hasn’t a farthing in her pocket?’

“ ‘ Exactly,’ nodded my friend Hoskins—oh, he was a knowing dog. ‘ If she were really poor she would be nicely dressed, and have rather snuck through the catch than have come and sold her poverty to a stranger. She must be rolling in money—at least I can try her on the chance.’

“ So I laughed at him, and he rubbed his hand. ‘ You never saw two fellows so jolly in your life. Hoskins with the pocket full of coppers stuffed with *my* bank notes, and buttoning up the bosom of *my* olive-green coat. Short-sleeved and none at all! Command me if I ever laugh again! Let me fill your glass again, Sir.’

“ ‘ You had better, Sir,’ said I, ‘ for you’ve emptied it this moment—by mistake, of course.’

“ ‘ God again! But now my miseries begin. Sir, there is a landship just below a place called Undermount Cottage, leading down to a beautiful beach. Never was so sweet a spot. High hills towered above, rugged rocks, shelving glens, quite made for lovers to play hide-and-seek in. Well, Sir, that smooth expanse of sand, that richly-wooded shore, that quiet, ‘*blest retirement, mild to life’s decline*’—that is, friend to all who are laboring in a consumption, Sir—that scene, I say, was the witness of my distraction. Hoskins was a timorous sailor, and had hired a boat, which I paid for at the rate of a guinea a week. By way of passing off the time till the old lady’s return we resolved to row out and hit up the prawn-pots. No amusement can be so delightful, Sir, as catching prawns in the midst of the finest scenery in the world; for

‘ Oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this, it is this!’

When we were returning the tide was running out at the rate of sixty miles an hour—sad work pulling against such a racer. But when we had got within a few yards of the shore, who should Hoskins see, just peeping over the cliff, but the identical old lady that had spoken to him in the morning. She waved her hand; he kissed his in return; when—excuse me, Sir, till I’ve swallowed this bumper—just at her elbow,

smiling and smirking exactly as we used to do at church, appeared Julia—*my* Julia—'twas, indeed, Miss Sniggs. My heart jumped into my mouth in a moment, and filled it so completely that there was no room for the tongue to move. Indeed, I believe there was no room for it in the mouth at all, and that it hung out like a dog's in the hot days of July. How I panted to be sure! for you will observe that Hoskins was a capital steersman; and always when we rowed out I held the oars and he the helm; but whether my panting proceeded most from the exertion of rowing against tide, or from seeing Julia so unexpectedly, I cannot, at this distance of time, exactly remember. The silence lasted for some time, and nothing was to be heard but the prodigiously loud kisses that Hoskins kept constantly impressing on the palm of his hand. At last I pulled my tongue within my lips.

"'Heavens!'" I cried, 'that's my Julia!'

"'Your *Julia*!" says Hosky—"which? the old lady in the cotton shawl, straw bonnet, and dingy-coloured gown?"

"'No, no; the angel looking over her shoulder in the pink silk scarf—the old one's the housekeeper.'

"'That's she, is it,'" said Hosky. "And a devilish nice angel she is too. Then, my dear Teddy, that alters the whole business; but here we are ashore, my boy. Give me the oars; you stay in the boat and I'll jump to land and keep her steady."

"Saying this, Hosky—fine active fellow—tossed the two oars ashore, and leaped himself to land; but, instead of keeping the boat steady by the rope in the bow, what do you think he did?—I must really have some brandy-and-water. Why, he gave the boat an infernal kick with his prodigiously long leg, and hollowed after me as the tide caught hold of the Naad—that was its name, Sir—and ran off with it like a run-away hunter."

"'Pleasant voyage to you, Teddy! I hope to tell you some news of the fair Julia when you come back.'

"What could I do, Sir? Nothing. I swore a little; but it did me no good. Every minute the tide seemed to go faster and faster; and the boat, being left entirely to itself—for, you remember, Hosky threw the oars ashore—tossed and tumbled so horribly among the little short waves, sometimes turning its side, sometimes its stern, that I began very rapidly to become sick. In the mean time Hosky joined the party on the cliff: I saw him lift off his hat as if he had been a prince; I saw my bright brass buttons glancing in the sun; I saw him put his hand in my breeches pocket and pull out my fives! Gracious Heavens! fancy my feelings! And just as I had to turn aside to conceal the emotion that the unusual jerking of the boat had produced in my interior, I caught a glimpse of the party winding slowly up the land-slip—Hosky between the two ladies, and Julia leaning on his arm!"

"It was very awkward, Sir," I said, as the stranger endeavoured to bury his recollections in another bumper; "but, of course, you explained everything on your return?"

"Return, Sir! I never returned: at least it was fourteen years before I came back again. The tide, Sir, I tell you, was running like Eclipse, and I was as sick as a dog. I lay down, Sir, at the bottom of the boat, I raged—I raved—I swore; and, at last, when evening came on I was in the middle of the sea, half mad with sickness and vexation; and, at

last, I fell asleep. I wakened, Sir, perishing with hunger and thirst—my tongue gets parched when I think of it—fill up, Sir—and I feel as if I had no dinner—do you allow a Welsh rabbit at this club, Sir?—but what was I to do? I was still weltering in the pathless deep, and expected every moment to be run down by a ship or swallowed up by a whale. Nothing would do, Sir. I shut my eyes and tried to sleep again. At last I was fairly awakened by a thwack across the shoulders with the flat end of an oar—'twas daylight, Sir: I saw several little boats all round me, and a place before me which I imagined was St. Helen's. 'Hallo! my boy,' I cried to the huge fellow, dressed in a hairy cap, who had the oar uplifted in act to fall again, 'don't strike so hard, but lend me a couple of oars and I'll give you half a guinea when we get to the Salvation.' By heavens, Sir, I never was so surprised in my life. I had fallen among a fleet of French fishermen, and the little town I had fancied was St. Helen's was Dieppe. Nice fellow Hoskins was to play me such a trick! Napoleon and all the marshals, I suppose, were deucedly alarmed at such an invasion, for they clapped me into prison directly; and there I was, Sir—only imagine my condition—till the year eighteen hundred and fifteen. This happened, Sir, in eighteen hundred and one. There was, I, Sir, kept in close confinement: little to eat; nothing to drink; not a soul to speak to—for I never could pick up the language; and all because I went to the Isle of Wight to recover my good spirits, and lent money to a friend."

"And what did you do when you came back, Sir?"

"Ate breakfasts and drank porter the first half year without a moment's intermission night and day. At the end of that time I went into St. Dunstan's, and shed a few tears over my mother's grave. She had died of a fit of apoplexy and a broken heart about a year after my disappearance; and the sight of the old pulpit and the pew where I had had such fun, laughing to Julia, in my younger days, brought the whole scene back into my memory; but no, it had never left it: I thought of her incessantly, and wondered what had become of her. If she is still Miss Sniggs, thought I, all may be well yet; but how was I to hear of her? Her old father had died, or the trade in Water-lane had been sold; for he was nowhere to be found in the Directory. I then tried to find out Hoskins: I went carefully to the Fleet and the King's Bench as the most likely places to discover him; but he was not there. I looked back at all the cases before the magistrates, and all the convictions at the Old Bailey: he was nowhere to be found. Years and years passed on, and the search was still useless; when, at last—your glass is empty, Sir—the appalling truth burst upon me: I was a ruined man, Sir—happiness destroyed for life, and the Pleasures of Hope a *liber expurgatus*—Miss Sniggs was married! The way I discovered it was this: it had struck me very forcibly that a pilgrimage to the scene of my misery would be a pleasing occupation for a man of my musing and melancholy turn of mind. I mounted once more, Sir, the Portsmouth coach; crossed over to Ryde; jumped into one of the open flies that are always kept ready at the pier; traversed the island, and arrived at the old place—the dear little cottage where I had smoked so many pipes with Hosky, the Crab and Lobster. The whole journey took but nine hours—think of that, Sir. Fleet-street at nine in the morning, Bonchurch at six at night: but there I was, Sir, after an

absence of more than five-and-twenty years. Wyld, the landlord, Sir, had no idea I was an old friend with a new face, or rather with a face newly done up—for I had neither red nose nor wrinkles when I had seen him last. Ah! 'twas indeed a melancholy retrospection; but the pawns were charming as ever, and the scenery—no, not improved, that's impossible—but just the same as when I left it. How I rambled all that evening till it was time for supper! What news I heard from my host!—a town built at Ventnor; a castle built at Steephill; a fairy palace built at East End; villas rising like poetical dreams every week upon Bonchurch. Ah! thought I, as I tumbled into bed, why the deuce shouldn't I build a villa? Next morning I revisited the Land-slip—fatal spot—and determined to rear my modest mansion on some gentle promontory commanding the whole scene. When once I resolve on a thing, Sir, 'tis always more than half done already. A gentleman of the name of Page, a builder at Ventnor, showed me all the grounds. We agreed about terms. Such a heavenly place I chose! just under the jutting cliff, two hundred and fifty feet high, buried amidst a profusion of 'plants of all scent and flowers of every hue;' and that very day I had fifteen men employed in clearing out the foundation. When I was standing superintending their operations I was delighted—petrified, I own, at the same time—to see a gentleman and lady approaching me from behind a clump of magnificent magnolias, at that moment in full bloom. The gentleman seemed about three or four-and-twenty years old; the lady—fair as the first that fell of womankind—about eighteen. What a nice pleasant fellow was the gentleman! what a charming creature was the wife! Who do you think they were, Sir?—Let me propose their heads in a bumper—the bottle's done.—Why they were the Marquis and Marchioness of Marylande. They were living in the upper cottage—a fascinating couple! In a few minutes we were as intimate as possible—real marquis and lady always so good-humoured—they invited me to dine with them that day. I went. Pretty little dinner—soup, fish, lamb, and a pudding—quite nice, you perceive; and, after a few turns of the wine, I began to tell the marquis and his lady—she stood with us all the time—the story of my life and fortune. Gracious Powers! in the most pathetic part of all, her ladyship went into a fit—a positive, veritable, *bona fide* fit! Thank Heaven! 'twas only of laughter. The marquis nearly burst, Sir—he had to unbutton his waistcoat. I paused; I looked at the beaming face of the marchioness—what splendid white teeth she has! The reddened face and swelled eyes of the marquis! I could not understand it. Her ladyship was the

“‘How delighted,’ she cried, ‘mamma will be to see you! Oh, we have heard the story a hundred times from papa!’”

“‘Mamma—papa!’ I exclaimed. ‘Your ladyship is very good—may I ask——’”

“‘My good Sir,’ said the marquis, ‘are you not aware that that lady was Miss Hoskins, the daughter of your old friend?’”

“‘And her mother, my Lord Marquis?’”

“‘Miss Suggs?’”

“‘Do you hear that, Sir? The marquis actually looked at me with a smile upon his face when he told me that most diabolical fact.’”

“‘So Hoskins married my Julia?’ I exclaimed, in my despair; ‘got

all the old gentleman's money; has a marquis for his son-in-law—and all these things *ought* to have happened to me—*would* have happened to me, no doubt, if I had never gone to the island, or lent twenty pounds to a friend! Madam,' said I to the marchioness, 'I am enraged more than ever against your father when I perceive he has robbed me of so fair and exquisite a daughter.' She laughed. 'But,' I continued, 'nothing is left for me but to bury myself in this desert, and mourn over the unluckiness of my destiny.'

"'You shall do no such thing,' said the marquis; 'we shall all come down and see you when your new house is finished. Captain Hoskins and my fair mother-in-law will accompany us; he is adding a new wing to Harridon Lodge, and will be delighted to leave his work-people'

"'Well, then, my Lord,' I said, 'it will be ready by October. I have ordered the cellar to be finished first, and wrote off this morning to old Gibberne, in Broad-street, to stock me with good wine; and if you do come I will do all I can to make you happy.'

"'Will you take us out in a boat?' inquired the marchioness, with a malicious smile.

"'No, I'm — but I never swear; or, if I do, I will have an extra couple of oars chained to the thwarts.'

"If you can come down and join us, Sir, about the 10th of October, I shall be delighted. I am but a silent hypochondriac; but I will do everything to make it pleasant for you. Are you fond of shell-fish, Sir? Bathing? Sailing? Shooting? Riding? Driving? We have them all, Sir; but my grief is getting the better of me again, Sir—I must ring for another bottle."

While the stranger was giving his orders to William, and ordering in a couple of lobsters for supper, I took the opportunity of following the example that had been given me by his friend, the mercer from Cornhill, and getting, very quietly, possession of my hat and stick, I wended my way home. If he persists in wishing to be a member of the Whitechapel Athenæum I will black-ball him to a certainty. Strangers are not allowed to pay for anything they eat or drink; and I found, next day, a bill scored up against me—the mercer having cautioned them that he would not be responsible for two bottles of port, three glasses of brandy-and-water, fourteen cigars, two lobsters, and six dozen pandores—in all thirty-two shillings and sixpence. I am going to propose, at the next general meeting, that no member be permitted to bring a friend, or, if he does bring him, that he shall be answerable for his expenses.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Laurence Sterne.—GARRICK lived for many years in Southampton street (at the house now known as Eastey's Hotel, exactly opposite Tavistock-street): there is a painful recollection connected with that building. Poor Sterne, a very little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, bent his steps thither to borrow 5*l.* of the Roscius: it was evening. On arriving at the house he heard music, and knew that Garrick had a party; he was not habited for such a scene; he heard the merry laugh within, and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, turned away to struggle with his wants as he might. We never feel our miseries so keenly as when thus contrasted with the merriment and enjoyment of others; then, and then only, does the sufferer realise Wordsworth's picture:—

"And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Payment of Debts.—L—s, a country actor was notorious for his disregard of the laws of *recusant* and *tutor*: even when in comparatively opulent circumstances he never paid anything without the intervention of John Doe and Richard Roe. A friend once endeavoured to persuade him of the folly as well as injustice of this. "Sir," said L., with Johnsonian gravity, "whether a man owe anything or not, is a matter of opinion: no man can possibly be a judge in his own cause: therefore no sensible man should pay anything without taking the opinion of *twelve indifferent persons* upon the merits of the case."

One of the most curious instances of the authenticity and fulfilment of a prophecy occurred in the case of an actor named Lyon, who enjoyed considerable celebrity for his amazing memory. (He once studied a newspaper, advertisements and all, from one day to the next, and was perfect to a line.) A gipsy in Thirsk, Yorkshire, told him "to take no heed, for the Lord had built him a strong house to dwell in for ever." Some years before his death he was committed to the Fleet prison, where he ended his days.

Talma and Shakspeare.—The French are at present presenting a series of dramas of which our actors are made the heroes. Pieces called "Kean," "Mrs. Siddons," are already out; they abound in the most absurd fictions. Just after the peace of 1811, I remember seeing Talma act in a trifle called "Shakspeare Amoureux," in which the well-known story of sweet Willy's supplanting Burbage in an appointment with a lady, was introduced. Talma, of course, played the Bard of Avon.

John Richardson, the Showman.—Richardson was an extraordinary man: without education he made his way; was destitute of neither knowledge nor humour; and though he could not, by rule, execute a common sum in multiplication, was, in reality, an able arithmetician. A few specimens of his humour may not be unamusing.

When Mr. Macready, who is a perfect gentleman and a finished scholar, came out (1816) old Richardson was asked if he had seen the aspirant. "No, Muster," said the Showman, "I knows nothing about him: in fact he's some wagabon as no un knows; one of them chaps as an't had any

edication for the thing; he never was with me as Edmund Kean and them reg'lars was."

Gouffé, called the "Man Monkey," was originally seen by Vale, the low comedian, at a public-house, where he walked about the room heels upwards, and with his hands on pint pots, &c. &c. Vale recommended him to the Surrey manager, and at that theatre (previously in a poor state) he became highly attractive. Soon afterwards Vale amused himself by a visit to Bartholomew fair, and, amidst other sights, visited "ould Richardson." "Ha! Muster Vale," said the veteran: "I'm blessed if you and the other *bould* speakers hof the Surrey houghten't to go on your blessed knees, and gives a penn'orth of gingerbread nuts to hevery individial monkey in this here fair; for I'm blessed if a monkey an't put nuts in *your* mouths for the last two months."

When at St. Alban's, where he went annually, an actor named A——n offered his services. "Ha! Muster," said old Jack, "I remember you well, and no mistake; you was one of them *bould* speakers at the *Cowburg*; but I can't give you more than 30s. a-week." The sum was a fortune, and Richardson's offer was of course accepted. The manager and actor adjourned to take a *half-pinter*—(i.e. half a pint of porter, the only fluid, and the only quantity, *at a time*, he ever indulged in.) Mr. A. proceeded to the booth; he walked the parade in front for some time silently, and at last, remembering that he had "drawn" sundry shillings in advance from the old man, and had, moreover, imbibed several *half-pinters*, saw the propriety of making some exertion: accordingly, advancing to the front, he enunciated the usual invocation—

"Walk up, walk up, the players, the players,
The only booth in the fair."

In a few minutes up came old Richardson, nearly breathless, exclaiming—"Where is that bould speaker? I must give him five shillings more a-week, for I'm blessed if I didn't hear him down at the brig." (The "brig" alluded to, is a bridge at least a quarter of a mile from the place where the booth stood.)

Richardson was anxious for notice in the journals: a certain penny-aligner "for a consideration" inserted some laudatory paragraphs respecting the "performances" at Greenwich fair: for these he drew certain coin of the realm, from crowns to sovereigns from the old showman's pocket; unfortunately the demands were more frequent than the paragraphs, and at last "ould Richardson" positively refused to advance any more. The "literary gentleman" upon this, brought Richardson a paragraph, stating that his "theatre" was a place of "reputable" and "agreeable" amusement, and told him, if half a sovereign was not forthcoming, he should interpolate the syllable "dis" before the words reputable and agreeable. The money was paid, and ever afterwards, when literature was on the tapis, Richardson inveighed against "that there atrocious wagabon what hedit the 'Times';" for, strange to say, he never heard of any article or paragraph without imagining it to emanate not only from the leading journal, but from its editor himself.

A writer in Leigh Hunt's "Tatler," now out of print, has said something of the strange and kind-hearted old showman just to our purpose: after enumerating the delights (?) of Bartlemy Fair, he proceeds—

“ The gongs and roundabouts, and ups-and-downs,
 And the wild gleeful laugh of GYNGELL's clowns,
 Have flown :—
 OLD RICHARDSON remains alone ;
 The last man of the race,
 Wearing his old familiar face,
 And gahigaskins :
 For one would almost swear
 They are the very pair
 That eighteen years since braved the summer's baskings ;
 Vest, coat, continuations seem'd the same,
 The voice, the gait, the spot, and eke the well-known name.
 Health to thee, relic of a by-gone day,
 Last of a class who're fading fast away,
 Rough penny showman.
 For thou hast paced thy daily path in quiet,
 No creditor bewails thy heedless riot,
 Who calls *thee* debtor ?—No man.”

In the same article is a hint on the evanescent nature of wonders in general : to the list enumerated below poor old Richardson is now added :—

“ Have learned pigs the “ way of all pork ” gone ?
 Are thieves of *that* day now at Sydney justling ?
 Yea, Chunee, too, the elephant, hath flown
 And left the world “ for greater beasts ” to bustle in.
 Prince of Morocco—I admir'd of yore—
 Are you in truth no *more* ?
 Jesters have sought the grave, wild men turn'd tame,
 Mimes mute, and infant prodigies grown old ;
 Chabert, though diet'd on fire and flame,
 Despite his sulphur suppers, is cold ;
 Miss Biffen, without feet, her race has run :
 The spotted boy visits this spot no longer ;
 The dwarf's short thread of life is over spun ;
 And the strong man has wrestled with a stronger.”

A New Version of an Old Opera—One of the strangest scenes in the way of private acting I ever witnessed was at Altona. An Englishman who had settled there, and married a lady of Hamburg, suffered his children to get up a play to amuse their friends : they each spoke English as fluently as German, and the performances were some German play (the title of which I forget), and “ The Poor Soldier,” announced as an “ English opera abounding in national airs.” Though there was a peculiarity in the pronunciation of all the performers, they spoke English unexceptionably ; but the attempt to give the broken English of the French valet, and the brogue of Father Luke, beat anything Mathews ever gave us in the way of the ridiculous. Mr. —, it seems, had a book of “ The Poor Soldier,” but not the music ; some of the airs he recollected imperfectly, and they had been taken down from his voice, and scored as he rendered them ; but in some instances he could not recollect the airs at all, and then he made trifling alterations in the metre, and had the songs set to some other air that he did know. I nearly swallowed my pocket handkerchief when I heard “ My Friend and Pitcher ” set to “ Peg of Darby, oh ! ” I cannot recollect the first verse, but the third is as follows :—

"From morn till night I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger and a ditcher,
If, when I reach my home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher."

Thus it would not suit the substituted air; Mr. — therefore gave this version:—

"From morn till dewy eve,
I should toil and never grieve,
Though I was but a hedger or a ditcher, oh!
If, when I come home at night,
I find, as I alight,
My charming little girl, my friend and pitcher, oh!"

Finding "as he alights," is very felicitous, as hedgers and ditchers of course always ride home.

Dr. Dodd a Dramatist.—Woodfall, the publisher of "Junius," used often to relate an extraordinary anecdote respecting Dr. Dodd. After his trial that unfortunate man sent for Mr. Woodfall, who was a stranger to him; he went, anticipating, as he was the editor of an influential print, that his services were to be put in requisition for a mitigation of punishment: not so, the Doctor only sought to consult Mr. W. respecting a comedy he had produced in his youth, entitled "Sir Roger de Coverley," and which piece he had actually revised and completed whilst in Newgate. What became of the MS. I never learnt: but assuredly a comedy written by a clergyman whilst under sentence of death would be a curiosity.

The Ruling Passion.—R—, who in his earlier days had been the hero of a barn, was for some years playing an humble line of business at the Liverpool theatre; his dignity was hurt, but the salary was consolatory. On the night that Palmer expired on the stage, R— was smoking a pipe in an adjoining tavern. One of the performers suddenly rushed in pale and agitated, exclaiming, "John Palmer has dropped down dead in the third act!" "Aha!" said Mr. R—, after a pause of surprise, "and who have they sent for to finish the part?"

A Manager in Chancery.—At the period when a certain metropolitan theatre was in Chancery, one of the managers was pretty constantly in court. On one occasion, an advocate rose upon a petition respecting a party whose name was the same as the manager's. "*In re —*," said the lawyer. "That's me! that's me!" exclaimed the proprietor, bustling forward. "My lord," continued the counsel, without noticing the interruption, "this — is a poor lunatic." "That's *not* me!" cried the manager; and hastily retired amidst much laughter.

The Queen's Theatre: Italian Opera.—It is an anomaly no other country presents, that the theatre called after the reigning sovereign should be the only one in which the language of that sovereign's nation is never spoken. Yet the Opera-house is properly designated "Her Majesty's Theatre;" for what lawyers called "the fee" is in the Crown. There are seventy-four years unexpired of the last lease granted, and at the end of that period the property entirely reverts to and becomes part of the available revenue of the reigning monarch.

ANDREW M'CANN, THE ABSENT MAN.

IN the town of Ayr lived Andrew M'Cann,
 A very worthy, but absent man :—
 Andrew once called at a house in town,
 And sent up his name—" Mister Peter Brown ;"
 Held an egg in his hand while his watch was boiling,
 And oft was seen toiling
 His weary way to the bridge of Ayr,
 With one foot booted and one foot bare.

A very odd man was Andrew M'Cann ;
 And always before he went to rest,
 As soon as undress'd,
 He roll'd his small-clothes up like a ball,
 Then taking his coat, with the greatest care,
 He hung it over the back of a chair ;
 Then laid his head
 On the pillow in bed.

One night he came home more absent than ever,
 And, as you may suppose, " uncommonly clever ;
 So taking his garments (what a conceit!)
 He tuck'd them up under blanket and sheet,
 Then threw himself over the chair, like a sack,
 And broke his back.

C. C.

EPIGRAMS.

The Ringer's Response.

" What a dence of a din you are making ;
 Consider the heads that are aching :
 Good fellows, those bells will be breaking :—
 D'ye ring 'em for fun, or a wager ?"

The answer, methought, was a shiner :—
 " That Sir Robert's *of age* we the sign are ;
 For, as Bob has quite done with *the minor*,
 We're ringing a *triple-bob-major* !

Admonitory Inscription for the Entrance to Lansdowne (or any other) Passage.

Passenger ! think'st thou this passage to pass through ?
 Pass then, and think ; but in passing don't linger.
 If you pass *without* thinking, you pass like an *ass* through ;
 So, think while you're passing, and pass for a thinker !

G.

G. D.

THE CONVERSAZIONE,

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Colonel. LANG's "New South Wales." This is the age of colonization, and New South Wales is the chief of colonies. It already contains about eighty thousand English, and is yearly, I might almost say, hourly, increasing in population, opulence, and civilization. This is the work of England, yet the discovery was made by Spain, so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the year 1609, Francisco de Quiros, a noble Spaniard, was the first European who ever saw this great island-continent. The Spaniards are prodigiously pious in their names, and Don Francisco named his discovery, Australia of the Holy Spirit. Ambitious of the fame of another Columbus, he applied to the court of Madrid for ships and soldiers to complete his conquest; he was refused, and the country was left to the kangaroos. The Dutch, who soon became the universal navigators, during the next forty years, came coasting round the land. The Dutch were active discoverers; and in 1642, Tasman was sent from Batavia by Van Diemen, the Dutch Governor General of the Indies, to survey the coast. He discovered New Zealand. Tasman was attached to the Governor's daughter, and he signalized his respect for both, by giving the name of the Governor to the fine island now belonging to the British, and naming the northern extremity of New Zealand Cape Maria Van Diemen. The English then came into the field, and the celebrated Dampier, in his cruises against the Spaniards in the South Seas, at the close of the seventeenth century, arrived on the coast, a considerable part of which he accurately surveyed. Since that period, discovery has fallen almost wholly into English hands. The indefatigable Captain Cook surveyed upwards of two thousand miles of the coast; but still what time must elapse before we shall know even the coast of a country whose sea-line is but little less than the whole circle of Europe!

The Rector. Australia must be regarded as the largest experiment ever made by humanity. Other nations have formed penal settlements for their convicts. Spain once sent her criminals to the Philippines, or let them loose on the South American main; Russia sends her criminals to Siberia; but those are strictly places of punishment. England herself, from the time of James the First, sent criminals to North America, whose services were hired out, or rather sold to the settlers for the time of their sentence; but it was only in the formation of the settlement at Botany Bay, on the east coast of New Holland, then but recently discovered by Captain Cook, that the first rules for the restoration of character, and the acquirement of habits of industry, were contemplated. The American war had put an end to the banishment of convicts across the Atlantic. Australia was a new world, and therefore it was there that a new life was to be begun. The avowed principles of this design were, first, to rid the country of the increasing accumulation of criminals in her gaols; to ensure the safe custody and punishment of those criminals, with their progressive and ultimate reformation; and thirdly, to form a British colony from the reformed criminals, and the emigrants who might arrive from England. A fleet of eleven sail

left Portsmouth in May 1787, carrying eight hundred and fifty convicts, and three hundred soldiers, to found the colony. Captain Arthur Philip, of the Royal Navy, was the first governor: he was a vigorous man, but the colony languished, in consequence of circumstances over which he could have no control. Ignorance of the climate, ignorance of agriculture, and ignorance of the country, were three evils not to be combated by a sea captain and his convicts. But the close of the French war seems to have been the signal of an increase of population all over the world. England poured out her emigrants on New South Wales, the colony is now advancing with singular rapidity, and the foundation of a great empire is laid in the centre of the Southern Ocean. But the most striking feature of all is the change of human character. In this great experiment, men and women, cast out of their country by their crimes, are here inured to labour, and by labour are restored to virtue. Those who were burdens to the state in England, are changed into active and useful members of the community in New South Wales; and men who in England would have perished on the highway by famine, or relieved themselves only by robbery and murder, become opulent, decorous, and civilized.

The Barrister. Lang is a Scotchman, and writes like one—shrewd, but severe. He is a dissenter, and writes like one: with a prodigious taste for objecting to the powers that be, and a remarkable faculty in discovering that every successive governor is a greater blockhead than the one that went before. But his information is valuable, if his conceptions are crude; he gives facts, if he distorts characters; and the reader rises from his perusal with the full conviction that a much worse book might have been written by a much better tempered man. His chapter upon the libel system is written with the spirit of a colonial attorney; and if he had not the D.D. after his name, I should pronounce him a remarkably sharp solicitor.

The Doctor. General Darling's sufferings in the libel war probably tried the gallant officer's fortitude more than a dozen campaigns. The history of the Sydney newspapers at this period is a happy exemplification of the mischiefs of a licentious press in a young colony. Two common soldiers had been drummed out of the regiment for felony: one of them, who had a liver complaint, died immediately after, and all the scribblers of the colony, of course, laid his death at the Governor's door. The "Sydney Gazette," the government paper, had displayed its skill, in panegyric on the Governor; the other papers balanced the panegyric by furious libel, and on this subject the paper war continued for four long years. If one party made him an angel of light, the other turned him into an imp of darkness. Of course this squabble produced great bitterness in the colony, separated the government from the people, and the people from the government, made the one fretful, and the other factious, and spreading from the paper to the fireside, sowed discontent through the whole community.

The Rector. Lang's conception on the subject shows at once the clear-headedness of the man, his contempt for pretension, and his knowledge of scribblers.

"It would be a great mistake," says he, "to estimate newspaper writers in general, but especially in the colonies, on any other principles than those

that regulate the practice of persons in other lines of business, the whole and sole object of which is to make money. People do not go to the colonies merely to preach up liberties, and the rights of men; they go, for the most part, as it is most accurately certified in the Custom House books, to better their fortunes. If this paramount object can be gained through Government patronage, *things as they are* is their motto. If the Government patronage, however, is otherwise engaged, they strike for *liberty and independence*, just as a prudent man opens a shop in the grocery or tobacco line, when he finds that the ironmongery or haberdashery business is already overdone. It was confidently reported, and currently believed in the colony, that the ablest opposition editor whom we have ever had in the country, the late Dr. Wardel, did not become a patriot—that is, a *person opposed to the Government*, till he had been refused a lucrative Government appointment."

The Colonel. Lang seems to have taken as accurate measure of the other patriots, as of the Radical writers: among these was conspicuous Mr. William Wentworth, a native of the colony, and the favourite barrister of all the newspaper patriots in New South Wales. This person had prepared and forwarded to England a list of charges against General Darling, which were described in the colony as an impeachment of the Governor; and it was further given out that Wentworth intended to dog his Excellency on his return to England, and impeach him of high crimes and misdemeanours before Parliament, on the affair of the soldiers. "This prodigious display of *intended patriotism*," says Dr. Lang, "naturally afforded an excellent handle to the colonial press, and the mention of the impeachment, in a variety of ways, in the colonial newspapers, led to a series of prosecutions for libel in the supreme court of the colony, the result of which was, that all the three editors were repeatedly cast and fined, while those of the opposition newspapers were, besides, subjected to a long imprisonment in the common gaol. But as this famous impeachment was never heard of after the Governor left the colony, it was evident that the whole affair was a mere *ruse de guerre*, or rather mere *fanfaronnade*."

The Barrister. Wentworth's professional tact, of course, must have told him the folly of a barrister's prosecuting on his own account. The physician might as well take his own medicines, and the hangman lay the lash on his own back; their services are intended for others. But Lang observes that he had a triumph, though it was certainly rather of a domestic nature.

"Mr. Wentworth," says he, with a very applicable sneer, "did indeed exhibit *his patriotism* on General Darling's departure, in a way, perhaps, that occasioned him less personal hardship than a voyage to England: but that, nevertheless, did him great credit with a certain portion of the colonial public, for, like a true patriot, who did not disdain the meanness of a vulgar triumph, he entertained a party of friends on the day of the Governor's embarkation, to celebrate the auspicious event; while all and sundry the *canaille* of Sydney were permitted to partake of his indiscriminate hospitality in front of his residence. These particulars," says Lang, "may perhaps appear uninteresting to the general reader, but they will at least show him of what materials the *richest and rarest gems* of Australian patriotism were composed. The General came to England in 1831, was harassed for four years by vexatious complaints, was at last forced before a Committee of the House, obtained by Mr. Maurice O'Connell; no charge could be substantiated against him: he was of course honourably acquitted. To show the King's sense of the matter, he received the honour of knighthood, and so vanished in smoke," as says Dr. Lang, "the complaints of the injured patriotism of Australia."

The Colonel. Gallantry always lays claims to the patronage of the sex, and I presume that I ought to feel double delight in the poems of the highest born, the most diligent, and the most successful of modern poets, the Lady E. Stuart Wortley. Her last publication, "Hours at Naples," does equal credit to her talents and her feelings. Here is a rich, dreamy passage, in the style of some of the fine old rhapsodists of the shores of the Mediterranean. The poet is listening to the murmurs of the enchanted and enchanting bay.

"Oh thou delicious, calming, soothing sound,
That calleth forth responses sweet around,
This most antique and perfect melody,
This everlasting anthem of the sea :
Whose glorious tones in th' elder ages sent
A throbbing awe, with solemn gladness blent,
Through the rapt listener's raised and chasteu'd soul.
While on his ear the sounds of beauty stole,
That still, as deeply they unfailing float,
A hymn in every organ-pealing note,
To all suggest exalted thoughts and pure,
That they the same for ever shall endure :
Till that dread hour, when every sound shall be,
Even thine, thou proud and never-silenced sea,
Lost in the deep and dreadful trumpet-call,
Which shall in awful triumph roll o'er all.
But let me list thou lofty voice, which still
Delights the sense, and with prevailing skill
The hollow of Night's ear doth richly fill,
And charm its rugged sternness all away."

The Rector. I must acknowledge that I am terribly tired of Italy, as it appears in the epics, elegies, and eulogies of the inferior battalion of poets. A fine mind, like Lady Emmeline's, may write fine things even on the Thames tunnel. But it absolutely requires the frame of Monsieur Chaubert himself, who stood in the oven while his dinner was baking by his side, to go through a single day in the six months' roasting of the bluest of all possible skies. All our gentle spinsters, tipsy with the drams of Helicon, all the donkey-riders of the "muses' hill," every sweet-soul'd enthusiast, who gazes on the sky through the dusty panes of Lincoln's Inn,

"Some youth foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross,"

can list, languish, and love nothing but "Italie."

The Doctor. Yes ; and little they know what "Italie" is—the foulest, filthiest, most starving, swindling, dusty, and dull region of Europe. If an Englishman's eye can find beauty in perpetual ranges of barren hills, let him enjoy the Apennine ; if he can delight in the fragrance of marshes, steeping hemp, and rotting with miasmata in every month of the year, let him give his nostrils the rapture of the plains of the Milanese, the Ferrarese, the Campagna, and a hundred other *prairies*, that an Indian savage would turn up his nose at. If he find beauty in stunted vegetation, as brown as a berry, and dusty as a high road, let him worship the olive grounds, the vineyards, and the robber-filled forests of every province of this anti-paradise. If his sense of propriety is to be captivated by the most *undressed* system of manners on

this side of Otaheite, let him cultivate the polished society of a people who patronise a plurality of husbands; if the arts are his spell, let him look at the dry, dim, theatrical canvass of any, and every painter from the Alps to the Calabrias.

The Barrister. Or if rational government is among his favourites, let him live a week under the rule of any one of the mob of little potentates who govern their square-mile sovereignties by the rattan: if law be among his studies, let him try a cause before a court of Roman judges, and after seeing them both bribed, examine his gains: if he have any taste for rational loyalty, let him kiss the Pope's toe; or, if religion be a matter of the slightest interest with him, which, with a son of our march-of-mind times, it cannot possibly be, let him promenade for half an hour, any day, in any church in the capital of the Roman world.

The Colonel. If you should fall into a coterie of city poets, you will be stung to death, like a man fallen into a wasps' nest. I fully agree with you, in laughing at the second-hand raptures of the crowd of imitators—the ardent boobies who rave, recite, and madden round the land—the bards who ring the changes eternally on the same half-dozen thoughts, like the “*Harmonious Youths*,” as they are called, of Hackney or Shoreditch, ringing their ten thousand triple bob-majors, and out of their half-dozen bells deafening the parish from roof to foundation.

The Rector. But Lady Emmeline is of a superior order. She feels not by hearsay—she has tasted of Italy as the bee tastes of the weed—she has imbibed the little drop of sweetness and odour, and left the rank and flaring flower to the taste of the bluebottles, who could not distinguish the one from the other. But she *can* write on better things than Italy. Here she does honour to British genius and British renown:—

SONNET ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

“ Oh what a noble nature's stamp is there !
Through these commanding features—through that eye,
Shines forth a soul—brave, generous, firm, and high—
A soul girt up to do, and steel'd to bear—
Principle-strengthen'd—free as the unchain'd air.
On that proud forehead throned sits Victory !
And on that countenance we may descry
All bright expressions loftiest aspects wear !
The nation's whirlwind cry hath swell'd thy name ;
Up to heaven's ringing heights, re-echoing round
With wild shouts jubilant, and proud acclaim ;
But there's a still small whisper, whose faint sound
To thee more precious is, I deem, than fame,
Judging from that calm mien—clear, eloquent, profound !”

The Doctor. “*Opinions of Lord Brougham.*” The ex-chancellor is unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of the day. He is, in a stronger degree than any other of our public men, made for the time and by the time. His extreme shrewdness, his indefatigable industry, his pungency of remark, the vast variety of his topics, and the quick-witted, desultory, and daring style in which he seizes upon every subject, discusses it, and flings it aside, are all made for the present period.

In an aristocratic age he might be excluded by the gravity of public feeling. In a learned age, his dogmas might be taken to task with impunity. In the age of great parliamentary orators, his style might have been outweighed by the majesty of Pitt, found loose beside the logic of Fox, and "paled its ineffectual fire" before the broad splendours of Burke. But in our hot, eager, anxious, and bitter times, his pen and his lips are made for superiority. His style, like his birth, is Scottish; and the fortunate, or unfortunate, establishment of the "Edinburgh Review," in 1802, when Brougham was but three-and-twenty, determined his career for life, as not merely a writer, but a speaker, of reviews. And it is to be regretted that he has written little beyond those Reviews. His only acknowledged work, "The Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers," was evidently, in its first conception, an article for the "Edinburgh Review," which swelled beyond its bounds, until it distended itself into a volume. The time in England was favourable for his career: the death of Pitt, in February 1806, threw down the barriers which opposition had assaulted for twenty years, and which, while he lived, it must have assaulted in vain. Brougham came to London in 1807, and commenced practice as a barrister in the courts of Westminster Hall. Nature had intended him for an advocate, and he now saw before him the wide horizon which was fitted for the utmost flight of his ambition.

The Barrister. If the sincerity of party were to be proved by the consistency of its practice, the jury would be an extraordinary one that could bring in a verdict in its favour. Party for the last hundred years has railed against the boroughs, yet all the great borough-holders were its orators. In the House the abomination of close boroughs was perpetual fuel for all the flame of eloquence; yet all the leading speakers came into the House as members for close boroughs. In 1810, Brougham, following the example of his party, entered the House by the close borough of Camelford, by which the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty, had entered just before him; as Chatham, Fox, Windham, Pitt, Burke, Lord Liverpool, Canning, Mackintosh, and all the remarkable men of the House of Commons had entered. He now found himself in the true position for his powers; in a great popular assembly, with the true materials for their display, numberless questions on education, commerce, popular claims, and party struggles. He took an active share in them all, and exhibiting unwearied industry where the leaders of his party were content with gentlemanlike indolence; and, displaying at once the energy of a tribune, and the eloquence of an advocate, he rapidly left his well-bred compeers behind, forced his way into the front ranks by the right of talent, the sure operation of death, disgust, and decay, and at length stood as the leader of the anti-ministerial side of the House. Without entering into questions of politics, on which I have no desire to touch, it is impossible to speak without respect of the exhaustless activity of mind which gave him this triumph. Without political connexions, without personal opulence, with a sickly frame, and a laborious profession, he turned his companions into his followers, and, springing over the heads of his professional brethren, seized at once the first position in Parliament, and the first dignity of the bar. He has now fixed

himself in a peerage and a pension; and, with ample leisure, and five thousand pounds a-year, may be expected to consider whether, after having done so much for himself, and so much more for party, he ought not to do something for mankind.

The Doctor. Brougham's pleasantry often tickled the House, and it has often scarified the victim. His burlesque of Wynn, a brother of Sir Watkin, and well known as deep in the study of parliamentary forms, was equally merciless and amusing:—

"I cannot but express," said he, "my disappointment at the opinions expressed by my honourable and learned friend the member for Montgomeryshire, a man learned beyond all others in the history of the assembly whose privileges I am endeavouring to support—skilled beyond all men—deeper than all the children of men in the knowledge of the voluminous records of parliamentary precedents—a man who is even supposed by most people to know the whole of the journals of the House by heart, who devotes to their study the light of day and the midnight oil, whose accuracy in everything connected with Parliament is so rigid that many persons imagine he really comes down to the House every morning at ten o'clock, the hour at which the House ought to assemble according to the strict letter of the adjournment; in short, a man whose devotion in this respect can only be equalled by that of a learned ancestor of his, who, having fainted from excessive toil and fatigue, a smelling-bottle was called for, but one who knew much better the remedy adapted to the case of that gentleman, exclaimed, 'For Heaven's sake bring him an Act of Parliament, and let him smell at that!'"

"I cannot help thinking, in like manner, that in case my honourable and learned friend should ever be attacked in a similar way, the mere smelling of a volume of the Journals could not fail instantly to revive him."

The Colonel. Brougham's career has been charged with revolutionary principles: the charge is untrue: there is scarcely a public measure of that order on which he has not expressed the principles of a friend to the constitution. For example, the ballot is the one thing needful with the revolutionist. What were his opinions upon the subject in 1829?

"The question strikes me as a practical, and not as a theoretical one; and as I have stood four contested elections, I may be so allowed to talk upon it. I do not think any arrangement can be made for taking the vote by ballot, which would give you anything approaching to a security from the concealment of the vote, unless by running risks and embracing evils much greater than those endeavoured to be avoided. It is easy to say, Let a man vote by ballot as you do in a club-room; but nothing can be less like the fact, when you come to put the system into operation. I need not tell those who have stood contested elections that, so long as returning a member is an object of great ambition to some, of profit I am sorry to say to others, and an object dear to all those who step forward as candidates, their friends will be assiduous, early and late in the field, canvassing from one end of the country to another. They will divide it into districts with canvassers and committees over each district, whose business it will be to be constantly among the voters, and as long as the canvass lasts, almost to live with them."

The Rector. On one most important subject, on which his authority has been distorted with peculiar disingenuousness, his sentiments are explicit, manly, and learned—the Established Church!

"Though the Christian religion may be said, in a sense—and the only sense in which the expression ever could with any meaning be used—to be part of the law of the land, it is not the Christian religion in the abstract which stands in this relation to the law of the land. No such thing. The Christianity of the Unitarians was never called by those authorities part of

the law of the land ; nor the Christianity of other Dissenters, whether Presbyterians, Baptists, or any other denomination ; nor was the Christianity of the Roman Catholics ever called part of the law of the land ; but that which has been said to be part of the law of the land—because that which the law protects and cherishes—that with which many parts of the law are blended—that upon which a portion of the constitution rests—is the Christianity, not of the Presbyterians, Unitarians, Baptists, or Papists ; but the Christianity of the Church of England as by law established. That is what the law of England has recognized and established. It tolerates the other systems of belief and discipline, and gives their professors the civil rights and civil privileges of all citizens ; but that which as a system of faith and discipline the law patronizes and establishes, is the doctrine and ceremonial of the Church."

The Doctor. Lord Brougham's opinion of our right to imprison Napoleon has been singularly misrepresented ; but here are his words :—

"I have no hesitation in saying that I conceive no harm can result from this measure ; I have no objection to it whatever, as far as I can judge at present : on the contrary, I think that the opinions about it must be almost unanimous, as far as relates to the securing the custody of Buonaparte's person ; and if any doubts arise, it will be best to settle the question by a legislative act. For whether we consider Buonaparte as a prisoner of war, not claimed by his own government, or in any other light, we have, under the circumstances which have occurred, an unquestionable right to detain him by the law of nations, without any Act of Parliament. I can conceive no difficulty whatever on the subject, coupled, however, with all possible lenity, and with a probability of such a period being put to his custody, however remote, as any state of affairs which could not now be contemplated might render necessary."

The Barrister. Another equally remarkable opinion sets him right with the public on the doctrine of universal suffrage :—

"I am anxious to take this early opportunity of declaring my decided opposition to the principle of universal suffrage, because it is my entire conviction that, if that measure were adopted, it would operate to destroy the Parliament instead of reforming it, and to overthrow the constitution instead of amending it, while it must serve to shake the universal security of property. I am, however, an advocate for that degree of reform which is obviously necessary to remove those blemishes which have been mixed up by time with that glorious fabric of human wisdom, the British Constitution. I am decidedly adverse to those wild, vague, impracticable propositions (and even if practicable, so pernicious) which are so loudly talked of."

The Colonel. "Sketches of Popular Tumults." An interesting volume, illustrative of the evils of popular ignorance, in short but vivid narratives of the riots of 1780, the Birmingham riots of 1791, of Naples in 1799, and of Lyons in 1831. The last of those narratives has the most important lesson for ourselves, the Lyonesse riots having arisen from the determination of the silk-weavers to form a tariff of wages, without any consideration of the means by which the master-manufacturers were to pay them. Combinations of this order are conspiracies of the workmen to overpower their employers ; they are against all law, against all right, and against all utility. They are against all law and all right, because they compel the master to rob himself gradually, or starve at once ; they are against all utility, because, by raising the price of the article, they at once diminish its sale, and invite a competition of cheaper work by strangers ; thus accomplishing the three objects—first, of robbing the

manufacturer; second, of famishing the workman, for with the manufacturer he must go down; and third, of encouraging the smuggler and the stranger, until the manufacture perishes at home. No principle of wages can be safe but that which makes them perfectly free. Where this freedom exists, the manufacturer will always give the highest price that he can afford, otherwise he will lose his best workmen; the trade will flourish to the full extent of the natural wants of the country; and it cannot healthfully exist to the extent of a shilling more.

The Rector. The silk manufacture of Lyons was the chief staple of France. The weavers had originally come from Italy; a colony of them settled at Tours. The silk-weaving was first brought into Lyons under Louis XI.; it proceeded and prospered until the Lyonnese weavers were famous throughout Europe. In England the silk-weaving began by the flight of the French Protestants from the religious persecution of Louis XIV., in 1685: yet the trade languished here until the abolition of the Spitalfields Act, in 1826, an act fixing the wages which masters must pay their men. From that period competition has existed amongst ourselves, and the British silks are now equal in texture to those of France, if they have still to acquire the brilliancy of colour, and yet more the elegance of design, which characterise the works of our ingenious neighbours. In France the silk manufacture is an extraordinary instance of the national use, public prosperity, and extensive employment which may be derived from sources apparently the most trivial. A worm, ten years ago, produced to Lyons alone a trade of eight millions sterling a year, and an exportation equal to one-half of all the manufactured products of France.

The Doctor. The Lyonnese workmen were a proverbial contradiction to the general idea of the intelligence of manufacturers: they were considered the dullest of the city population: they were remarkably idle, making five days' work supply them during the week, and spending the other two in intemperance and folly; their morals were generally loose; and laying up no reserve against seasons of calamity, they had no other resource, when those seasons came, but to rob or starve. This improvidence compelled them to live in hovels, of which the greater part of every French city is composed: whole families huddled together in the most wretched dwellings; and the result was, contamination of every kind, discomfort in the time of health, and pestilence on the coming of disease. It is a remarkably curious circumstance in the theory of wages that, in Lyons, the weavers who worked at the lowest rate were in the most comfortable circumstances. Those were the plain-silk weavers, the greater number of whom were women. The weavers of fancy silks were the best paid, generally the most clamorous, and always the most profligate. The plain weavers, earning the least, had the least expensive habits, were the best conducted, and, as such, were the most constantly employed. The silk weavers are not, like ours, workmen in manufactories, or in the regular employ of masters: they come to the dealer who employs them, take away the silk, and weave it according to order: when it is completed they carry it back and are paid for it. The connexion is then dissolved: they offer their labours to another master, and commence a new bargain. The "three glorious days" were not all triumph to France: they turned out the king and made several newspaper editors ministers of state, but the lower orders of France suffered

heavily; trade received a shock through all its depths, and the manufactures of Lyons suffered in the general stagnation. Improvident workmen are the natural prey of political disturbance. Jacobinism in France, and in every other country, appeals to the ignorance, that it may arouse the passions of the people. Persuade the people that there are but two classes in society—the rich and the poor—and you propagate a revolution at once; you arm physical force against conventional right, and robbery takes the place of law. Jacobinical agents from Paris came down amongst the workmen, urged them to combine for a rise of wages, and formed a list of prices, below which no man was to be suffered to work. The fabricants, or master manufacturers, unable to resist, yet unable to employ them at rates ruinous to themselves, were finally compelled to stop all orders; and the weavers, thrown on their own resources, had no alternative but to starve in their own homes, or be shot in insurrection;—they took the latter alternative.

The Barrister. The Lyonnese insurrection of 1831 was the most sanguinary public disturbance that has occurred in France since the days of Robespierre. The insurrection of Paris, the three days of July, were comparatively trifling to it in point of violence, slaughter, and perseverance. At seven on Monday morning, November the 21st, the weavers in La Croix Rousse hoisted the black standard, inscribed with the theatrical motto, *Vivre en travaillant, ou mourir en combattant!* (to live working, or die fighting;) they raised barricades; cut the pieces of silk from the looms of the weavers who still worked; forced the men away with them; and, with two pieces of cannon belonging to the national guard, ammunition, and muskets, they openly proclaimed defiance to the government. Monsieur Dumolart, the prefect, and General Ordonneau had the hardihood to attempt to negotiate with them. They were instantly made prisoners; their lives were threatened; and they were kept as hostages. The troops now were set in motion; but they consisted of only two regiments of the line, a regiment of dragoons, and some artillery. General Roguet, the commandant, was an old man, suffering under excruciating pains, and unable to mount his horse; but he was a gallant and intelligent officer, and he ordered himself to be carried from his bed to the Hotel de Ville. A succession of attacks now commenced on the insurgents; but they were four thousand strong; had possession of a remarkably difficult town; and firing everywhere under cover, they repulsed the soldiery. The National Guard of fifteen thousand men had shrunk from the parade, and but twelve hundred could be mustered. The result of three days' fighting was, that General Roguet, at the request of the civil authorities, determined to carry the troops out of Lyons, and had to sustain a sharp combat to be enabled to make good his retreat. The weavers were now masters of the city; but from that moment they were at a loss what to do. A vast quantity of property had been destroyed; several hundred lives had been lost; great atrocities had been committed; and yet the victorious insurgents were as near starving as ever. The triumphant mob now found that they had fought for nothing. They retired from the streets and public places, and left the city once more to the regular authorities. The troops had been but four days gone when the General received a deputation from the city to return; but he waited until the arrival of the Duke of Orleans and Marshal Soult, who, on the 3rd of

December, entered the city at the head of a strong body of troops, and finished the insurrection. "And such," says the French narrator, Monsieur Monfalcon, "was the winding-up of the working-man's victory. A great deal of blood was shed; French soldiers received their death; the first manufacturing city of France was a prey to the most frightful disorder; and for what end? Has the condition of the working-classes been improved? Have they succeeded in forcing their employers to adopt the tariff? No! Trade can flourish only where no blow is aimed at the liberty of its transactions. The brutal employment of force, to resolve questions of trade and industry, is equally absurd and criminal, whether it proceed from the working-man, his employer, or the government."

The Colonel. But the spirit of revolution always exists in France, as the spirit of the plague always exists in Turkey. The "Society of the Rights of Man" soon sent down the agents of republicanism from Paris. The Saint Simonians preached the distribution of property; rival revolutionary newspapers were set up by the various factions; the workmen had a newspaper of their own, and its doctrines were, "A Revolution and a Republic," and its instruments for both, ignorance and libel. "Lyons," says the narrator, "during the thirty months from the insurrection in November, 1831, to the insurrection in April, 1834, never enjoyed half the number of days of tranquillity."

The Rector. The consequence must have been foreseen. The men of the loom could not at once work and legislate, earn their dinners and settle the state. Of course, when the patriots of the street have nothing else to do, they make governments. The Lyonsese operatives rose in a body on the 9th of April, 1834. They were so satisfied of managing France, that they did not condescend to conceal their design, their object, or even their day. They were now even more elevated in their own idea by the elevation of their purpose. Before, they had rebelled for a rise in wages, they now rebelled for a subversion of the throne: it was then for bread—an object for which a man fights willingly, but without much sense of figuring in history; it was now for a republic—an object which ensures a man's fame, whether he mount a presidentialship, or die on a scaffold.

The Rector. To a Frenchman, whether he wore a leather-apron or a gilt sabre-tache, the temptation was palpably irresistible. Republicanism—of which not one man in every five hundred knew but that it meant absolute monarchy, or could guess the difference between a dictator and a drummer of the National Guard—was the spell, the universal charm, the brother-bond that brought the unfortunate into the streets, pike and pistol in hand, to be blown up and cut down by the howitzers, rockets, bayonets, and sabres of the king's troops. Of all things the most melancholy is civil commotion. The result was inevitable, when the regular force was numerous, perfectly prepared, and properly directed. The barricades were forced; the fortified houses were blown open with petards; streets were set on fire; the defenders of the houses were bayoneted without the possibility of escape; and, in spite of the black flag waved by the insurgents from the church-steeple and the ringing of the tocsin from morning till night, the troops gradually drove the unhappy rebels from street to street, until, after six days of blood,

burning, and robbery, with every horror of a city taken by storm—streets laid in ashes, property of all kinds pillaged, the lives of several of the chief manufacturers and most estimable men of the city lost in the attempt to bring back the rioters to order—with a multitude stabbed and mutilated for life, the dreadful scene closed, as the grave shuts upon the corpse. The warning deserves to be long remembered.

The Barrister. The age of Petrarch is not likely to be revived among us. His sentiments, his abstractions, and his sonnets are equally unsuited to our national tastes; but there must have been some peculiar excellence in the style which captivated all the south of Europe, formed a school of feeling, propagated a style of poetry, and made the hermit of Vaucluse famous through four hundred years. Yet even the reluctant language of England can be shaped occasionally to the smoothness of the sonnet; and the little volume lately published by Mr. Moxon shows what can still be done by graceful thought, harmonious measure, and eloquent language. The subject of the Sonnet which I quote is the most common material of description,—the village evening, the moon, and the nightingale; yet the poet has placed them in a new point of view, and out of the whole fashioned an extremely pretty poem.

SONNET.

"The moon is sailing through the calm blue sky,
The village clock the knell of night hath rung,
While o'er these solitudes hath Silence flung
Her magic awe. No stream now murmurs by;
The west wind sleeps within his hollow cell;
E'en Philomel hath her sweet song deferr'd:
One, only one foreboding voice is heard,
Which doth within the wanderer's bosom dwell.
Dark visions now obscure the path I tread;
Methinks the earth seems but a mighty tomb,
And those who listless sleep, the peaceful dead,
Destined no more to rise in cheerful bloom;
While yonder moon, sole mourner left to weep,
Doth o'er a shrouded world sad vigil keep."

The Rector. Another Sonnet treats a simple and common subject, not less to my taste. It is on the feelings with which we return in advanced life to the scenes of childhood. Of all subjects this offers the strongest temptation to common-place; yet Mr. Moxon has treated it with novelty and nature. He might have furnished himself with all the forlorn follies of a hundred predecessors; and talked of restored feelings and infant delights, the sports of the village-green, and the feasts of the village-garden. He is content with giving us that feeling which is, of all others, the most likely to impress on the mature mind the gentle melancholy of that retrospect which everywhere is bounded by the tomb.

SONNET.

"Why doth the tear, my soul, unbidden start
At sight of these, my long-lost native hills,
Girt with bright landscapes and encircling rills,
That used a different solace to impart?
What mean the sobs that this full heart oppress,
That whilom leapt for joy their sides to gain,
When, like the playful colt, my feet would strain
To climb their flowery heights, and, gaining, bless

Their airy summit? What portend these tears?
 The meads are clothed in beauty as before;
 But my companions, ye are here no more,
 With whom I spent that youth, those happy years;
 Nor can I now on Hope's wild pinions soar,
 But must through dreary scenes my paths explore."

The Doctor. The poet has, unquestionably, struck upon the true chord that makes the heart vibrate at the scenes of early life. I have no toleration for the sickly describers who make trees and chimneys the objects of feeling. All is association. No man *can* love a tree, however decayed, or a cottage, however dilapidated. The slope on which he lay to watch the setting sun fifty years before can have no more actual interest for him than for the cows who graze upon it; and the landscape which met the eye of the boy, "creeping unwillingly to school," has no more real captivation in its rivers, trees, cottages, or steeples, for the man than for the child. That the mind often fixes with deep delight on scenery, and that the eye fills with unconscious tears at the sight, is still true; but the whole source of the delight, beyond the mere pleasure in forms and colours, arises from the *human* recollections mingled with the view. The field where we walked with companions long since scattered through the world, or dead; the spot consecrated by a passion always the noblest in the noblest minds, and which, in most minds, leaves an impression never to be forgotten; the roof under which we sat with the parent or the friend; those are the spells which make the rudest landscape enchanted ground, and destitute of which the loveliest landscape is mere earth and water.

The Barrister. Alison's Essay on the subject is the work of an elegant mind. But it is extravagant. His theory is pushed too far. He holds, that all architectural beauty is the result of association; that, for instance, the beauty of Grecian architecture to our eyes results from its being Grecian, and, as such, connected with the annals of the most brilliant of all nations. Gothic architecture thus owes its solemn and picturesque impressions to the memory of the monastic life, the magnificence, the mortifications, the ceremonial pomp, and the romantic seclusion of the cloister. But the theory fails to account for the original choice of those styles; for their popular influence before they were the subjects of popular recollections; for the *sentiment* which the architect evidently had in view in the construction of the palace and the temple.

The Colonel. Why should there be any doubt upon a question which is to be answered by every man's experience? The ear has a perception of discords and harmonies, or sounds repulsive and pleasing, from the earliest infancy. The taste recognizes the distinction between sweet and bitter from the earliest infancy. Why should not the eye, like them, have its original distinction of beauty and deformity? Its powers of expressing the distinction may be more tardy, or its sense of the difference of forms may be more easily modified. But why should instinct explain the difference in the one case, and association be required to explain it in another? The fact is, that the eye has an original sense of beauty, just as the tongue has an original sense of sweetness. Association may change the sense, as children may learn to love sours and spices, or men love tobacco; but the original power was the same.

The Rector. "The Life of John Thelwall." This volume, nominally edited by the widow of its hero, is acknowledged to have undergone the revision of Dr. Shepherd, the master of an academy near Liverpool. The vivacity of the Doctor's notions on party matters is notorious in his neighbourhood, and we can imagine the ardour with which he would have thrown by all other tasks to commemorate the renown of John Thelwall.

The Doctor. The little family sketch which opens the volume is curious, if it were only from its evidence of that family fatality by which Thelwall seemed to be all his life attempting to run his head against the law. His grandfather, a hundred years ago, a surgeon on board of a king's ship captured in an engagement with a Spanish man-of-war, was evidently charged with desertion, which the biographer qualifies by saying that he had accepted the office of surgeon's mate, and "was guilty of curing the enemies' wounds." His small estate was forfeited by this grave offence; and, on his death, the misfortune did not end, for his widow's second husband embezzled the funded property left behind, and her son thus began the world without property either landed or personal. This son, too, afterwards a silk-mercator in King-street, had only begun to thrive, when he was cut off in his 42nd year, leaving a *nuncupative* will, or verbal direction on his death-bed, for the disposal of his property. He directed the stock and business to be sold, the proceeds to be placed in the public funds, and the interest to be applied to the sustenance of the widow and children. But the ill-luck of the family predominated; this sensible disposal was negatived. The business was pronounced too lucrative to be relinquished. The widow and her elder son took the management, and in five years the whole establishment was bankrupt. There is nothing novel in this career, and it is, therefore, the more valuable as a warning.

The Barrister. It is remarkable how often boys of sickly frames contract a half-mad passion for desultory literature. Thelwall's feeble frame, which probably prevented him from following some vigorous and profitable career, was still more exhausted by his passion for reading all and everything—a passion which may be regarded on the same scale of advantage to the understanding, as swallowing all the unripe fruit in the country might be to the human stomach. It soon transpired in an utter distaste for all regular occupation, and a determination to go on the stage; for which profession he was furnished with the rather sinister qualities of a remarkably meagre figure, below the middle size, a pair of asthmatic lungs, and, as the immediate preparative, an inflammation of the pleura. He wrote to Colman, obtained an interview, obtained the manager's unwelcome advice, and having received the first blow to his theatrical fame, made a sudden professional plunge, and became a tailor.

The Colonel. Yet it is interesting to be told, for the benefit of the trade, how even a tailor may fabricate himself into an author. Thelwall slept in a cottage at Walcot-place, Lambeth, then one of the ruralities of London. To cultivate his mind on the way, he carried a wax-light in his pocket by which he read along the road. If the climate of England was what it is now, the opportunities for using this novel kind of public illumination must have been few, or the wind and the watchmen

must have been peculiarly propitious to rising genius. But all were not equally tender. One night, near the witching hour, as Thelwall was going homewards, with his light in one hand and his book in the other, some enemy to philosophy and the march of intellect knocked him down and robbed him. For the accuracy and completeness of which operation the thief was indebted to the taper, to which probably he was also indebted for the original discovery of his prey. This lesson was one of such practical impression that it may be presumed to have cured him of studying on the highway. But he was still to read, to throw off every regular pursuit, and to fling from him far the chance of making a tailor. One evening he suddenly started from this profitable prospect, and insisted on his instant release. His master, probably not thinking him likely to prove a rival to the Stultzes and Nugees, was of his mind, and the connexion was at an end between the man of the thimble and the indignant philosopher. He next thought of painting, and old West, the American, always gossiping and always kind, gave him the good, but not *very* easy advice, to enter himself at the School of the Academy, copy casts, imitate no one, and *conjoin the excellencies of all*. But in every instance where a settled pursuit was marked out, Thelwall seems to have discovered a natural impossibility of thinking any further on the subject. In fact, it is quite clear, that he was made for an enlightener of the age, a corrector of public abuses, and a discoverer of the philosopher's stone; and for nothing else in the wide world.

The Rector. Yet after years could teach this salient personage a lesson, which he has left on record for the benefit of other aspiring philosophers of the cellar and shopboard, in an inquiry, or essay, "Why the rare and accidental advantages of superior education and learning do not generally produce in the humbler walks of life the supposed concomitant privileges of moral and exterior deportment or of phraseology?"

"The reasons are obvious," says Thelwall; "those conscious of superior endowments submit with impatience to any task which they perceive to be common only to those who, in such respects, are infinitely below them. They submit only when the stings of necessity compel them. On the other hand, they are courted and flattered by such around them as are capable of discerning their superiority, and are perpetually drawn into pleasure and intemperance by those who are willing to trust them for the sake of their company and conversation."

All this has the stamp of experience, and is of singular importance in a day when the charlatany of France is looking for imitators in England. But Thelwall, a trifler by nature, and a philosopher only by trade, wholly mistakes the cure. "He conceives that the generalization of knowledge," for such is the mystery, would have the effect of rectifying the moral conduct and the physical deportment of the working classes; referring to the good conduct of the Scottish peasantry for evidence.

But until we see that the man who must labour twelve hours a day for his bread will have leisure, or inclination, or opportunity, to cultivate science either mathematical, moral, or political—till we see that on any possible subject he can have any but the shallowest possible knowledge,—and till we see that there is any necessary connexion between knowing the mechanism of a steam-engine or the laws of falling bodies, and the discipline of the heart, we may spare our lamentations over the

tardy progress of science among the day-labourers, and, perhaps still more severely worked, manufacturers of England. The case of the Scottish peasantry is mistaken. They have a more secure principle of order than the knowledge of decimal fractions, or the profundities of political economy. They have been taught Christianity; they read the Scriptures; and thus, though they may have never seen a galvanized frog, or listened to an itinerant haranguer on the competence of every man to govern himself and every body else, they are comparatively a quiet, industrious, and happy people.

The Barrister. Thelwall was again to prove the unfitness of a genius for any regular way of earning his bread. After having a second time forsworn the tailor, a relative put him into a solicitor's office. There he lingered out three years and a half, a prodigious period for his locomotive propensities, but which he seems to have neutralized as much as possible by studying, as the biographer names it, "the poets and philosophers more than cases and reports, precedents and legal pleadings." But those things must be done, if men are to live by the profession. And those things his taste revolted from doing. The restless tailor, therefore, became the unprofitable clerk. "His distaste for the drudgery of servitude and the manual labour of copying the *trash* of an office" were too potent for his feelings, and he took to chance and the world once more. The biographer adds, that his sense of the crookedness or cruelty of the trade was added to his sickening of solicitorship, and tells a story in which he shrank from serving a writ. All this is extravagant. Law is essential to all civilized society: if law is to exist, it must be administered, and if administered, it must be by men, until we can enlist angels in the duties of the courts. If a lawyer conduct his duties in the spirit of fraud, of harshness, or illegality, he is a criminal; but his personal criminality is not, therefore, to disgrace the profession. Yet one of the stories which Thelwall himself repeated in his lectures at the Mechanics' Institute was evidence that heartlessness, at least, was no necessary part of the lawyer's character:—

"A client calling upon Impey, the well-known solicitor, in whose office Thelwall served, said that he wished to have a writ issued immediately against a debtor for 40*l.* 'The fellow called on me,' said he, 'about an hour ago, and told me, that, as he was going out of town to-morrow or the next day, he could now pay me only 20*l.* of the debt. I want you, therefore, to arrest him at once for the other 20*l.*' Impey's countenance began to work, but, repressing his indignation, he quietly asked, 'If the man were poor?' 'Poor! oh, to be sure! I should not arrest him if he were not.' Impey, who was a humane man, could no longer control his anger at the heartlessness of his client, but pouring out a string of epithets, ran on thus — 'You rascal! what do you take me for? You scoundrel! what, arrest a poor man on the very day he has paid you 20*l.*, and that the half of his debt! Out of my house, sirrah, and never let me see that face again. Out, I say!' At the same time, the vehemence with which he jumped upon his legs overthrew one of the office stools, and the apparent rage he was in, the clatter of the furniture, and the haste with which Impey attempted to replace it, so frightened the unhappy client, that, snatching up his hat, he made but one step to the door, and was out of sight in an instant."

The Colonel. The natural fate of all men in London who are too clever, too idle, and too vain, for any of the regular ways of life, is to turn to authorship; a noble pursuit in proper hands, but a dismal post-

ponement of the evil day in the hands of nine hundred and ninety-nine of the incapables who hazard the experiment. Thelwall turned author without remorse, filled his hands with all the weeds of literature, took upon his feeble shoulders the whole pedlar's pack of the vagrant muses, and was at once a song writer, a dramatist, a critic, an orator at debating clubs, and a maker of romances. In this career he must have been soon starved by his profits, or gone mad by his labours. But an event occurred, which, next to being born, is the most influential occurrence in every man's life; he fell in love in a country excursion, and married. From this moment he aspired to higher objects. Men like him suppose themselves to be especially made for politicians. A prudent man will be cautious of embroiling the public, because he knows its hazard; an honest man, because he knows its criminality; a wise man, because he knows his own ignorance; a pious man, because he knows the infirmity of human passions; a man of feeling, because he knows the atrocities of unbridled human nature. But the rash, the empty, the ignorant, and the vain are the ready-made luminaries of kings, Parliaments, and people.

The Barrister. For the instance of Thelwall, we have but one of a class; an individual whose whole career had showed that he was utterly incapable of conducting even his own trivial concerns, takes the charge of advising the State; an obscure artificer, too giddy to apply himself to any regular means of making his bread, assumes the task of regulating the Government; a child in scholarship, knowledge of life, and intercourse with manlier mankind, takes the desperate pen in his hand, dashes into politics, and daubed with newspaper ink, stands forth as the hero of national renovation.

The Rector. The times were propitious to Thelwall's desire of distinction. He was determined to be either a public character, or to be hanged. He was very near attaining the latter object. From a lecturer on politics, he became an active member of the two rebel societies, the Constitutional, and the Corresponding. Their proposal was to renovate the State on the principle of the French Convention. Thus they would have established the Monarchy by turning it into a Republic, purified the peerage by extinguishing it, and invigorated the Church by destroying the Establishment. Some of them, too, would have gone the length of exhibiting their respect for the King's authority by sending its possessor to the scaffold. Among those, Horne Tooke was the oracle.

"Horne Tooke," says Thelwall, "was always a strenuous advocate for the decapitation party. During the trial of the French King, he would exultingly maintain the certainty of his doom, and as exultingly exclaim, that if the Convention did not take Louis's head, the populace of Paris would take theirs. He was for having kings, but for cutting off the head of one of them every fifty or a hundred years. Those sentiments I heard from him repeatedly. On one occasion, when he had been running on at this rate, greatly to the annoyance of Tom Paine, the latter broke silence with the exclamation of—

"Ah, Tooke, you are a true Royalist, you love blood."

On another occasion,

"Citizen," said Tooke to Thelwall, "I am too old to rebel, I am too gouty

to rebel, but if the people choose to rebel, I will sit in my easy chair, and pray for their success."

Thelwall was tried on a charge of high treason, was drawn home by the populace, and left at the door of his house in Beaufort Buildings, with a lesson of political hazard, that ought to have supplied him with political wisdom for the remainder of his existence. Another volume may give us further details.

The Doctor. Foreigners boast of their civilization, yet while they reward the merely decorative arts of life, they suffer the noblest of all professions to starve. The three great professions of society are those of the Physician, the Lawyer, and the Priest: but in all foreign countries they are miserably supported. The majority of the continental priesthood, notwithstanding the opulence which is supposed to belong to the Church, have scarcely an income on which an English tinker could live; the lawyer is scarcely able to subsist; and the physician is forced to combine together all the branches of his profession to keep his soul within his body. It is to the honour of England, that those great professions receive public remuneration more adequate to their deserts. The result is, that in no country of the earth have these three sciences obtained such perfection. Medicine frequently founds an estate; theology leads many an humble man into the highest rank of public life; the peerage and law are the broadest avenue to all the honours and emoluments of the State.

The 'Life of Sir Edward Coke,' which has just appeared, furnishes the narrative of a long succession of opulence and honours, beginning in an obscure closet of the Inner Temple.

The Barrister. Coke was memorable for one faculty, without which, though individuals at the bar have attained office, none have attained eminence,—intensity of application. He generally rose at three in the morning, and studied all day. The court seldom sat later than noon, and thus he had leisure to acquire his extraordinary learning. But his eminence is not to be fairly ascertained but by contrast with the men of his day. He had some of the most powerful minds of the most powerful period of the English intellect to contend with; Plowden, the well-known author of the "Commentaries;" Lord Bacon, the first of philosophers; Egerton, the most fortunate of all Chancellors; Sir George Coke, the great judge, whose judgment on Hampden's trial was the key-stone of the liberties of England. Those were his rivals in the field of legal learning, and those were the men to whom his learning was as that of an oracle.

The Rector. I find in the great lawyers of that period a grandeur of tone belonging to no other. The lofty character of the time, of the struggles of England, and of the illustrious woman who sat upon the throne, stamped a character of breadth and boldness upon the general language of the nation. Sir George Croke, even so far down as the reign of Charles, utters the noble accents of the days of Elizabeth. There are parts of his decision on the famous case of Ship Money like the sound of a trumpet. Some of the judges had shrunk from giving a verdict against the will of the Monarch. Croke, though on the verge of the grave, (he was then seventy-nine,) loftily pronounced—

"Judgment is of the Lord. The hearts of men, and also their judgments, are in the hands of God, and when judgment is once passed we have done. For my own part, I know we cannot do in this case as we would; but we must satisfy ourselves, our consciences, and our understandings; and in this case we are to give counsel to the King, according to our oaths, whether the charge is true or not. If legal, the subject ought not to complain; if not legal, then *it is not in the King's power thus to charge the subject.*"

The Doctor. Great characters seem to have sprung up spontaneously in those memorable days, and the general lustre was so bright, that some of them have been lost to posterity in the national blaze. Thus has passed away the fame of Lord Ellesmere—a man who would have distinguished himself in any other age, who was twelve years Chancellor, a minister of James, a friend of Essex, in all the difficulties of those complicated relations, advancing from honour to honour, and, in all his advance, retaining the feelings of a generous mind, the dignity of a manly character, and the virtue of a Christian. The King's letter to him on the occasion of his last illness showed how powerful an influence his character must have had even on the wayward and eccentric mind of James. The letter is almost eloquent through the mere force of personal feeling:—

"The letter I wrote," says the king, "the last year unto you, proved so good a cordial for your health, that I am thereby encouraged to do the like at this time, and as I both hope and pray, with the like success.

"The greatness of your place, and the ability which God has given you to discharge it, to the honour of your God, and the great benefit of the commonwealth, are causes sufficient to stir you up to be careful of your own health, even to fight against disease as far as you can; but when you shall remember how ill I may want you, and what miss your master shall have of you, I hope the reason will be predominant to make you not only strive with, but conquer your disease, not for your own sake, but for his, of whom you may promise yourself as much love and hearty affection as might be expected from so thankful and kind a master, to so honest and worthily deserving a servant."

The Chancellor died; but on his death-bed the Lord Buckingham and Sir Francis Bacon announced to him that the King had granted him a pension of three thousand pounds a-year, and that he was to be made Earl of Bridgewater. But he felt that he was dying, though he gratefully thanked the King for his favour. He added, pathetically, "These things are now to me but vanities." He died the same day at York House, in the 77th year of his age. Still James did not forget him; he created his son Earl of Bridgewater, from whom the present noble family of that name are lineally descended; and he especially patronized Egerton's chaplain, Williams, who suddenly rose nearly as high as patronage could raise him, being Archbishop of York and Keeper of the Great Seal.

The Barrister. Coke's most distinguished career was in the reign of James I., and the most distinguished point in that career was his prosecution as Attorney-General of the conspirators of the Gunpowder plot; perhaps the most horrid, unprincipled, and comprehensive attempt at murder recorded in all history. On this subject his biographer speaks with great truth and force.

"This case, the blackest perhaps that ever came into a court of justice,

was admirably managed by Coke. He spoke at great length, but in an undefended cause. Time has hardly rendered this plot less appalling. It was marked by circumstances of atrocity which are a disgrace to human nature. It demonstrated that no zeal is so un pitying as that of a bad religion, no crime too horrid, if by such the glory of God is pretended to be served."

The Colonel. Coke was no orator, and yet the greatness of the subject gave him a vigour of language equal in its effects to eloquence.

"As the powder treason," said he, "is in itself prodigious and unnatural, so it is in its conception and birth most monstrous, as arising out of the dead ashes of former treasons—for it had three roots, all planted and watered by Jesuits and English Roman Catholics—that is to say, in England, in Flanders, and in Spain. Concerning those of the spirituality, it is falsely said that there is never a religious man in this action, for I never yet knew a treason without a Romish priest; but in this there are very many Jesuits who are known to have dealt and past through the whole action: three of them are, Henry Garnet, the superintendent of the Jesuits: Father Cresswell, Jesuit in Spain; and Father Baldwin, Jesuit in Flanders, parsons at Rome, &c.; so that the principal offenders are the seducing Jesuits—men that use the reverence of religion, yea, even the most sacred and blessed name, as a mantle to cover their impiety, blasphemy, rebellion, and treason, and all manner of wickedness. The oath which they solemnly and severally took is in form as follows:—"You shall swear by the blessed Trinity, and by the sacrament you now purpose to receive, never to disclose directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter which shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof until the rest shall give you leave."

The Rector. Coke's peroration is powerfully descriptive of that dreadful design:—

"I tremble," he exclaimed, "even to think of it—miserable desolation! No king—no queen—no prince—no issue male—no councillors of state—no nobility—no bishops—no judges—barbarous, and more than Scythian or Thracian cruelty! No mantle of holiness can cover it—no pretence of religion can excuse it—no shadow of good intention can extenuate it! God and heaven condemn it—man and earth detest it—the offenders themselves were ashamed of it—even wicked people exclaim against it—and the souls of all true Christians abhor it! Miserable and sudden had their ends been who should have died in that fiery tempest and storm of gunpowder, but more miserable had they been which had escaped!"

The work does honour to the intelligence, the principles, and the literature of its author. It must belong to the library of every man who desires to have an intimate knowledge of one of the most memorable minds of the "intellectual age" of England.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GURNEY PAPERS.—NO. XI.

THE intelligence of poor Tom's death, for which I was by no means prepared, lost none of its effect by the tone and manner in which it was communicated by the stable-boy. The suddenness with which all the hopes Sniggs had encouraged were dissipated and a fatal result produced, added greatly to my sorrow and regret. In an instant every prospect was changed, and every proposition which I had suggested to myself as to my future conduct in my present trying and difficult situation altered. The worst that I had anticipated had happened at a moment when I did not expect it, and the darkness of my fate acquired new gloom from the contrast it afforded to the bright gleam of expectation produced by the apothecary's last note and bulletin.

"Is Mr. Sniggs coming here?" said I to the boy, when I had sufficiently recovered my composure to speak.

"Ees, Zur," said the boy; "he be a-laying Master Tom out, I think; and when he ha done that, Doctor says he'll step up and tell ye all about it."

The combination of ideas which flashed into my mind; the association of the painful duty, of which the groom spoke so carelessly, with Sniggs' subsequent visit to Ashmead, and my continued dread of the infection, made me shudder, and I could have killed the fellow for having been so communicative upon a point so painful. He evidently saw nothing in his narrative calculated to excite any particular sensation on my part. His feelings were purely animal; and if it be true, as the naturalists tell us, that animal feeling is proportionably more or less acute according to the size of the animal itself, it is equally true that mental sensibility decreases, in the exact ratio of enlightenment and civilisation.

Shakspeare's doctrine, most beautiful to inculcate, infers no difference in the dying pains of a giant and a beetle; and if we have successfully controverted that humane opinion, we may surely be allowed to doubt whether the loss of a parent, child, or friend, equally affects the educated and refined portion of society and the rude, unlearned, and coarser classes of which my west-country rustic was one. I saw no sign of sorrow or of sympathy about him: he knew the boy was dead, and he knew that he must be buried—so did I; but the certainty of both events did not blunt the edge of their severity.

I dismissed the groom from further parlance, and returned to Harriet, who seemed less surprised than I expected when I announced the catastrophe. Tears started into her eyes; but she was too ingenuous and

too artless to conceal from me the fact that her distress was occasioned rather by the anticipation of what might be the consequences of the boy's death as connected with *me*, than by the event itself.

"What a thing to happen at such a time!" said she, "and to happen from the thoughtlessness or carelessness of the people to whose special care he was confided."

"Upon that point, Harriet," I replied, "it is not worth while to waste a thought; it may or may not be *that* which has produced this result; but, after all, nobody could have foreseen that a boy of his age would, under the circumstances, have done so mad a thing—that, however, is over and past recall, and the less said about it the better; for, if Cuthbert once heard of it, the fate of the unhappy Sniggs and his wife would be sealed. Let us consider what is now to be done: I suppose my original intention had better be put into execution—I had better start for Bath and break the affair to Cuthbert myself?"

"I don't know," said Harriet; "Papa always says, never be the bearer of bad news."

"Yet," said I, "it is impossible to write this history—what can I—what ought I to do?"

"Consult papa," said Harriet; "the stories which he tells of himself in early life justify you in applying to him. He never was at a loss——"

"True," said I; "but then he never was placed in such an extraordinary predicament. How I wish, my dear girl, that Cuthbert had not met me at Gosport, and that you and I had gone——"

"Where," said Harriet—for the sound sense of a woman always prevails—"where should we have gone to?—to a place which he had left, and then we should have had to come——"

"Back again," said I, "as the Scotchman said when his leg was over the man's wall—that's true; and bad as things look, my girl, I will still cling to my creed, and say everything is for the best. I'll go——"

"That will be for the worst," said Harriet; "you have never left me since we were married—I can't bear your absence."

"Psha!" said I. "An affair of three days, or four at most."

"Yes," said Harriet, "the time seems short; but only recollect what is to happen during that period: what events are to be told—what effects to be produced; your brother, if left to himself, would, I have no doubt, be as reasonable as he is, I believe, affectionate; but worked upon by active, artful people, depend upon it, my dear Gilbert, the whole thing will be misrepresented and——"

"I am quite aware of *that*," said I; "but the question to be considered is, whether my personal presence and a *vivâ voce* description of what has happened would not conduce more to his tranquillisation than a letter: the letter, recollect, would be open to the review and criticism of the whole crew—Mrs. Brandyball leading the van. If I go, I am there myself to explain, and describe, and modify. I had better go."

I saw that Harriet still thought I had better not. However, considering that during my absence she would be surrounded by her own family and occupied in attending to mine—if the word could be applicable to one little baby—I felt less difficulty in leaving her, the more especially as my stay at Cuthbert's would be so extremely short.

My deliberations and consultations, however, were broken in upon by the arrival of Sniggs, the announcement of whose name in connexion

with the duty which, according to the groom-boy's account, he had been performing, produced something like a shudder on my frame, but whom, of course, it was most essential I should see. I accordingly went down stairs, and am almost ashamed to own how unwillingly; suffice it to say, without attempting to describe them, that my feelings, whatever they were, were by no means moderated by seeing both my pet dogs worrying about and sniffing the worthy apothecary's clothes, as if they were aware of the presence of an odour which might breathe infection in my yet untainted house. I drove them out of the room with an abruptness of manner and severity of tone very unusual with me in my intercourse with dumb animals.

"Well, Sir," said Sniggs, "this is a sad business; I had hoped better things: however, it is a consolation to myself and Mrs. Sniggs to know that everything was done that could be done."

Yes, thought I, and something more than need have been done.

"I never saw an instance where fever increased so rapidly—it was irresistible—an effusion of blood on the brain terminated the struggle. Poor fellow! he suffered greatly during the night and became delirious, and at the last was quite unconscious of what was passing—when will he be buried, Sir?"

"That is a matter upon which I can say nothing till I have seen my brother," said I.

"You propose going to him, then?" said Sniggs.

"I think so."

"Because," continued the apothecary, "it struck me that, perhaps, having had charge of him, having attended him, and watched him through the progress of the disease, it might have been, in some degree, consolatory and satisfactory to Mr. Gurney if I were to go to him myself: I could explain more correctly and minutely the circumstances of the case, and——"

"But," said I, "your patients here?"

"Oh," said Sniggs, "I can arrange all that—my friend Pillman would take charge of them; besides, my own assistant is perfectly able to do that. This is no time for joking; but you know what Pillman said to the bishop who refused to ordain him, because he was not properly qualified——"

* "He said, 'my lord, I regret this refusal more for the sake of others than myself—it may cause the death of hundreds.' 'How so, sir?' said the bishop. 'Why, my lord,' replied Pillman, 'I must now follow my father's profession and practise *placis*.'"

Sniggs, I fancy, saw in the expression of my countenance that I did not particularly admire the tone and manner of his conversation at such a moment; for he suddenly threw an extra proportion of grief into his strange-looking features, and inquired in a mournful tone whether I approved of his proposal.

It struck me that it would be an exceedingly good plan; but I determined not to sanction it without further consultation in the family cabinet. It was not difficult to discover divers and sundry reasons why the active son of *Æsculapius* was both ready and willing to undertake the expedition. In the first place he would show his anxiety and sympathy; in the second, he would explain the case more favourably for himself, carefully concealing, no doubt, the episode of the cherry-brandy,

which, as I felt, although I did not admit, had mainly contributed to the catastrophe; and, in the third place, his extra attention and rapid journey, to the manifest prejudice and neglect of all his other patients, would give him a substantial claim upon Cuthbert's liberality, which, after the melancholy termination of the boy's illness, might probably require some powerful stimulants in the way of counteracting the grief and disappointment of the hopes he had entertained of the apothecary's skill.

"Well," said I, "I will go and talk this over with Mrs. Gurney; and if we agree in thinking your scheme available, when shall you be ready to start?"

"In an hour," said Sniggs. "I have given all the necessary orders with respect to the body, and everything will go on perfectly well in my absence, subject to such instructions as Mr. Gurney may give me, which, of course, I shall hurry back to fulfil."

"Will you wait five minutes?" said I.

"I am at your orders," replied Sniggs. "I don't know whether it is quite luncheon time, but if it is—and I assure you I am deuced hungry—hav'n't had time to eat a morsel this morning—and you are for my going, I would take a snack, which would save time, and I could order horses as I went by the King's Head, and so come round here for your letter."

"Luncheon you shall have," said I, not entirely forgetting what his morning's occupations had been, and wondering only that they should be in any degree conducive to a good appetite.

I ordered the luncheon to be hurried, and went up-stairs to Harriet.

It was a rule in the navy in war time, and which I believe is sometimes observed in a period of profound peace, that a captain of a man-of-war was never to sail with his wife on board his ship, inasmuch as, aware of the tremendous and overwhelming influence of women, the Admiralty thought her presence might shake the bravest of men, and that the sight of her anxieties and sufferings for *him* personally might unnerve the strongest mind that the disposition of Providence ever assigned to humanity. By a parity of reasoning, in a matter of infinitely inferior importance I ought not to have consulted Harriet, whose anxiety for my remaining at home had been already so decidedly manifested, upon the delicate question of staying or going to Cuthbert; still I had such perfect confidence in her ingenuousness, and so strong a conviction of the entire disinterestedness of women, when the results were not likely to be vitally serious to a beloved object (as I flattered myself I was) that I forthwith repaired to my better half, stated the proposal of Sniggs, and asked her what she thought of it.

It was quite superfluous to wait for her answer—at least delivered in words; the bright sparkle of her eye, and the delight which beamed in her countenance told me her opinion; and I believe she was perfectly right; the more readily, perhaps, because I had already made up my mind to the judiciousness of the new arrangement. So far, so good; but as she expressed a desire that I should communicate with her father, I agreed to wait until he could be summoned into council.

Now, as luck would have it, although events seldom turn up propitiously, who should walk himself into the hall of Ashmead just at this critical juncture but Wells; and, to say truth, pleased as I always was

to see and welcome him to my home, I never was more gratified by hearing that he had arrived, and had joined Sniggs in the dining-room, where à l'ordinaire the noon-tide board had been spread.

"Nothing can be better," said Wells, after having heard the proposition; "write, my dear Gilbert, such a letter as your heart will dictate; let our friend be its bearer, and then only consider the weight that his description of the pains and care which have been taken in poor Tom's case will have with your brother, already greatly prepossessed in his favour."

"Exactly so," said Sniggs. "I know every turn and shade of the disease—have minutely watched each change—made minutes of the prognosis—all down in black and white—and I think Mr. Gurney will have every reason to be satisfied with my conduct."

"Besides," said Wells to me, in one of the windows to which we had retired, "you will get rid of the necessity of alluding to other subjects to which, if you went, you must unquestionably refer."

I looked innocent.

"I mean about the dancing-master," said Wells. "You could not see Cuthbert or the girl without touching upon *that*."

"What?" said I.

"Pshaw!" said Wells; "what's the use of making those 'damnable faces?' as Shakespeare has it. I know all. You have a wife; so have I: do you suppose such a story could be shaken in a family colander without running through? Mum! not a word farther: the world say that a secret is a great thing for one, a charming thing for two, and nothing for three; but we are tiled. I know, and it goes no farther: but you could not, I repeat—it would be impossible, and if not impossible, in the highest degree improper, for you to see your brother without telling him the whole of that business. What would be the consequence? A split either between Kitty and you, or Cuthbert and you. Let well alone. You have no business to go out of your way to interfere: here the opportunity offers; nothing can be more attentive or respectful than that the medical man who has attended the boy should instantly proceed to the man who engaged his attentions in order to report the state of the case. The responsibility is entirely shifted from your shoulders; and while this manifestation of deep interest is made by the person immediately employed, the expression of your own feelings will come with double force. I would," added Wells, "tell him how readily you would obey the slightest intimation on his part of a wish to see you. If he desired you to visit him, you would go, the road smoothened, the great difficulty overcome; he would know the painful truth not from you, and be delighted to enjoy your society, as calculated to soothe his wounded feelings."

"I am quite prepared to adopt the plan," said I, "not only because I like it myself, but because it meets with your concurrence. So be it, then. I will sit down and write such a letter as I feel I ought to write, and Sniggs shall carry the intelligence and describe the particulars, take all his directions as to the funeral, and return forthwith to obey them. We are agreed, Sniggs," said I, leaving the recess in which our colloquy had taken place. "You *shall* go, tell your own history, and come back with all the necessary instructions; and assure my brother, besides what I shall write, that I will take care that every wish that he expresses shall be realized to the letter."

Sniggs seemed greatly elated by the decision, and somewhat invigorated by three or four glasses of wine, and two ditto of not particularly weak ale, with which he had washed down his luncheon, expressed what really did not seem an unreasonable wish, that, if I did not particularly want my chariot, my lending it to him would very much accelerate his journey, inasmuch as it would obviate the delay of changing chaises.

"Sniggs is right," said Wells; "the fact that he comes in your carriage will exhibit a new proof to Cuthbert of the interest you take in the business—quite right—that is it."

"And," said Sniggs, "there is one word more I would say—we are among friends—and there is no difficulty in saying that—upon my life, I hardly know how to mention it either—but, the truth is, that I have not at command enough—"

"Oh!" said I, stopping him, "of course, you are to be at no charge for this trip; it is business, and business of ours. No, no! I'll arrange all that. You shall have that point settled immediately." And I accordingly went to my library and drew a check for forty pounds, which I begged him to get cashed at the bank (for we had a bank at Blissfold), and appropriate as much of the amount as was necessary to defray the charges of the journey.

"Liberal soul!" said Sniggs of me to Wells, as he afterwards told me; "by Jove, Sir, he ought to be the rich brother of the two, and will, I conclude, eventually be so. Wonderful to see how wealth and stinginess go hand in hand. You know those people who sit just over you at church—the girls with green pelisses and red bonnets, like a little pair of parrots who can't live single—the Kurmichens;—their father, when he was alive, was the stingiest dog going;—cellars full—bins topped up—and all that—never gave any wine after dinner—but went on like a house in the Old Town of Edinburgh, story upon story, to save his claret—never could get him to bleed. So one day giving a description of a friend of his who had fallen blind in consequence of consulting a celebrated oculist, he said, 'Gad, Sir! Buggins is as blind as a beetle—can't see any more than that bottle.' Whereupon one of the visitors, a wag of the first water, said, 'Then our cases are exactly alike, Sir, for we can see no more than that bottle; we wish we could.' He! he! that's not bad."

"On the contrary," said Wells; "but I don't believe Gurney's brother is at all parsimonious. All that I fear is his being led away—influenced to turn his liberality into channels which ought never to have been dug—that Mrs. Brandyball—"

"Mum!" said Sniggs; "I know a good deal about her—more than I ever thought I should. People *will* talk—and there is a person in Blissfold who knew the husband's nephew—not that ever I peep or pry—I never poke *my* nose into other people's concerns—but one can't stop his ears, and I receive—however, it is no affair of mine."

"I cannot help thinking," said Wells, "that she *has* a great influence over Mr. Gurney."

"Influence!" said Sniggs: "you have no notion what she is, if what I am obliged to hear is true: However, Mr. Wells, my maxim is to listen to all, and say nothing, and therefore I hope to stand well with all parties."

Wells made one of his acquiescent bows, which went for little; for

although he himself had been quieted down by time, the crack of the whip was not more familiar to the old coachman's ear than were the professions made by the worthy apothecary of a total disinclination from the failing of tittle-tattle, or the still more important crime of scan-mag.

"Of course," said Wells, "you will represent our good friend Gilbert's conduct in a proper light. The fact is, that we could not pay any immediate personal attention to the poor lad——"

"Nor was any necessary," said Sniggs, warming with the subject and the sherry. "I declare, Mr. Wells, that not a thing ~~was~~ left undone that could be done to save him. His constitution had been undermined by previous indulgence—he was a self-willed boy, too—and his diet had been loosely attended to; or rather, his appetite had been gratified at the cost of his health ever since he came to England. More lives are lost, and more constitutions destroyed, by a reckless indulgence in early youth than by any other things in the world. However, poor lad, he is gone. I suppose Mr. Gurney will have a tablet put up in the church to his memory. If so, I shall venture to recommend Clipstone. You know Clipstone, Sir?"

"Yes," said the Rector; "who lives opposite the Plough."

"Exactly, Sir," said Sniggs. "Valuable family—very estimable people—always ailing. Wife, Mrs. C., never well—camphorated julep and concomitant brandy-and-water; eldest daughter epileptic—powders incessantly; the son, Hepatitis—calomel *ad libitum*; Elizabeth slight touch of scrofula—calls it rheumatism—do what I can; the two younger boys mal-conformation of chest. Father excellent man—full of talent—with a taste in tombstones quite remarkable. I think he will do a smart slab for Tom, on the most moderate terms."

Considering that poor Tom, for whose smart slab Sniggs was in his own mind bargaining, had been dead some few hours only—the conversation struck Wells as somewhat abrupt and even premature; but the fact was, that Sniggs, having obtained, or being about to obtain, his credentials for the mournful embassy upon which he was going, and moreover having the promise of means to grease the wheels of my carriage on the journey, totally cast off the grief which he at first felt it his duty to assume, and which it is, as I have before observed, scarcely reasonable to expect a medical man in tolerable practice really to feel. Indeed, if he *did* feel strongly during the progress of a disease, his judgment might be affected by that very sensibility, and he might be rendered incapable of doing his duty steadily and fearlessly—a point most essential under such circumstances.

It was about this period of the conversation, as Wells afterwards told me, that I re-entered the dining-room, and put into Sniggs's hand the check of which I had spoken. In consequence of my lending him my carriage, the horses were to be ordered up to Ashmead, and he was to return, after having had his portmanteau and *sac de nuit* packed, and sent up by his footboy with the pale face and glazed hat, and to start from my door in an hour from the then present time, which hour I was to devote to the concoction of my letter to Cuthbert.

About half-past two, Sniggs, armed with his check, departed, and Wells, who never could resist a joke—not unseemly to his cloth—directed my attention to the uncertain course taken by the worthy apothecary from the hall-door down towards the gates of Ashmead—there was an

unconscious adherence to the line of beauty which would have delighted Hogarth himself. Whether the elevation of our practitioner was attributable more to the draught he had swallowed, or the draft which he had deposited in his pocket, we did not attempt to ascertain. Certain it was, that in the midst of his sorrow for Tom, he was happy for himself, and I have no doubt saw before him a bright prospect of patronage and support from my poor dear brother—whose most sanguine hopes he had frustrated, by lending his involuntary aid to the removal, from this sub-lunary world of troubles, Master Thomas Falwasser.

As soon as he was clear of the lodge, I sat down and wrote what I thought the best possible letter to my brother—expressing our united griefs at the sad event, and referring him for particulars to the bearer. I entreated him to let me know what he wished me to do with regard to the necessary ceremonies to be performed, and assured him that his directions should be fulfilled to the letter. I made all proper enquiries after the two young ladies, and desired my best compliments to Mrs. Braudyball, whose letter I should have answered, had not the melancholy occurrence changed the whole course of events. I made Harriet join in the kindest remembrances to him, with a proper proportion of condolence, and her best regards to his daughters, as he called, and, I believe, really fancied them; and at last obtained her permission to send a civil message to the gentle B. herself. This, I admit, was extracted; but as I argued that it was as well to be at peace with all, at such a season, Harriet at last complied.

In less than an hour the horses came—the Sniggs boy, with the trunk and bag, and the Sniggs himself, dressed in deep mourning, with a four-inch crape round his hat, and a face to match. I had a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* conversation with him, in which I stated my wishes as to the manner in which he should explain most clearly how totally I had been incapacitated from paying any personal attentions to poor Tom, and wound up our dialogue by saying to him, "I think, Mr. Sniggs, you had better not say anything about the cherry-brandy."

"Not a word," said Sniggs, looking excessively foolish.

This parting admonition I considered a master-piece of policy, inasmuch as, if he did not pursue the exact course I had laid down for him in his conversation with Cuthbert, it reminded him that I had the fact in store to overthrow all his professions of unremitting attention to his amiable patient.

Before the clock struck four, the carriage was ready, and all his traps being disposed of, in and about the vehicle, the excellent apothecary deposited himself in the inside, and the pale-faced urchin, with the glazed hat, having mounted into the rumble, away they drove, to my inexpressible delight in having been so strangely delivered from what could not have failed to be the most painful and embarrassing expedition I had ever undertaken.

When the traveller was out of sight I proceeded to Harriet to announce the fact of his departure, and to deliberate upon the probable issue of his expedition, and then I found that Fanny and her lover had quarrelled; the cause of their quarrel I concluded was trifling, and, believing in the certainty of the consequences of the *iræ amorum*, I merely smiled at the absurdity of their "fall out," as Miss Foxcroft would have called it.

"My dear Harriet," said I, "we have enough upon our hands at

present with our own affairs, do not let us meddle with those of others ; rely upon it the hostile parties will, before the day is over, make it up, kiss, and be friends again."

"I doubt that," said Harriet. "The cause of their difference I do not yet know ; but Fanny hints at its being something important, and she is not a girl to take offence unreasonably or hastily. Papa is not in the least aware of it, whatever it is : however, this evening she will be here, and I shall know the particulars."

"I tell you, Harriet," said I, "before this evening comes the quarrel will be over, so let us talk of matters more immediately interesting. It strikes me that Cuthbert will wish poor Tom to be buried somewhere near his present residence, which, I think, seems likely to be a permanent one ; in that case I shall, of course, consider it my duty to accompany his remains. My meeting with Cuthbert will, however painful, be less irksome than it would be at present, inasmuch as he will be acquainted with all the melancholy facts of the case."

"You must act as your judgment dictates," said Harriet, "and according to circumstances. My belief is, that he is so completely under the influence of Mrs. Brandyball, that it is to her we have to look for instructions."

"I have no doubt," said I, "that her object will be to cast all possible blame upon us ; and certainly, if I am likely to be subjected to any censure from Cuthbert in *her* presence or under *her* suggestion, I shall altogether abstain from visiting him, let the consequences be what they may."

It is hardly worth recording the various conversations which occurred between Harriet and myself upon this engrossing and embarrassing topic. The tone and spirit of her observations and suggestions evinced a higher degree of indignation towards Cuthbert's weakness, and a greater restlessness under the weight of his previous favours, than I could induce myself to feel. To be sure, the tie of relationship which moderated *my* sentiments upon his extraordinary conduct was not binding upon *her* ; but I must say I never expected to see her so much excited upon any serious subject as she was, whenever the dependency of our position made itself evident in the course of our discussions.

The windows of Ashmead were darkened, and the heavy bell of Blissfold church was tolled—a ceremony, by the way, originating in the grossest superstition and fraught with the greatest evil. Those who merely take things as they come, and, like the mole, fancy they are very deep, when they are, in fact, close to the surface, consider the heavy swinging of the "passing bell" a matter of respect to the memory of the deceased ; whereas the object, if any there be, in making the dismal noise produced by a hireling's pulling a rope in a belfry is to keep away devils, and imps, and spirits from interfering with the passage of the soul departed, in its flight towards heaven. The history of bells would fill more pages of my notes than I can spare—as it is, however, tolerably well known to the commonly enlightened, I regret that fact the less ; but of one thing I am quite certain—whatever benefit might have been supposed, in the days of Popery, to be derivable from tolling at so much per hour, the mischief done to society in Protestant countries, where we do not expect so much spiritual advantage from the process, is obviously grave and serious. A sick man lies on his bed within a few

yards of a church-steeple ; in the wretchedness of his disorder he hears the hollow boom of the passing bell—"Who's dead?" is his first natural question.—"Poor Mr. Hawkins, Sir," says the nurse. "What did he die of?" asks the patient, flickering out of life.—"Of an abscess in the lungs," says the communicative crone. Abscess of the lungs is the patient's disorder ; every sound of the bell produces upon his mind a new pang—a new excitement ; and those who know how intimately the mind and body are connected must know what the effect producible by this reiteration of the deathly evidence will be. With women under more delicate and trying circumstances its fatality has been established. Reform it altogether.

However, the bell was tolled ; and because Master Thomas Falwasser was a young gentleman, the big bell tolled. If he had been a poor child, no bell would have been tolled ; if he had been one of what are called the middling classes, a smaller bell would have been tolled. But the big bell costs most to toll, inasmuch as Durandus tells us, it being so much louder than the others, the devils are obliged to keep farther away to be out of its sound. If this be not disgusting mockery, what is?—the ringing of bells at a wedding, if the people who pay the ringers delight in campanology, is all very well ; and we suppose by the length of the peal, and the number of the bells, that no devils or imps will dare to annoy the happy couple for a certain time. And yet look at the absurdity of *that*—to pay a set of strangers, men who have never heard your names before, and never will again, to make a joyous sound, in the joyousness of which they take no part, and from being enthusiastic in making which they get their two or three guineas, or less, as the case may be,—for that which renders the absurdity the greater is, that they are thus joyous only *ad valorem*, the length and strength of the spirit-stirring peal being uniformly proportioned to the amount disbursed.

To my ear the tolling was most discordant, and reminded me, as the same sound ever did, of that which I first heard in hastening to Teddington to receive my mother's last blessing. The impression made upon me that morning never will, never can be effaced ; and perhaps, after all, my rooted antipathy to bells has its origin in that occurrence.

The day passed on till dinner-time, the usual time of meeting in a family. My father-in-law and I dined *tête-à-tête*. Mrs. Wells and Fanny were to come to Harriet in the evening—Lieutenant Merman was gone on a little excursion—for that I was prepared. Wells seemed unconscious of the reason of his absence, and I, really hating the disagreeable "son of Mars," as he would be figuratively called by the gentlemen of the press, was glad to let him and all his turmoils sink into oblivion, while I still "harped," as the immortal bard has it, upon the one subject nearest my heart.

"That Merman," said the Rector, "is a very odd man, Gurney."

"Is he?" said I.

"His violence is quite extraordinary upon the most ordinary occasions," said Wells ; "you know *me* pretty well—you know I give and take—all fair in conversation : and as I consider—nobody knows himself, to be sure—but, as I consider myself, I take myself to be an average good-humoured man. Well, yesterday, I was playfully discussing a variety of topics upon which he and I ordinarily disagree, and after vindicating

institutions which he underrates and vilifies, and maintaining principles which he ridicules, I happened to tell him an anecdote—you know I am not over particular upon such points—which occurred to myself when I was for a short time examining-chaplain to my excellent connexion and patron the Bishop. A young man came for examination, and it so happened that the Bishop had no Greek Testament at hand—the thing occurred in London—Bishop asked me—I had not one, and so, without saying anything more, I went and got hold of the first book I could find, and examined my young friend in Latin—he succeeded to my heart's content, but it so happened that the book was Lucian *De Morte Peregrini*, a tract which he wrote against Christianity. I told the thing as a joke, and this Merman drew up and looked grave, and went off to the women, and I have never seen him since. I believe, by Jove, that a man ought never to joke with a dullard; he takes as matter of fact that which is really matter of fun;—and, rely upon it, Merman is an ass, though I say it, who shouldn't."

"I had no idea," said I, "that the Lieutenant was strait-laced."

"Nor I," said Wells, "except in his uniform; nor does the history of his affair with Miss Maloney go quite smooth with me."

I saw by this reference to what had been a healed wound, that the Rector was what may be called "put out," and that Harriet, when she spoke of the seriousness of the difference between the Lieutenant and her sister, was not altogether wrong in treating it as a matter of importance.

"The gentleman," said Wells, "has marched off; and between you and me, Gilbert, if he never was to march himself back again, I should not much care."

"But," said I, "my dear Sir, matters seem to have gone so far now, and he has been so unequivocally received as one of the family, that——"

"Psha!" interrupted the Rector, "what of that? It requires time to know a man. His manner last night was extremely offensive to me; and from what I afterwards saw in the drawing-room, I don't think that the sequel was much more agreeable to Fanny."

"Fanny," said I, "is a kind-hearted, ingenuous girl, and devoted to you: and if she thought that anything the Lieutenant said was meant to vex and annoy you, my belief is that she would seriously resent it."

"So do I," said Wells, "and—this is of course between ourselves—my notion is—I may be wrong—that the way in which he caught up a mere fact—a truth—a thing which did occur, but which I, perhaps might as well not have repeated, except as I did repeat it under my own roof, and in what I considered my own family, was attributable to some new change in his affair with his aunt and the fortune; and that the indignation which he expressed at the mode in which he had been treated by the heiress, has been by some means or other modified and moderated, and that he is now anxious, late as it is in the course of our negotiation, to break off the connexion."

"If Fanny say Yea," exclaimed I, "let it be so—he is not the man to make any woman happy, and much less my sister-in-law."

"I have heard nothing," said Wells, "of what occurred between Fan and him. I merely spoke of his extraordinary conduct, and a determination on my own part not to submit to a line of behaviour which he is by no means entitled to adopt in my house."

I now began to think, from seeing Wells infinitely more excited than I had ever found him, that the quarrel between Fanny and her intended was a "mighty pretty quarrel as it stood," and that however far advanced the negotiations of the high contracting powers actually were, I might even yet have the satisfaction of seeing them frustrated. It must be admitted that the little *contretemps* occurring at the moment was somewhat unseasonable, and yet I can scarcely tell why I did not so much dislike it, inasmuch as it presented "a diversion" (in the military sense of the word) from the "Siege of Troubles" by which we were assailed.

When I had enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* with Harriet, I found that Fanny's anger as regarded the Lieutenant was by no means ill-founded. He, with neither principle, religious or moral, that anybody had ever yet discovered, chose to arraign Wells's conduct in describing—probably without any serious foundation—the circumstances of the examination. He, Merman, not knowing Lucian from Lucretius, and evidently seizing upon a point in conversation of no importance to *him*, at all events, to make a quarrel. Fanny told her sister that the mode in which the Lieutenant spoke of her father, and his conduct as what he called himself, "a Christian preacher and teacher," was such that it was to her as incomprehensible as it was unbearable—that he had reproached her with her want of fortune; expressed in strong terms the condescension which he evinced on his part, in returning to her after his disappointment; and in short, conducted himself with so much abruptness, to call it by no other term, that she had resolved to take her own course upon it without communicating the details to her father, whose high spirit, notwithstanding the difference of their ages and professions, might lead him into some extremity with regard to his intended son-in-law, which would be most distressing under all circumstances, and probably disastrous under some.

The facts were these—what the motives to action on the part of Lieutenant Merman might be, remains to be explained—I admit that although I still dwelt upon the one sad and important theme in which our destinies were unquestionably involved, I was not ill-pleased that this little contention had arisen, inasmuch as it naturally occupied Harriet's mind, and held out to me the prospect of getting rid of a connexion with a man the most odious I had ever fallen in with, and the least likely, as I sincerely believed, to make my kind-hearted sister-in-law a happy woman.

Two days rolled on—the Lieutenant did not return—neither did Fanny receive any letter from him; and so far all *that* part of our family was involved in mystery and surmise; not so we; the morning of the third day from poor Tom's death brought us a letter from Sniggs, who wrote word that he had arrived safely at Montpellier—that he had communicated the sad story to my poor brother Cuthbert, who was so much overcome as to be utterly unable to decide what he should wish to have done. Sniggs added, in a postscript, that he had expressed himself perfectly satisfied with his care and attention, and that of Mrs. Sniggs, towards the innocent sufferer; but regretted that when I knew the dear child was on the point of death, I had not gone to catch the last wishes of his life from his dying lips, and that Mrs. Brandyball had said, sobbingly, "It was most extraordinary how anybody so nearly connected with the dear boy could have abstained from visiting him in his illness."

"Monstrous!" I exclaimed to myself. "The woman knew that one visit might have been as fatal as his constant occupation of his room at Ashmead—that the existence of my first, my only infant, depended upon care and caution: and what she did not know, perhaps, was, that up to the moment when I abruptly heard of his death, I was led on by the flattering representation of Sniggs to look for his recovery. These are the things that sting one to the heart—misrepresentations, which one has no means of correcting—falsehoods, which one has no opportunity of controverting. Sniggs said the way in which Mrs. Brandyball was affected was something quite maternal, and added, "If you could only see, my dear Sir, the devoted attention of this excellent lady to your dear brother, you would feel inclined to worship her."

This from Sniggs!—"Et tu, Brute!"—and after what he had hinted—not to *me*, but to Welis. This was indeed

"—— the most unkindest cut of all!"

But it was perhaps natural—he was playing *his* game with Cuthbert—expatiating on his carefulness, and watchfulness, and constant superintendence. If Mrs. Brandyball had occupied poor Tom's room at Sniggs's two nights before he went into it, and the cupboard had been open, my opinion is, that Tom would have been alive now—for certain is it, that the searching eye and sensitive nose of the convivial dame, would have discovered the potion which killed *him*, and would only have comforted *her*.

Sniggs informed me that I was to hear again to-morrow, so that *he* had made good his footing at Montpelier; and then he tells me of the wonderful improvement in Kate's appearance even in that short time; that Mrs. Brandyball thought Ashmead unwholesome; that Jane was looking more rosy; and that, although dreadfully upset by the melancholy intelligence he had received, Cuthbert himself was marvellously better, as far as health went.

When I read the letter to Harriet she perfectly coincided with me—Sniggs was now joined in the conspiracy against us, and the influence of the Gorgon had been successfully adopted to link *him* to the faction by which we were to be sacrificed. Still we were left in suspense: not one line from Cuthbert to me—not a syllable in the way of invitation thither—not a mention of when or where the funeral was to be performed; all things seemed to be at a stand-still, waiting, I suppose, until my unfortunate brother could be shaken out of his reverie to come to a resolution.

I confess Sniggs's letter was something more than I expected—it was a new grievance, a new affront. I had sent him in my own carriage, a messenger from myself, and to receive his answer and not a word from the nearest relation I had in the world—no, not even Mrs. Brandyball had condescended to put pen to paper. I felt myself now really fallen, and I am not ashamed to own that I sobbed with grief at the loss of a brother to whom I, and those who belonged to me, had devoted every effort and energy to make him happy and comfortable, and who *was* happy and comfortable before this fiend in scarcely human shape had inveigled him away from us.

There was something in Sniggs's letter which sounded reproachful, evidently dictated, or rather occasioned by other people; and, when I

began to calculate and consider all the circumstances, I could not help beginning to fancy that there really was something in my conduct which might be construed into a want of feeling, not only by Cuthbert, but even by the neighbours. The poor boy *had* died in a strange house; he had been removed from the comforts of Ashmead—comforts how secured?—to the apothecary's residence, without a relation near him, and there he had died, and there his body lay: but, then, the infection—true, but then the man who had been constantly in attendance upon him came to *me*. How can I describe the ten thousand feelings by which I was assailed! And yet I do declare that the loss of the mere favour of Cuthbert in a worldly sense, perilous and destructive as it might be, was but a mole-hill in comparison with the mountain-like load of grief I experienced at the deprivation of his love.

Well, the next day came; no letter by the post. Mrs. Sniggs sent up her compliments to beg to know whether we had heard from Mr. S.—Answer, not a word.—This was very strange; the funeral ought to take place as speedily as convenient; she wondered she had not got a letter, and so on. To me the silence was still more curious. However, as reason comes to one's aid even under the most trying circumstances, it at last struck me, and in that opinion Harriet agreed, that Sniggs would himself return in the course of the day, and so supersede the necessity of writing. We were not wrong; but we were not entirely right: we guessed the truth to a certain extent, but not the whole truth. At about six o'clock, just as I was sitting down in my wife's room to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* whiting and boiled chicken, a violent ringing at the gate announced an arrival; dogs barked as usual, servants scuffled, and, leaning over the balustrade, I heard Sniggs's voice directing his pale-faced flunky to take care of his bag and box and carry them home. I heard other voices, I thought, and a rustling of petticoats crossing the hall to the dinner-room, which was dark and unoccupied, for I was settled in for a snug consolatory evening up-stairs. The rustling noise came forth again, and I heard my man say, "My master is up-stairs, Miss." I held my breath and listened; it was all true. Sniggs waited in the hall, as a gentleman not of the family ought to do, but in less than two minutes I felt myself embraced and my cheeks wetted with the tears of Miss Kitty Falwasser and her sister Jane.

"This," said I, gently repelling Kate's excessive warmth of manner, "is a surprise."

"Yes," said Kate, sobbing so that you might have heard her to the wine-cellar door; "we could—not—let—poor dear Tom go to the grave without—some one—who loved him being with—him; and dear Pappy is not well enough to come—and dear governess could not leave him—so—so—so we have come to go to his funeral."

Jane, less violent in her grief, but more sincere, pressed my hand and wept silently. I saw she felt for the loss of her brother, uncouth as he was and harsh to her; for Jane was as different a creature from Kate as a discriminating observer of nature could well discover.

"I am glad to see you, dears," said I; and I felt glad that the gallery round the hall was not well lighted, lest my looks should not have entirely corresponded with my words. "I will go and tell Harriet you are here; your sudden appearance in her room might flurry her."

"How is she, dear thing?" said Kate.

"Oh, quite well," said I; "and how is my brother in health?"

"What, Pappy?" said Kate, who seemed scarcely to comprehend what I meant by the fraternal appellation. "He is pretty well in health, dear; but so shocked at the news, that we thought he would have died; I think he would if Mr. Sniggs hadn't been there."

"He thought you would have come to him," said Jane; "and your not coming, I think, vexed him a good deal."

That's pleasant, thought I. However, it was necessary, now, that the thing had taken its present turn, that Harriet should be apprized of the state of affairs, and I accordingly announced the arrival.

"I cannot look at Kate with patience," said Harriet. "I know why *she* has come. What a silly, silly man your poor dear brother is!"

"Never mind," said I; "we have no course but one to pursue, so make up your mind to be civil."

"Dear Gilbert," said Harriet, giving me one of her kindest looks, "whatever you wish me to do, I will do if I can; but the struggle is a difficult one, and not the less so from being so totally unexpected."

In five minutes the young ladies were kissing Harriet on the dexter and sinister sides of her face, weeping as they thought became them, and in half an hour more a refection was prepared in the dining-room, at which, dragged away from my sanctum up-stairs, I presided, and Sniggs and the two mourning nymphs assisted.

What happened next day I reserve for the next portion of my notes.

SONG OF THE WINE-FILLED GOBLET.

I HAVE kept my place at a rich man's board
 For many a waning night,
 Where streams of dazzling splendour pour'd
 A galaxy of light:
 No gayer revelry hath rung
 Than where my home has been;
 All that the Bard of Teos sung
 Has the wine-filled goblet seen;
 And much I could tell full many might deem
 A fable of fancy, or tale of a dream.

I have beheld a courteous band
 Sit round, in bright array,
 Their voices firm, their words all bland,
 With brows like a cloudless day;
 But soon the guests were led, by the host,
 To dash out Reason's lamp,
 And then God's noble image had lost
 The fineness of its stamp;
 And their sober cheeks have blush'd to hear
 What they told o'er me, without shame or fear.

Song of the Wine-filled Goblet.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell
 Of a hot and reeling brain,
 Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell
 Like blood on a battle plain.

Oh ! sad is the work that I have done
 In the hands of the sot and the fool,
 Curséd and dark is the fame I have won,
 As Death's most powerful tool ;
 And I own that those who greet my rim
 Too oft will find their bane on the brim.

But *all* the nectar-cup has wrought
 Is not of the *evil* kind ;
 I have help'd the creature of mighty thought
 And quicken'd the godlike mind ;
 As gems of first water may lie in the shade
 And no lustre be known to live
 Till the kiss of the noontide-beam has betray'd
 What a glorious sheen they can give—
 So the breast may hold fire that none can see
 Till it meet the sun ray shed by me.

I have burst the spirit's moody trance,
 And woke it to mirth and wit,
 Till the soul would dance in every glance
 Of eyes that were rapture-lit.
 I have heard the bosom, warm and rife
 With friendship, offer up
 Its faith in heaven, its hope in life,
 With the name it breathed in the cup ;
 And I was proud to seal the bond
 Of the truly great, and the firmly fond.

I have served to raise the shivering form
 That sunk in the driving gale ;
 I have fann'd the flame that famine and storm
 Had done their worst to pale ;
 The stagnant vein has been curdled and cold
 As the marble's icy streak,
 But I have come, and the tide has roll'd
 Right on to the heart and the cheek ;
 And bursting words, from a grateful breast,
 Have told the precious draught was blest.

Oh ! Heaven forbid that bar or ban
 Should be thrown on the Bliss I bear !
 But woful it is that senseless man
 Will brand me with sin and despair.
 Use me wisely, and I will lend
 A joy ye may cherish and praise ;
 But love me too well, and my portion shall send
 A burning blight on thy days.
 Remember the strain I sing, as ye fill,
 " Beware, the goblet can cheer, or kill ! "

ELIZA COOK.

LIFE IN THE EAST.—NO. I.

BY MICHAEL J. QUIN, AUTHOR OF "A STEAM VOYAGE DOWN
THE DANUBE," ETC.

UNTIL I travelled in Turkey, I think I never really knew the degree which woman holds on the scale of the creation. In the towns, in the villages, in the hamlets, in the fields, on the rivers, in the depths of the forest, or on the open plains, I beheld, day after day, only the face of man. Now and then, at a cottage floor, I espied from a distance the white veil, which denoted the presence of a female. But the moment my horse was seen approaching the sacred spot—for sacred it then seemed to me—away fled the sweet vision, and in its place appeared the frowning turbaned forehead of my own sex, or perhaps a ferocious dog, preparing to devour me if I should venture too near the domain entrusted to his charge.

I was positively sick of the face of man. His swarthy countenance—his strong beard—his glaring eye—his brawny, muscular hand—his thick beshawled waist, with pistols and ataghan stuck therein—his long pipe—his longer cane—his clumsy slippered foot—became offensive to my eye. I longed to behold once more the roseate cheek—the soft look—the ruby lip—the tapering fingers of some descendant of Eve. Nor in the vale—nor by the fountain—nor in the vineyard—nor on the hill—nor amidst the herds or groves, was she. 'Twas man everywhere.

Often on my ear came the tinkle of the sheep or goat bell. Assuredly upon the declivity, where the animals wandered in search of herbage, there must be a shepherdess, thought I; and up the declivity. I rode, to botanize, as I told my guide, but in fact to appease the yearning of my soul by catching a glimpse—were it only for an instant—of the maiden, haply sleeping beneath the shadow of a rock, or a clump of brushwood, whose gentle voice, or oaten pipe, held them under control. I cared not for costume: be her figure wrapped in the undyed lamb-skin, the winter-stained blanket, or the shreds of what once served as a mantle for her sire—it signified but little, or rather nothing to me, provided I could detect through her disguise the bashful gaze of the feminine race. But disappointment still was my portion. Rumpled up in a rude canvass bag, or the hide of a rhinoceros, or something of that kind, appeared a little savage, half monkey, half Robinson Crusoe, fast asleep, his wallet (slenderly stored!) beneath his shaggy head, and a poor imitation of the pastoral crook by his side. Frankenstein was not half so tired of his troublesome creation as I was of masculine nuisances, with whose origin I had nothing whatever to do.

At night we came late to what would be called in France an *auberge*, in the midst of a small clustre of houses. Beds were to be prepared, supper was to be cooked, for I protested against going to rest upon a thimble-full of coffee, having had a long day's ride, and no dinner, unless that name may be applied to a crust of bread, an onion, three hard eggs, and a handful of rock salt. I insisted upon the best supper the house could produce. We were, as usual, received by a man, who proceeded forthwith to blow up the embers on his hearth, and to get his coffee apparatus in order. But I was not to be put off in this way. He pleaded that his family were all in bed. No matter—I was starved

—supper—and a good supper—chicken—mutton—rice—and hot cake—I must have.

Upon examining my conscience, as all good Christians do, or ought to do, by the light of the vesper star, which I went to look at, while my orders were in process of negotiation between the innkeeper and my guide, I was obliged to confess to myself, that though a good supper would be by no means disagreeable, yet the uppermost motive in my pressing for a hot supper, was the hope of attracting to what I supposed to be the culinary department, the women of the family—the greater and minor “lights of the harem.” I did, in reality, behold the light of more than one candle moving backward and forward behind the latticed windows of the upper story of the edifice, and when within, I heard several light footsteps moving rapidly overhead. Now they are awake, thought I, and dressing and veiling, and down they must come presently with their stewpans and dishes, and all the produce of their larder. They would doubtless conceal their faces as much as possible; but they could not cover their eyes, and even if they should, still the sylph-like figure would be there, the low, gentle voice might yield its music, the hand that would knead the flour, or turn the cake on the hearth, could not be gloved!

Alas! while I was still indulging in these poetical reveries, in came, on a man’s head, a large wooden tray, and upon the said tray, when deposited on the earthen floor, appeared, to my amazement—I will not say to my horror, for, after all, the odour emanating therefrom was not ungrateful to the senses of a weary traveller,—a hot cake, a wooden bowl filled with stewed partridge, onions, and rice; whereupon mine host brought a jar and a napkin, and pouring some water upon my hands, and presenting me with the napkin with a look of hospitable cordiality not unworthy of the Patriarchal days, he invited me to partake of the meal thus magically placed at my feet. The footsteps ceased overhead, silence reigned throughout the house; I could not even guess whether there was a female being in the man’s establishment, and so I proceeded—to despatch the partridge—convinced that the last plague must have swept away all the women from that part of the Ottoman dominions.

Now let no sly reader of either sex get up in his, or her mental manufactory of scandal any thing in the shape of a suspicion against my character. Know ye, ancient maidens, club-frequenting bachelors, and giggling consumers of bread and butter, still in your *teens* or *twos*, that I am a Benedict; and so faithful, so scrupulous in the fulfilment of the vows I have made, that if Nourmahal herself had fallen in my way, and flinging off her veil, surrendered the roses of her lips to my discretion, I should not have so far forgotten the lone one I had left at home, as even to inhale their fragrance. Not I! Putting aside the misprision of domestic treason that would be involved in such a transaction, I really am a philosopher. The feeling by which I was actuated had nothing in it of the *mer* ingredients, of which Lesbia of “the beaming eye,” and all that sort of people are composed. Mine was a pure Platonic search after that description of harmony, which is produced by the blending of various colours, or diversified, or even contrasted sounds. Man, man everywhere, is a garden without a flower—a sound without a modulation. The light of woman’s eyes is necessary to make him look

Fox-hunting and horse-racing were his delight: in the great New-market week he was scarcely ever absent. He has several times attended the race in the morning, and played the same evening at Drury Lane. In one instance, the race being delayed near an hour, he did not get to the theatre till the third act of the "School for Scandal" had commenced, in which he was to have played Charles, having had relays of horses on the road, and in one hour rode eighteen miles.

He remained at Covent Garden Theatre two-and-twenty years, which he quitted in May, 1774. In a dispute with Colman, in 1773, he wrote thus:—"All that has passed between us must be mutually and entirely forgotten, or we must go out and settle our differences like men and gentlemen."

In May, 1774, he went to France. In one of his letters he says his Rosamond is with him (Mrs. Hartley), and that his wife never hinted a suspicion of the connexion, but the tongue of scandal will not let her return to Covent Garden. -

In a public journal of the 31st of May, 1774, was inserted this:—

"The following is said to be part of a letter written by a gentleman to his wife previous to his elopement with a beautiful actress:—

" 'MY DEAR LOVE,—You and I have long lived happy together, and be assured at this very moment I love you more than any woman in the world. When you hear of the little excursion I am going to make with Mrs. H——, be not alarmed; it is a sudden impulse of passion which I own I have not had the courage to resist. There is something so bewitching and enchanting in beauty, that it baffles our strongest resolutions; but it is an infatuation that will soon be over. You must pardon me this one slip, and believe me when I declare, that though a momentary gust of passion may hurry me into trifling indiscretions, I never can find real felicity and true happiness but in your arms.

" 'I am, my dear Love,

" 'Your ever affectionate,

" '—————,

" 'Dover, May 27, 1774.' "

September 22nd, 1774, he made his first appearance on the Drury Lane stage in "Richard the Third," and remained at that theatre until he took leave of the stage on the 9th of June, 1788, in his favourite part of Charles. He stated in his farewell address to the audience, that he had been thirty-five years in their service. During his theatrical life he never acted out of London during the summer recess, except once at Dublin and once at Bristol.

He acted Macbeth on the 10th of March, 1774, and announced the speaking of an Epilogue on his intantion of retiring from the stage:—

"Full thirty-five campaigns I've urged my way,
Under the ablest generals of the day;
Full oft have stood by Barry's, Garrick's side,—
With them have conquer'd, and with them have died:
I now no more o'er Macbeth's crimes shall lower—
Nor murder my two nephews in the Tower—
Here I no more shall rant 'A horse! a horse!'
But mount 'White Surrey' for the *Beacon Course*.
No more my hands with tyrants' gore shall stain,
But drag the *felon* *vox* from forth his den!

who belong to the Cross appear to enjoy more liberty than I have observed elsewhere in those countries. They go about, as in England, often in their hair, sometimes with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, but uniformly unveiled. In order, however, to signify that they have a right to these privileges,—privileges secured to them, by the way, through the interference of Russia,—they are obliged to wear conspicuously on the left shoulder, or breast, a red cross, which is usually worked in silk or worsted upon their dress. The sacred emblem has a most agreeable effect. It puts one in mind of the days of the Crusaders; it marks the civilising power of the Christian system of religion. Seen from a distance, it seems to one emerging from towns and districts wholly Mahometan, to restore nature to its usual order, and to bring back to the heart that cheerfulness of which the virile monotony of Turkish usages had for a season deprived it.

It was upon encountering at a fountain, or engaged in some out-of-door business or amusement, groups of these Bulgarian maidens, that I felt what a vacancy there would have been in the order of creation had it been altogether womanless. A world wholly filled with men might have been rendered by Omnipotence as conducive to his purposes, as one distributed between the two sexes—creation following the law which gave birth to the original type of the race. But what a world that would have been!—if we may judge from our present notions. We should have been without all that delicious tenderness which springs from the contemplation, the protection of infant loveliness and weakness. We should have been without that ennobling, enrapturing sentiment—that electric chain which binds two souls together, identifying their hopes, their sorrows—lighting kindred smiles—summoning to the cheek tears that unite two hearts even more closely than smiles. Poetry, that gushing of the soul into music, would have been unknown to us. Music itself would have been undiscovered, and we should not have understood the

“————— boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields:
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven!”

On arriving at Constantinople I found that a greater relaxation had taken place in the system of feminine seclusion than I had been prepared to expect. Although the numbers of males in the streets greatly preponderated over those of the softer sex, nevertheless the latter were to be seen moving about in every direction, all, however, more or less closely veiled. An English lady understands by the term “veiled” a square yard or two of fine muslin or lace thrown over the head, and hanging down upon the bosom and back, through which the countenance may still be discerned, as the sun behind a gossamer cloud. Such is the fashion in Spain—and a veil of that kind is undoubtedly a modification, a coquettish apology, for the austerity of the garb introduced into that country by the Moors. But the Turkish veil is very much the same as that which is worn by females dedicated to religious orders. It is, in

fact, a lawn scarf bound closely round the forehead, which *ought* to cover the eyebrows, the chin, and mouth, the main object of it being the concealment of the features from man's admiration as much as possible; but which in practice is so contrived, as to provoke the said admiration to a higher degree than the said countenance unveiled would, perhaps, in nine cases out of twelve have ever excited.

The veil as worn in Constantinople—the very metropolis of female ingenuity in the art of setting off personal charms—is so disputed as to permit the dark crescent of the eyebrow, upon which a world of hand-maid diligence is bestowed, to be seen in its most perfect outline. Miss Pardoe tells us, for she can keep no secrets, that the crescent of which I speak is frequently improved by certain chemical applications, which have the effect of making an eyebrow of sixty years' growth look as juvenile as one of sixteen. My gallantry refuses to receive any such disclosure as this. Besides, the authority of such a witness may be questioned, upon the ground of self-interest. Miss Pardoe doubtless has eyebrows of her own; hence her promptitude to bear testimony against the almost universal superiority, which those features assume in the land of veils over similar sentinels of the eyes in countries where the veil is unknown.

Certain it is that by the *arch* manner in which the upper part of the lawn covering is arranged, both eyes and eyebrows, eye, and even foreheads, are often rendered peculiarly prepossessing. The portion of the said garb which shows itself beneath the mouth would seem also—most unintentionally, no doubt—to be very generally so folded as to display the mouth in its most winning *poutfulness*, if I may dare to follow Miss Pardoe's example in inventing new phrases. And as to the cheeks, most of those upon which it was my lot to set mine eyes in the City of the Sultan, exhibited delicate roseate hues, and with the other visible portions of the face, exquisite oval outlines, such as I have seen in no other part of the world. My conscience!—had I not been a Benedict, and a philosopher!—

Here again Miss Pardoe peaches—betrays the secrets of the harem. She has the courage to tell us that the Turkish ladies all paint. Paint! That is a strong expression. A sign-board is said to be painted; so is a portrait, or a landscape; but to say that the Turkish *élégantes* paint in any such a sense as that, is a libel on their natural charms. If of a cold morning—and Stamboul has its frosty matins as well as London—a lady sitting at her toilet should think that, by reason of the temperature of the atmosphere, the lily of her cheek somewhat predominates over the rose, I see no harm in her correcting the severity of the reason by reviving, through the medium of a little elixir, or a talismanic camel-haired pencil, a memorial or two of the late summer. But to call that “painting,” is manifestly an abuse of the English language, and particularly of her Majesty the Queen's English language, which is a dialect that permits no such freedoms.

Again, if that mysterious, jealous, inexorable being, whom the poets call Time, should penetrate a lady's chamber, and having once found his way there, repeat his visits rather oftener than the fair inhabitant would desire, so as to disturb her peace of mind, and defraud her cheek of the lustre which mental happiness was wont to diffuse over it, I know of no law which should prevent her from showing the intruder the door

if she should think fit; and in case he should not go quietly, to lay hands upon him, and turn him fairly out, if her nerve enable her so to do. If in the struggle she should get warm, and an approximation to crimson on her pretty face disclose the scene in which she has been obliged to discharge the functions, which, in better regulated countries, are assigned to the constable,—is she to be blamed? Surely not. The first law of nature is self-defence. And yet Miss Pardoe would call that crimson *paint*!

Moreover, an English lady can walk, or run, or ride, or drive where she likes. In Autumn she can pick up plenty of blushes, enough to serve her for a whole year, by the sea-side. She need never want exercise. If she have the privilege of Almack's she may, provided she is asked, quadrille or galopade all night. When the Almackian season expires, if she belong to an archery association, she may perform her part in the "*Bow Stratagem*" without any injury to her complexion. And when tired of earth, she may fly through the heavens with Mrs. Green in the Nassau balloon, and rob the rainbow of its vermilion.

But behold the fate to which the Ottoman Belinda is doomed. You enter—that is, if you be allowed to get in under the wing of so fortunate a traveller as Miss Pardoe—a large, richly-carpeted apartment, surrounded on three sides by a divan—that is to say, a bench raised about a foot from the ground, softly cushioned, and covered with crimson shag: pillows abound, scattered along the couch at intervals, gaily embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks. Here also may be seen, a copious supply of coverlets suited to the season, a brass or copper cauldron filled with charcoal embers, if the weather be cold, a store of water and elegant napkins, for the purposes of ablution, and a koran. Two or three rose-wood brackets complete the furniture of the chamber; and this chamber is called the Harem.

The windows of the Harem are uniformly closely latticed, as well to exclude the eyes of prying curiosity from without, as to frustrate that which is often much more active within. These jealousies, however, are also very necessary to protect the Harem from the excessive light of the sun, in a region where, from the want of anything better to do, much of the day is devoted to sleep. "Come and spend a long day with us; bring your work, or your book, or both, and do as you like," is a very common note of invitation between neighbour female friends in England. In Turkey they just as often say, for as yet they seldom can write to each other,—"*Come to-morrow and take a nap with us.*" A Turkish lady can sleep when she pleases—such is the force of habit—with the same facility with which she can take a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet. She has only to arrange her cushions, sink down upon them, and in a moment her blessed soul is wandering through the gardens of Elysium. This is a habit which certainly does not tend to improve the complexion. A little artificial excitement may therefore be occasionally found indispensable beneath such a somnolent sky.

Miss Pardoe has made another notable discovery in the City of the Sultan—viz., that the ladies very commonly wear a quantity of hair, not their own! Countries might be named nearer home where a similar practice is said to prevail to a very considerable extent. I have myself seen, what I have supposed to be a splendid natural accumulation of auburn tresses, upon the heads of ladies of a "certain age," which

undoubtedly did become them amazingly, and reduced a regular baptismally registered thirty-seven to an apparent twenty-two! Is there anything wrong in this? A weakly constitution—a poetical temperament—a violent cold attended by fever, will sometimes act upon the capillary system in a most extraordinary manner. I have known an instance of an individual—I shall not say of which sex—going to bed with a perfectly black head of hair, and rising the following morning with a caput white as Caucasus!—the consequence of a dream so dreadful that no suffering from real misfortune could have been more severe than that which the sleeper is said to have endured on that fatal night. Too much sleep is inimical to capillary strength, and as the Turkish climate and the habits of the harem both require constant devotion to Morpheus, it is but proper that the effect of his power upon the tresses should be repaired by the hand of art. These the Ottoman ladies wear, when at home, wound amid the folds of embroidered handkerchiefs, which they twine about their heads, and secure by bodkins of diamonds and emeralds.

A Turkish lady of what may be called the “well-to-do” mercantile class of life at Constantinople, usually dresses at home in a chemisette of silk gauze, trimmed with fringes of narrow ribbon, and wide trowsers of printed cotton falling to the ankle. Her feet are bare, but she has near her little yellow slippers very beautifully ornamented, in which you would think scarcely a toe would find room, and yet in which she contrives to locate five, whenever she chooses, and even to run about with the utmost agility. It is, however, a real luxury to press the naked foot upon those soft velvety carpets, and so she prefers it; the slipper being, however, always at hand, more for ornament than use. The reader may conjecture the sumptuousness of this appendage to a lady’s toilet, when he is informed that I was asked five pounds sterling for a pair in one of the bazaars. A friend of mine in London lately received a pair of these slippers from Persia as a present, which she very properly forthwith deposited upon the mantel-piece of her drawing-room under a glass shade!

Over the chemisette is worn a robe of printed cotton of bright colours, trimmed with fringe, made in one piece, divided at the hip on either side to its extreme length, and girt about the waist with a Cachemire shawl. A train is added, called an antery; and, in winter, the in-door dress is completed by a tight vest generally of a light pink or green colour, and lined with fur. When the lady prepares to go out, she puts on her turban and veil, a long, loose, dark olive-coloured cloth pelisse, and yellow boots, like our old-fashioned Hessian boots; but as she wears her slippers inside them, and they are therefore necessarily larger than a delicate foot can require, it must be confessed that they exhibit the pedal proportions of her figure to very great disadvantage. Upon this latter point the Turkish ladies do undoubtedly require some useful lectures, both by precept and example. But as for foot-dressing, commend me to the belles of Cadiz. There are certainly no such ankles and insteps in any other part of the world as you see upon the Alameda of Cadiz. They dazzle you like a sun-beam, so light, so airy, so flitting, so spiritual: in fact Cadiz may be called the “City of the Foot,” as Miss Pardoe calls Stamboul the “City of the Sultan.”

Turks dine, as well as other people. In the centre of the room in

which the family assemble for that purpose, a wooden frame is placed about eighteen inches high; upon this frame is deposited a large wooden, or plated, or silver tray, according to the circumstances of the family, and thereupon a capacious white basin filled with soup. Around the basin are ranged porcelain saucers, filled with sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare, sweetmeats, and pickles of all sorts, box-wood spoons, goblets of sherbet scented with the rose, and pieces of hot unleavened bread. The operators seat themselves on cushions, tailor-like, round the tray, each having on his or her lap a linen napkin, and the preliminary ablutions having been duly performed, they proceed to work.

After the soup follows a large dish filled with stewed mutton, poultry, game, and viands of various kinds, already divided by the cook into small portions, which are fished up with spoons or fingers, as the case may be, all dipped in the same dish. It is considered a compliment to a stranger to pick out of the mass a leg or wing of a fowl, and present it to him—a compliment with which a Frank would on his first visit to a Turkish host be glad to dispense, but to which, nevertheless, he easily becomes reconciled, as the ceremony is really performed in a very delicate manner. For instance, the limb intended to be so presented is separated from the others with a spoon, and the host taking with the tips of a finger and thumb the very extreme point of the oblation, puts it before his guest in a manner that admits of no refusal. Small platters of various provender succeed each other rapidly; fish, pastry, creams, then perhaps stews again of goose, turkey, peacock, vegetables, and then sweets again, without any regard to the programmes recommended by the English or French professors of the divine art. A pyramid of pilauf literally crowns, or rather *tiaras* the feast.

The ordinary drink at a Turkish dinner is water—generally delicious water they have—and sherbet. Latterly wine has been interpolated between the sherbet and coffee. The dishes being all removed, the attendants, of whom in wealthy families there is always a numerous tribe, bring vases of rose-water, basins, strainers, and embroidered napkins; and the ablutions being again consummated, coffee and pipes are served. The members of the party rise or remain smoking, just as they please, and stay, or go away, or resume any occupation which had been interrupted by the meal, or settle themselves on the divan for a nap, or form a circle for conversation, as they may think fit. The perfect freedom from every species of restraint by which Turkish society is distinguished, gives it an appearance of civilization, which a Frank is surprised to perceive amidst so many remains of the barbarous ages. Its hospitality in this respect is really of the most refined description.

The usual routine, however, is for the party to return to the apartment in which the family principally live. Here the *massulhce*, or story-teller, often makes his appearance, to relieve the tedium of a long evening. These story-tellers are men of considerable talent, who sometimes invent romances, such as may be heard on the Mole at Naples, but more frequently confine themselves to the traditional tales of genii, and of ancient mystic times, such as those recorded in the "Arabian Nights." Some shine in comic narratives, which occasionally assume a dramatic form; others approach the region of farce and buffoonery; while the higher order of these itinerant bards, as they may be styled, recite the compositions of Hafiz and Ferdousi, and the other

well-known Persian poets. A few have succeeded in interweaving with much of imaginary lore, historical transactions. Their elocution is remarkably graceful and engaging; and in order to make the most of their vocation, they take care to divide their narratives, which they abruptly break off at the points where the attention of the audience is wound up to the highest pitch. Arrived at the boundary which they have prescribed to themselves for the evening, they suddenly spring on their feet, and run out of the house as quickly as they can. If stopped on the way, no entreaty can bring them back; and if an early appointment be demanded for going on with the sequel of the story or poem, or for bringing it to a conclusion, they have, or affect to have, prior engagements, which they cannot postpone. An addition to the usual present, however, soon brings about an arrangement agreeable to all parties.

While the exhibitor proceeds with his narrative, the members of the family, and their guests, are stretched on the divan, or seated around him on cushions, listening to his narrative with all that profound attention which children show in hearing ghost stories, or any other tales calculated to excite the imagination, sire and son, matron and daughter, smoking all the while so incessantly, that the group becomes eventually immersed in a volume of smoke, through which their features are scarcely discernible.

This universal use of the chibouk is the predominant feature not only of private, but of public life in the East. By "public," I do not, of course, mean anything bordering on politics: I use the epithet as contrasted with the strict closeness of domestic routine, and as expressing the unreserved exposure in which all the hours out of the twenty-four, not occupied in the Harem, are spent by a Turk who is not indebted to manual labour for his sustenance. The coffee-houses, in which they pass most of their time, are open to the gaze of all the world, even where those houses have no balconies. The balconies, however, which are very spacious, usually gain the preference. There the loungers of the town—and all are loungers who can afford to be idle—sit and smoke, and sip coffee all the day long. Sometimes a more substantial repast is added in the shape of a few sausages. In the balcony, too, the passing traveller takes his meal. If he be a Frank, he is abashed, until he gets used to it, by this open exhibition of his viaticum; the more so, as it is very probable that the said loungers, who take little or no notice of each other, will gather round him, aided, too, by all the little boys of the neighbourhood, and watch every morsel in its course of mastication with a degree of curiosity, or rather of avidity, exceedingly provoking to an inexperienced wanderer.

I have often regretted that I could not inure myself to smoking, while travelling in Spain, Germany, and Turkey. The incapability to enjoy a pipe, or even a cigar, made me such an exception in every group into which I happened to be thrown, that it was often quite annoying to be obliged to confess my deficiencies in that respect some twenty times per diem. In Turkey, most especially, a non-smoker is looked upon as a sort of barbarian, or rather as an "incomprehensible." Not smoke? How can you live? Do you eat? The one process seems to a Turk just as indispensable to animal existence as the other. Not does one wonder at the universality of the habit in that country. The tobacco consumed in the chibouk is there a perfect perfume, an incense,

which is often of real practical utility in dispersing, or at least overcoming, the less agreeable odours that emanate from ill-ventilated chambers and streets polluted by pestilence.

I can imagine, though I cannot enjoy, the power which a well-charged pipe, or a genuine Havanna, possesses to scatter on the atmosphere, thoughts that weigh too heavily on the craniological portion of the human system. A reverie of an hour or so, all about nothing, after a day's work, whether physical or mental, must be delicious. There is, moreover, a sociality about the thing particularly pleasing. Four or five men who light their cigars at the same shrine, and contribute to form the same cloud, cannot long be strangers or enemies to each other. The "*emollitur mores*" effect of tobacco is nowhere more conspicuous than in Turkey; it produces mutual civility in every district of an empire that as yet has to go through almost the whole process of civilization.

There is another striking peculiarity in Eastern, or at least in Turkish manners, which never failed to excite my admiration. Let a true Ottoman be employed how he may, smoking, sipping his coffee, dining, sleeping, sailing, walking, riding, writing, reading, fishing, selling, or buying, the moment he hears from the minaret the call of the muezzin to prayer, or perceives the approach of the hour for that duty, by the position of the sun, down goes his carpet, which he spreads on the ground, and as speedily do you behold his person prostrate, and his whole attention engrossed in the performance of his daily orisons. He is utterly indifferent as to the effect which this movement may have upon those who happen to be near him. Whether he is surrounded by friends or strangers, whether in the steam-boat or the street, the Harem or the bazaar, the town or the country, in the drawing-room or the forest, he never fails, at the appointed hour, to pour forth his supplications to the God of the universe.

Prayer is really in Turkey, that which it ought to be wherever man exists—a part, and an essential part, of the business of life. In Christian countries the man who would withdraw from a dinner or card table to a corner of the room to say his prayers would be laughed at. Why so? Because it is unusual. But why is it so unusual? Because we think a great deal more of this world than of the next. That is the plain answer, colour it how we may: and I regret to add that even among some nations which pride themselves upon their Bible-printing, tract-distributing, almshouse-building, charity-giving associations, I have never been fortunate enough to discern anything like the emotion which the act of prayer uniformly excites in a Mahometan mind.

I once travelled some hundred miles in company with an elderly Mussulman, whose regularity in the performance of his devotions particularly engaged my attention. He watched in the early morning for the rising sun, and the instant the disc rose above the horizon, his carpet was carefully spread; turning his face towards the east, he stroked his beard two or three times; he then fell at once on both knees, and sitting back upon his heels, he clasped his hands, his lips the while moving rapidly in silent prayer. After prostrating himself thrice, he rose, folded his arms on his breast, continued his prayer, returned to his first position on his knees, and bent backward and forward as if suffering the pangs of sorrow for his past sins, and earnestly entreating forgiveness for them. He then prostrated his whole figure as

before, pressing his forehead against the earth in humiliation before the Purity which he had offended. These ceremonies he went through three times, concluding by stretching his hands, the palms open, towards Heaven. Finally rising, he stroked his beard once more, but with a manifest feeling of internal satisfaction, arising from the conviction of the omnipresence of that Power to whose protection he committed himself for the remainder of the day. From that moment he subsided into the cheerful traveller, ready to render to me every possible service.

I did not at first understand a little mark of kindness which I received from a Turk soon after I passed through the north-western gate of Constantinople. He was walking out from the cemetery, and had in his hand a walnut, the shell of which he had just broken. Taking out a portion of the nut, he stopped me, and with a look of smiling kindness, asked me to accept it. I took it at once, and thanked him with the same familiarity as if I had known him a hundred years. I moreover ate the nut, notwithstanding my fears of the contagion, which, as I rode along, I saw filling the cypress groves all round me with funerals. I afterwards learned the meaning of this simple present to the newly arrived stranger. It was his mode of giving me welcome to the Ottoman capital, and assuring me of its hospitality. No visitor quits a Turkish house without some similar memorial of the kindness of his host. He receives a handful of nuts—a cluster of grapes—a salad—or a cake—something on leaving to prevent him from returning home empty-handed, which would be considered unlucky, as well for him who ought to give, as for him who ought to receive. This trait of manners speaks volumes for the benevolence planted in the heart of the people of that country.

Au revoir.

MEMORIES AWAKENED BY MUSIC.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER KERR.

AIR—" *The days gone past.*"

NEVER again may my bosom be
 Wrung by such utter misery!
 Never again be my pulses torn
 With the racking hopes and fears they've borne—
 Cease, strains! or float around me—'tis the same!
 For all extinguish'd is pale memory's flame—
 No breath of music fans it into life,
 Th' ethereal spark is gone! the spirit rife
 Which met and kindled bright expectancy
 Is dead and joyless! Offer'd unto thee,
 'Twas pure and lambent light—Oh Memory!
 Wherefore, like heavy rain-drops on my ear,
 Fall now those accents with their moaning drear?
 Oh, "*days gone past*," ye once were prized and dear!
 The verdure of my heart is sere and left—
 But one bless'd hope deceiving not, is left.
 Strains, hopes, or words—I ask not whence ye came!
 Or cease, or float around me—'tis the same!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GUY FAWKES.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"When a man has once been very fashions for jests and merry adventures, he is made to adopt all the jests that want a father, and many times such as are unworthy of him."—*Molteux's Life of Rabelais.*

AT midnight on the fifth of November, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and five, Guido Fawkes, "gentleman," was discovered, "booted and spurred," in the vicinity of St. Stephen's Chapel, having on his person "three matches, a tinder-box, and a dark lantern;" and purposing, by means of gunpowder, to blow up, says king James, "the whole nobility, the most part of the knights and gentry," besides "the whole judges of the land, with the *most of the lawyers*, and the whole clerks!" For this one indiscretion Guido Fawkes has forfeited his gentility, and become a proverb of wickedness. In boyhood, we looked upon Guido Fawkes, gentleman, as one a little lower than the devil: he had four horns and a dozen tails. "Years that bring the philosophic mind" have divested him of these excrescences and appendages, and Guido Fawkes now appears to matured charities merely a person of a singularly eccentric disposition.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, it was the patriotic custom of the authorities of an Isle of Sheppy dockyard to bestow upon their apprentices a few waggon loads of resinous timber, that a bonfire worthy of the cause it celebrated might be kindled from the public purse—that the effigy of the arch-fiend Guy might be consumed in a fire three times hotter than the fire of a furnace. Such fierce liberality was not lost upon the town's people: their ardour in the burning business smouldered not: every man subscribed his plank or log; and, from the commissioner in his uniform, to Bobby in his pinafore, the fifth of November glowed, in the calendar of their minds, a pillar of fire. For a month before the day, the coming anniversary busied the thoughts of boyish executioners, resolved to show their patriotism in the appointments of their Guy—in the grotesque iniquity of his face—in the cumbrous state of his huge arm-chair. To beg clothes from door to door was then the business of every lover of church and state. To ask for a coat—a pair of breeches—a shirt (the frill could be made of paper)—hose and hat, was not mendicity, but the fulfilment of a high social duty.

Guy Fawkes would at length be dressed. A philosopher might have found good matter in his eleemosynary suit. In the coat of the blood-thirsty wretch, he might have recognised the habit of Scum, the slopseller, a quiet trader afloat of twenty thousand pounds—in the vest of the villainous ruffian, the discarded waistcoat of Smallgrog, the honest landlord of a little house for sailors—in the stockings of the atrocious miscreant, the hose of the equitable Weevil, biscuit-contractor to his Majesty's fleet—whilst, for the leather of the fiend-like effigy, Guy Fawkes was to be exhibited, and afterwards burned, in the broad-tord shoes of that best of men, Trap, the town-attorney!

The chair, too, in which Guy Fawkes sat, might it not have some day enshrined a justice of the peace—and the lantern fixed in the hand of the

diabolical, lynx-eyed monster—might it not have been the property of the most amiable and most somnolent of all the Blue Town watchmen? And then the mask fixed upon the effigy—or the lump of clay kneaded into human features, and horribly or delicately expressed, according to the benevolent art of the makers!—might not the same visor have been worn by a perfect gentleman, with considerable advantage, at a masquerade—might not the clay nose and mouth of the loathsome traitor have borne an accidental likeness to the very pink of patriots? Let philosophy ponder well on Guy Fawkes. •

We will now attempt our childish recollections of the great Guy. We have waked at midnight, perhaps dreaming of the bonfire about to blaze, and thinking we heard the distant chorus sounding the advent of the Mighty Terror. No, it was the sea booming across the marsh—the wind rising and falling. There was nothing for it but to go to sleep and dream of unextinguishable squibs and crackers. At length, four o'clock arrives; the cocks crow—the boys can't be long now. There—hark!—how the chant comes up the street, like one voice—the voice of a solitary, droning witch! We lie breathless, and shape to ourselves Guy Fawkes in the dark! Our hearts beat quicker and quicker as the chant becomes louder; and we sit up in the bed, as the boys approach the door, and, oh! how we wish to be with them! There—there they are, in full chorus! Hark!—

“The fifth of November, as I can remember,
Is gunpowder treason and plot—
I know no reason, why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!”

We feel an unutterable pang, for loudest among the loud, we hear the shrill voice of Jack Tuletou. “Ha!” we sigh, “his mother lets him out.” The bitterness passes away with the—

“Hallo, boys! hallo, boys! make a round ring—
Hallo, boys! hallo, boys! God save the King!”

And now the procession moves on, and the voices die in the distance, and we feel we are left alone; and, in a few minutes, we hear new revellers, rejoicing in the captivity of a suit of clothes stuffed with hay, and called Guy Fawkes! they pass on, and are followed by others, and our little brains are set at work, and seem seething in the song. Guy Fawkes! Guy Fawkes! Who—what is Guy Fawkes? We had been told that he had been caught with lantern, tinder-box, and matches, ready to blow up thousands of barrels of gunpowder, and so to destroy the king, bishops, and members of Parliament. It must be shocking—very shocking: still, we could not perfectly envisage the atrocity—we could not make out the full horror. We had an undefined sense of the greatness of a king, though we hardly dared to hope we should ever see one. We had a less remote notion of the nature of a bishop, having been helped somewhat in our speculations by the person of the curate at the garrison church. “Curates may come to be bishops, only bishops are very much greater; and curates have nothing upon their heads, whereas certain bishops might wear mitres.” On learning this, we thought that bishops were merely full-grown curates; in the same way that we had seen Poland hens with their top-knots of feathers, only the spring before, bare-headed little chicks. It was thus, in the irreverence of

childhood, we disposed of the whole bench of bishops. But now come we to the difficulty—what, what could be a member of Parliament? Was it a living thing? If so, had it a voice? Could it speak? Could it sit? Could it say yes and no? Could it walk? Could it turn? Or was it merely an image? Was it pulled by wires like sister Jenny's doll? We had been told that members of Parliament made laws. What *were* laws? Were they the lions and unicorns on the king's arms? Were they a better sort of cakes too dear for everybody to buy? Little boys ate parliament-cakes—were laws cakes for men? If so, were they gilt or plain?—with comfits or without?

It is no matter, we thought, being unable to satisfy ourselves: it is no matter. Guy Fawkes—that shadowy, terrible mystery—had once lived and had tried to kill the king, the full-grown curates, and those undivined riddles—members of parliament. We again went to our first question. Who *was* Guy Fawkes? Did he have a father and mother? Was Guy Fawkes ever a little boy, and did he fly a kite and play at marbles? If so, how could he have ever thought it worth his while to trouble himself with other matters? There was something terrifying in the idea of having played with Guy Fawkes. We fancied him at *taw*—we saw him *knuckle-down*. No—it could not be; the imagination of the child could not dwell upon such an impossibility. Guy Fawkes a boy!—a baby! now shaking a rattle—now murmuring as he fed, his mother smiling down upon him! No, no—it was impossible; Guy Fawkes was never born—he was from the first a man—he never could have been a baby. He seemed to us a part of the things that had always been, and always would be—a piece of grim eternity; a principle of everlasting wickedness.

(Is it in childhood alone—is it only in the dim imaginings of infancy—in the wandering guesses of babyhood, that we manifest this ignorance? When the full-grown thief is hanged, do we not sometimes forget that he was the child of misery and vice—born for the gallows, nursed for the halter? Did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulks?)

And then we had been told Guy Fawkes came from Spain. Where was Spain? Was it a million miles away, and what distance was a million miles? Were there little boys in Spain, or were they all like Guy Fawkes? How strange, and yet how delightful to us did it seem to feel that we were a part of the wonderful things about us! To be all upon this world—to be one at the great *show* of men and women—to feel, that when we grew bigger we should know everything of kings, bishops, members of parliament, and Guy Fawkes! What a golden glory hung about the undiscovered!

And Guy Fawkes, we had heard, had his head cut off, and his body cut into quarters! Could this be true? Could men do to men what we had seen Fulk the butcher do to sheep? How much, we thought, had little boys to grow out of before they could agree to this! And then, when done, what was the good of it—what *could* be the good of it? Was Guy Fawkes eaten—if not, *why* cut him up?

Had Guy Fawkes a wife, and little boys and girls? Did he love his children, and buy them toys and apples—or, like Sawney Bean, did he devour them? Did Guy Fawkes say his prayers?

Had Guy Fawkes a friend? Did he ever laugh—did he ever tell a

droll story? Did Guy Fawkes ever sing a song? Like Frampton, the Blue Town barber, did Guy Fawkes ever get drunk? At length we put to ourselves the question of questions:—

Was there ever such a man as Guy Fawkes? Did Guy Fawkes ever live?

This query annoyed us with the doubt that we had been tricked into a hate, a fear, a loathing, a wonder—and a mixture of these passions and emotions for a fib. We felt disappointed when we felt the reality of Guy Fawkes to be doubtful. We had heard of griffins and unicorns, of dragons that had eaten men like apples; and had then been told that there never had been any such thing. If we were not to believe in a dragon, why should we believe in Guy Fawkes? After all, was the whole story but make-game?

The child passively accepts a story of the future—he can bring his mind up to a thing promised, but wants faith in the past. The cause is obvious: he recollects few things gone, but is full of things to come. Hence, Guy Fawkes was with us the Ogre of a nursery: we could have readily believed, especially after the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, that he married Goody Two Shoes, and was the father of little Red Riding Hood.

But Guy Fawkes grows with us from boyhood to youth. He gets flesh and blood with every November; he is no longer the stuffed plaything of a schoolboy or the grotesque excuse for begging vagabonds, but the veritable Guy Fawkes, “gentleman.” We see him, “Thomas Percy’s alleged man,” at the door of the vault, “booted and spurred;”—we behold that “very tall and desperate fellow,” lurking in the deep of night, with looks of deadly resolution, pounced upon by that vigilant gentleman of the privy-chamber, Sir Thomas Knevet!—We go with Guido, “the new Mutius Scævola born in England,” before the council, where “he often smiles in scornful manner, not only avowing the fact, but repenting only, with the said Scævola, his failing in the execution thereof.” We think of him “answering quickly to every man’s objection, scoffing at any idle questions which were propounded to him, and jesting with such as he thought had no authority to examine him.” And then we think of the thanksgiving of the great James, who gave praise that, had the intent of the wicked prevailed, he should not have “died ingloriously in an alehouse, a stew, or such vile place,” but with “the most and most honourable company*.”

Guy Fawkes is, in our baby thoughts, a mysterious vision—one of the shadows of evil advancing on the path of childhood. We grow older, and the substances of evil come close upon us—we see their dark-lanterns and snuff the brimstone.

* See “His Majesty’s Speech concerning the Gunpowder Plot,” &c., in the *Harleian Miscellany*.

THE MANAGER'S NOTE-BOOK.—NO. 1.

WE have been fortunate enough not only to receive some leaves from the manager's book, but the promise of many more. The devotion of the manager in question to the theatrical profession, his acknowledged activity of research, and his unquestionable resources, render the acquisition most valuable. We lay them before our readers as they reach us, without regard to any historical or biographical order, certain that they will afford our friends—at least those who have any theatrical feeling—abundance of amusement and information.

Our first communication is of Mrs. Clive; we suppose a remark beyond those which preface her letters would be useless—all the rest is known.

KITTY CLIVE.

Her father, William Raftor, of Kilkenny, was attorney to James the Second. The property of his father went to the crown, which his son James (the actor) tried to regain, but in vain. Catharine Raftor was born in 1711; she was servant to a Miss Eleanor Knowles, who lodged at a fan-maker's, in Church Row, Houndsditch. Beard frequented a club, at the Bell, opposite, and heard Kitty singing, while performing her daily duty of washing down the steps of the door. He was charmed with her natural grace and simplicity; he lost no time in communicating with his friend, Harry Carey, who took her under his tuition, and brought her out at Drury Lane Theatre, in April, 1728, in *Ismenes*, the page in "*Mithridates*," where she appeared in boy's clothes, and introduced a song with great success: she continued in the theatre at a very low salary, and only sung between the play and farce. In 1731 Coffey produced his "*Devil to Pay*;" Miss Raftor was the *Nell*, and she surprised and delighted the town by her performance, and at once established herself as the greatest performer in her line, and remained without a rival for upwards of thirty years.

In 1732 she married George Clive, a lawyer, brother to Baron Clive. Their union was far from a happy one; they very soon separated, and from the time they parted, although they both lived to a very advanced age, they never once met; and she said, very late in life, that he used her very ill, but it was so long ago she had quite forgot it. Her character remained unimpeachable to the day of her death.

She quitted Drury Lane for Covent Garden for a season or two, and, in 1744, published a pamphlet—"The Case of Mrs. Clive." She shortly after made up her differences with the managers, and returned to Covent Garden Theatre in December, 1744. The following season she rejoined Garrick, and continued with him, at Drury Lane, till she took leave of the stage.

When Garrick heard that she intended retiring, he sent Hopkins, the prompter, to ascertain if such was her determination, but her high spirit would not condescend to give an answer to such a messenger. He then sent his brother George to her; for he did not like to encounter her—he was in fear of her—she was too much for him. George was received much in the same way as the prompter; she however told him

if his brother wished to know her mind he should have come himself. Garrick went to her; their interview was short, but curious. He said all the handsome things about her great merit, &c., and entreated her to remain a year or two longer, which very civil suggestion she answered with a contemptuous look and a decided negative. Upon which Davy put an unfortunate question—"What may you be worth?" She very sharply replied, "As much as yourself." "Really!" said the little manager, smiling. "Yes," was her answer; "for I know when I have enough, which you never will. I hate hypocrisy," said she, "and notwithstanding you have asked me to continue, I know you would light up candles for joy at my quitting, if it did not cost you anything." They parted good friends, and she took leave of the public, at her farewell benefit, on the 24th of April, 1769. The play was "The Wonder," in which Garrick played Don Felix, Flora by Mrs. Clive (a part which by her acting became more prominent in the comedy than Violante); "Lethe" followed, in which she played the Fine Lady. After the play she addressed the audience in the following lines, written by Mr. Walpole, her friend and neighbour:—

"With glory satiate, from the bustling stage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age—
Imperial Charles (if Robertson be true)
Retiring, bade the jarring world adieu!
Thus I, long honoured with your partial praise—
(A debt my swelling heart with tears repays!—
Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful pause)—
Resign the noblest triumph, your applause.
Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your smiles alone;
To private shades I bear the golden prize,
The mead of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and sensible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little when compared to me!
His mad ambition has disturb'd the globe,
And sanguine which he quitted was the robe.
Too blest, could he have dared to tell mankind,
When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That conscious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.
Ill was that mind with sweet retirement pleased,
The very cloister that he sought he teased;
And sick, at once, both of himself and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome ease.
Here ends the parallel, my generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and please you."

If ever there was a true Comic Genius she was one. She had neither person nor beauty to recommend her; she had a pleasing voice, with a great taste for singing; but Burgh says her *fine* singing was abominable, her "Tho' late I was a Cobbler's Wife" delightful. She had a facetious turn for humour peculiar to herself. Taylor, in his Records, says she was coarse, rude, violent in temper, and cared for nobody. After quitting the stage she passed a life of ease and independence at Strawberry Hill. At her several benefits she produced some little temporary pieces, which

were only then played: among them were "The Rehearsal; or, Boys in Petticoats"—"Every Woman in her Humour"—"A Sketch of a Fine Lady returning from a Route," &c. &c. She acted "Zara" upon one of those occasions, but it by no means added to her reputation as an actress; another time she attempted "Bayes," which was a complete failure: she was urged on by Cibber to this act, out of revenge to Garrick.

In 1784 she visited Drury Lane Theatre to see Mrs. Siddons, of whom she said, in her peculiar way, "*It was all truth and daylight.*"

She was particularly attached to Miss Pope, who was her pupil, and in constant correspondence with her: the following is one of her communications:—

"Twickenham, October ye 17, 1784.

"MY DEAR POPPY,—The Jack I must have, and I suppose the cook will be as much delighted as a fine lady with a birth-day suit. I send you walnuts which are fine, but pray be moderate in your admiration, for they are dangerous dainties; John has carried about to my neighbours above six thousand, and he tells me there are as many still left; indeed it is a most wonderful tree. Mrs. Prince has been robbed at two o'clock at noon, of her gold watch and four guineas, and at the same time our two justices of three and sixpence a-piece; they had like to be shot for not having more. Everybody inquires after you, and I deliver your comps. Poor dear Mrs. Hart is dead—well spoken of by everybody; I pity poor old Mary that is left behind.

"Adieu, my dear Poppy, yours ever,

"C. CLIVE.

"The Jack must carry about six or seven and twenty pounds. The watterman shall bring the money when I know what."

Mrs. Clive died at her cottage at Strawberry Hill, on the 7th of December, 1785, and was buried in Twickenham churchyard. On the outside of the church is a white marble tablet, erected by Miss Pope, her friend and pupil, in 1791, on which is the following inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MRS. CATHERINE CLIVE,
Who died Dec. 7th, 1785,
Aged 75.

Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues, and her well-earn'd fame.
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
'Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.'
In real life, was equal praise her due,
Open to pity and to friendship too;
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From all that could afflict humanity.
Her generous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, ev'n affluence she waved,
To share with others what by toil she saved;
And nobly bounteous, from her slender store,
She bade two dear relations not be poor!
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heav'nly plaudits hail the virtuous dead."

On the western verge of Twickenham, towards Teddington, is the elegant cottage occupied for many years by the late Mrs. Clive, and

since the residence of the Misses Berry. An urn has been placed in the shrubbery, on which are the following lines by Mr. Walpole, afterwards the Earl of Orford:—

“Ye smiles and jests still hover round,
This is mirth's consecrated ground;
Here lived the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive by name!
The Comic Muse with her retired,
And shed a tear when she expired.”*

The next item in the “Leaves” is a very curious and interesting memoir of Smith—an actor who, not very complimentarily to the rest of his profession, was always and uniformly distinguished as *Gentleman Smith*.

GENTLEMAN SMITH.

William Smith, generally called Gentleman Smith, was the son of a grocer in the city; he was brought up at Eton, and from thence went to St. John's College, Cambridge, but his conduct not pleasing his superiors, he was compelled to leave, upon which he gave up all idea of entering into holy orders, for which he was intended. An unlucky case of intoxication required concessions which he would not submit to: the fact was, that being pursued by one of the Proctors, he snapped an unloaded pistol at him.

Thus situated, his affairs being a little deranged from extravagance, and his father's failure in business, he resorted to the stage for a livelihood. He was engaged by Rich, and appeared at Covent Garden Theatre in Theodosius, in the play of that name, on the 1st of January, 1753, in which he was so successful, that the tragedy was acted on that and the three following nights. He was announced as a young gentleman, who had never appeared on any stage before.

He was tall, well formed, and possessed a handsome face, not however capable of strong expression; his deportment was elegant and graceful; and, in spite of a disagreeable voice, he was a pleasing actor. His judgment and experience rendered him unrivalled in many parts, and he was allowed to excel Garrick in “*Kitely*,” he was the original Charles in the “*School for Scandal*,” which part has suffered considerably since his departure from the stage.

From his early school intimacy with Lord Sandwich he became acquainted with his Lordship's sister, the widow of Thelland Courtney, Esq., to whom he was married in May, 1754, at which the family were highly indignant. Smith waited on his brother-in-law, and proposed, as they considered it was a disgrace to the family that one of its relatives should be on the stage, to quit the profession, if allowed a sum equal to what it brought him. This Lord Sandwich declined, and Smith continued his calling with honour and profit. The Hon. Mrs. Smith died in 1762, and her property went to the daughters of her first husband. Some time after he married a second wife, with good property, who survived him.

* This cottage, which was called Little Strawberry Hill, was occupied by Alderman Wood and his family for some years.—Ep.

Fox-hunting and horse-racing were his delight: in the great New-market week he was scarcely ever absent. He has several times attended the race in the morning, and played the same evening at Drury Lane. In one instance, the race being delayed near an hour, he did not get to the theatre till the third act of the "School for Scandal" had commenced, in which he was to have played Charles, having had relays of horses on the road, and in one hour rode eighteen miles.

He remained at Covent Garden Theatre two-and-twenty years, which he quitted in May, 1774. In a dispute with Colman, in 1773, he wrote thus:—"All that has passed between us must be mutually and entirely forgotten, or we must go out and settle our differences like men and gentlemen."

In May, 1774, he went to France. In one of his letters he says his Rosamond is with him (Mrs. Hartley), and that his wife never hinted a suspicion of the connexion, but the tongue of scandal will not let her return to Covent Garden.

In a public journal of the 31st of May, 1774, was inserted this:—

"The following is said to be part of a letter written by a gentleman to his wife previous to his elopement with a beautiful actress:—

"MY DEAR LOVE,—You and I have long lived happy together, and be assured at this very moment I love you more than any woman in the world. When you hear of the little excursion I am going to make with Mrs. H——, be not alarmed; it is a sudden impulse of passion which I own I have not had the courage to resist. There is something so bewitching and enchanting in beauty, that it baffles our strongest resolutions; but it is an infatuation that will soon be over. You must pardon me this one slip, and believe me when I declare, that though a momentary gust of passion may hurry me into trifling indiscretions, I never can find real felicity and true happiness but in your arms.

"I am, my dear Love,

"Your ever affectionate,

"———."

"Dover, May 27, 1774."

September 22nd, 1774, he made his first appearance on the Drury Lane stage in "Richard the Third," and remained at that theatre until he took leave of the stage on the 9th of June, 1788, in his favourite part of Charles. He stated in his farewell address to the audience, that he had been thirty-five years in their service. During his theatrical life he never acted out of London during the summer recess, except once at Dublin and once at Bristol.

He acted Macbeth on the 10th of March, 1774, and announced the speaking of an Epilogue on his intention of retiring from the stage:—

"Full thirty-five campaigns I've urged my way,
Under the ablest generals of the day;
Full oft have stood by Barry's, Garrick's side,—
With them have conquer'd, and with them have died:
I now no more o'er Macbeth's crimes shall lower—
Nor murmur my two nephews in the Tower—
Here I no more shall rant 'A horse! a horse!'
But mount 'White Surrey' for the *Beacon Course*.
No more my hands with tyrants' gore shall stain,
But drag the *felon fox* from *forth* his den!

Then take the circuit of my little fields,
And taste the comfort that *contentment* yields ;
And as those *sweetest* comforts I review,
Reflect with gratitude, they come from you."

On his retirement he took up his residence at Bury St. Edmunds. In May, 1798, he returned to the stage for one night, and acted Charles for the benefit of his old friend *King*. He was greatly received by a very full house, and, at the close of the play, modestly apologized for a *veteran's* playing a youthful part, with the following couplet:—

"Soften your censure where you can't commend,
And when you judge the *actor*—spare the *friend*."

He prided himself on never having played in an afterpiece; and it was reported that he had a clause in his articles exempting him from acting on a Monday during the hunting season, and providing that he should never wear a beard, or go down a trap. Several attacks were made upon him on these points, particularly by a person under the signature of "IMPROVEMENTS," which produced the following letter to a well-known editor:—

"Beaufort Buildings, Tuesday 14th.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your polite and friendly letter, and should return you my thanks in person this morning, was I not much indisposed by a bad cold.

"I flatter myself I am not, or ever was, inattentive to the admonitions of fair criticism when they come from persons of avowed taste, knowledge, and experience; but how is an actor to determine when the most contradictory opinion appears in different papers, and from anonymous and concealed characters? The late Mr. Barry was persecuted for three months by a person who at last proved to be a servant he had discharged for drunkenness and dishonesty, and was afterwards transported for shoplifting. How, then, can I be certain that 'IMPROVEMENTS' is entitled to any attention? If he is a gentleman he would not so mischievously attack me under a mask. I should be happy to convey to him my wish to take him by the nose in return for his so repeatedly taking me by the beard. The circumstance of the *beard* is simply this: At the first reading of the 'Carmelite,' Mr. Cumberland was inclined to his wearing a beard; but, on being convinced there was not such a thing as a *bearded* Carmelite, and the difficulty of *throwing off the disguise*, he agreed that the *beard* would be too gross an imposition on the lady, and therefore declined the whole of that business, and directed Packer to speak *humble* Carmelite instead of *bearded*, as published in his copy. Now, Sir, I dare say I need not take any pains to convince you I can have no objection to wearing the beard if the author wished it, or had you in your critique recommended it, or any other allowed critic. Indeed, I never see any paper but yours and the 'Herald,' unless by great chance; so that I may, perhaps, seemingly pay an inattention to the hints of other papers; **but in truth I am little solicitous about them.**

"A paper quarrel with a masked enemy is a disagreeable business; but if you can put me in any method of conveying a letter to 'IMPROVEMENTS,' you would add a very particular obligation to those already received by, Sir,

"Your very sincere and obliged humble servant,

"W. SMITH.

"Should this critic attack me again, I should not be sorry (provided you have no objection) to see my letter in your paper, omitting the line thus
—"

In 1801 he wrote the following sensible and corrective letter to

Cooke, upon hearing of some gross irregularities in which that extraordinary comedian had indulged himself, to the annoyance of the public, to the degradation of his own character, to the debasement of the profession to which he belonged, and to the injury of that very reputable establishment of which he was then a member :—

"Bury, April 27, 1801.

"DEAR SIR,—Depending on the assurance you gave me in your letter with which you favoured me, I ventured to pledge myself for your conduct to various friends, among which were Mr. Coutts (who tells me he has seen you), Lord and Lady Guildford, and many others of consequence.

"I have heard with real pleasure of your success, with real concern of your indiscretions.

"My dear Cooke, seriously consider what you have at stake—Fame! fortune! comfort! and esteem! Consider the patronage and applause which the public have shown and are inclined to show you. To insult them is shameful ingratitude; to degrade yourself by intemperance is madness. You owe the public much: pay it as a man, as a gentleman, by good manners, by respect and gratitude. Have some regard, too, to the character of an actor of the first rate, and do not disgrace the drama.

"I have said enough either to offend or rouse you from your distemperance, but must recommend Anthony's speech, in 'All for Love,' to your frequent contemplation :—

" 'Though fortune did not
Come smiling to your youth,
Yet purpled greatness meets your ripened years,' &c.

The privilege of age, love for the reputation of the actor, and honour for the drama, I offer in excuse for this liberty; and you are bound to admit it; and I trust you will at the same time believe me

"Your very sincere friend and well-wisher,

"WM. SMITH.

"Mr. Cooke, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London."

In February, 1806, he came to town to see young Betty act, and was so much pleased with his young Norval and Achmet, that he made him a present of a gold cornelian seal, with a beautiful impression of the head of Garrick, considered one of the best likenesses extant: the following lines and admonitory note accompanied the flattering present :—

"TO MASTER BETTY.

"Roscius, the boast of Rome's dramatic story
Left undisputed trophies of his glory:
Not more illustrious by his scenic art
Than by the social virtues of his heart.
Our British Roscius, great and good,
When on the summit of applause he stood,
Melpomene and gay Thalia join'd
To grace his talents with a taste refined:
Whilst these immortalized his splendid name,
His virtues consecrated all his fame.
May'st thou, young genius of the present hour,
Whose bud anticipates so fair a flower,
Spreading thy blossoms to a ripen'd age,
Prove a third Roscius to the admiring stage,
And, like those stars of Britain and of Rome,
Bear the unfaded laurels to the tomb.

"Young Gentleman—The fame of your talents has drawn an old fellow-labourer in the theatrie vineyard from his retirement, at a considerable dis-

tance in a very advanced age, and he feels himself well rewarded for his trouble.

"May your success continue, and may you live to be an honour to the stage and to your country.

"Let me recommend to you strict attention to the moral duties and to the cultivation of your mind by the arts and belles-lettres, without which little improvement can be gained in your profession, much less in society.

"Accept from me a seal, a strong likeness of our predecessor, Garrick; when you are acquainted with his character, keep his virtues in your mind, and imitate his professional talents as far as possible.

"Could'st thou in this engraved pebble trace
The living likeness of his plastic face,
Whilst thy congenial spirit caught its fire,
His magic eye would thy whole soul inspire."

In June, 1806, he accompanied his friend Cumberland to witness the *début* of his protégé, Rae, who made his first appearance that evening, at the Haymarket Theatre, in *Octavian*, in the "*Mountaineers*:" they sat in the orchestra. The peasant who in that play hangs the keg at the mouth of the cave previous to *Octavian's* entrance was played by KEAN. When Kean became the rage in 1814, Smith came to town purposely to see him, and returned at least half a Keanite; but then he had always been more than half a non-Kembleite.

After a very long life of great respectability, he died in Sept., 1819, in his 89th year, at Bury St. Edmunds. He directed that no biographical record of him should appear after his death.* He was buried, in accordance with his wish, without pomp; and there is no stone nor other indication of the place of his interment. His will was proved on the 14th October following, and the property sworn to be under 18,000*l.*, which was principally left to his widow.

We now come—inasmuch as "order" is not the "order of the day"—to a very curious correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Elliston, the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, which has never before seen the light, but one which cannot fail to be extremely interesting.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND ELLISTON.

Elliston applied twice to Sir Walter Scott, then Mr. Scott, to write for the stage. His first application was made in December, 1811, and must have been for the Surrey Theatre, as he was at that time unconnected with Drury Lane: his second application was made on his becoming lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, August, 1819.

"Edinburgh, 6th January, 1812.

"SIR,—I was favoured with your letter, and am much obliged to you for the polite expressions it contains, as well as your supposing me capable of advancing in any degree the dramatic art or the advantage of its professors, as I am very fond of the stage, which is the only public amusement that I ever indulge in. I have at times, from my own inclination, or at the solicitation of friends, partial, like yourself, to my other productions, been tempted to consider the subject your letter proposes to me. But, upon a mature consideration of my own powers, such as they are, and of the probable consequences of any attempt to write for the theatre which might fall short of

* How far our friend the Manager infringes upon this last condition, we are not prepared to surmise.—Ed.

complete success, I have come to the determination of declining every overture of the kind, of which I have received several. I have, therefore, only to express my regret that it is not in my power to assist your exertions, which, I have no doubt, the public favour and your own talent will render successful without such aid. I am very glad I have been indirectly the means of supplying new subjects for your theatre, and am very much, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Robert Elliston, Esq., 9, Stratford-place,
Oxford-road, London."

Elliston's second application ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Some years since I put the question, which I am now about to repeat.

"Will you write a play, and will you give me the refusal of it?

"I am aware that you have encouraged a doubt of your possessing the *tact* of that art; but may not the trial be made? I am willing to stake largely upon the result, and your fame need not be hazarded, because I will give you my sacred honour that no exposition of the author shall take place without your consent. Interested as I am in the result of this application, it is probable that my anxiety may betray me into unbecoming solicitation.

"Without, however, pressing the question further, I trust you will excuse and feel for those apprehensions which my new honours must produce. I am desirous of passing my ordeal with the public approbation, and it is in your power to uphold my interests and the interests of the stage, if you feel an inclination to assist the fallen fortunes of an establishment over which the genius of Garrick presided, and which has been graced by the talents of a Siddons and a Jordan.

"I am, &c.

"R. W. ELLISTON."

"Abbotsford, 3rd August, 1819.

"DEAR SIR,—I am favoured with your letter, and am much obliged by your favourable opinion of my supposed dramatic talents. But the time is long gone by that I could or dared have attempted any thing for the stage, and I by no means feel disposed to risk any reputation I have acquired upon so slippery and uncertain an adventure. It is not so much the power of conceiving dramatic character, and putting its expressions into the language of passion, which ensures success in the present day, as the art of constructing a fable and interesting the spectators in a series of events which proceed gradually to an interesting conclusion. Now, if I had in my better days any talent of the former description, it is much impaired by a course of ill-health; and of the last and most material requisite to success, I never possessed a shadow, for I never yet began a poem upon a preconceived story, and have often been well advanced in composition before I had any idea how I was to end the work.

"I wish you every success in your new and difficult situation, and have the honour to be, dear Sir,

"Very much your faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"R. Elliston, Esq., Leamington Spa, Warwickshire."

All this is remarkable, and worthy of remark; but as our readers are disposed to change the strain from

"Grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

we think we cannot conclude this first portion of our leaves—autumnal as they are, they are golden—better than with a letter from that most

renowned of all—because the first of all—equestrian performers, which, whatever the feelings of our readers may be upon any other of our first collection, we will venture to say will not affect them the least.

ASTLEY.

Philip Astley was brought up to his father's trade, a veneer cutter, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at which place he was born in 1742: he enlisted in the 15th, or Elliott's own Light Horse, when he was seventeen. He was always a remarkably expert horseman, and, in consequence of his equestrian skill, was speedily made rough-rider, teacher, and breaker to the regiment. After eight years' honourable service, he obtained his discharge, and the General gave him, as a mark of his esteem, a charger, which charger lived to the age of 42. On his arrival in London, he found Paire had realised a competency by horse-riding at Chelsea, and that Johnson and Sampson were exhibiting their feats of horsemanship at the Three Hats at Islington, at the Dog and Duck, and elsewhere, with considerable profit. With his charger, and a horse he bought in Smithfield, he set up for himself. He hired a field near Wright's Halfpenny Hatch, afterwards Curtis's, very near Cuper's Gardens, where now stands the White Horse public-house in the Cornwall-road, Waterloo Bridge: as there was no public thoroughfare near, he was enabled, without much expense, by a partial fence, to exclude non-payers from a view of his exhibitions. He then put forth as follows:—

"4th April, 1768.—*Activity on Horseback*, by Mr. Astley, Serjeant-Major in his Majesty's Royal Regiment of Light Dragoons commanded by Lieut. General Elliott—near twenty different attitudes will be performed on one, two, and three horses, every evening during the summer, Sundays excepted, at his Riding School next Wright's Horse, or Halfpenny Hatch, Lambeth Marsh—*not the Dog and Duck*. N.B. Turn down on the left hand as soon as over Westminster Bridge, or at the turnpike, and over Black Friars Bridge by Christ Church turn on the right—being situated between the two bridges and near Cuper's Gardens. Doors to be opened at 4, and he will mount at 5—seats one shilling—standing-places sixpence—will be much obliged to those ladies and gentlemen who will honour him with their company, and will do everything in his power to gain their favour."

On the nights he performed, he placed himself, on his white charger, in his regimentals, at the end of Pedlar's Acre, the first turning on the left on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge; there he gave out his bits and pointed out the way to his Riding School, as he termed it. His Riding School was a field partly enclosed by some sheds, and the rest slightly paled in: in the centre stood a pigeon-house, across the top of which he placed a drummer, who accompanied his evolutions. He was very successful, and put forth many curious advertisements and bills. After a few nights he announced a room at two shillings to see the performances: this was one of the sheds or barns—he made money. He next advertised to teach riding:—

"The true and perfect seat on horseback. *There is no creature yields so much profit as the horse; and if he is made obedient to the hand and spur, it is the chief thing that is aimed at.* He undertakes to break in the most vicious horse in the kingdom, for the road or field, to stand fire, drums, &c.; and those intended for ladies to canter easy. His method between the jockey and ménage is peculiar to himself; no gentleman need despair of being a complete horseman that follows his directions, having eight years'

practice in Lieut. Gen. Elliott's regt. :—for half-a-guinea he makes known his method of learning any horse to lay down at the word of command, and defies any man to equal it for safety and ease.

"Mr. Astley exhibits at full speed the different guards made use of by Elliott's Prussian and Hessian Hussars, also the manner of Elliott's charging the French troops in Germany in the year 1761, when it was said that regiment were all taylor's, notwithstanding they gained a compleat victory.

"Mr. and Mrs. Astley will perform this and every evening during the season, &c. The manner of Fence and Defence, as in real action, &c. &c.

"Spoken by Mr. Astley as his horse lays down imitating death.

"My horse lies dead, apparent at your sight,
But I'm the man can set the thing to right;
Speak when you please, I'm ready to obey :—
My faithful horse knows what I want to say;
But first pray give me leave to move his foot—
That he is dead, is quite beyond dispute.

(The horse appears quite dead.)

This shows how brutes by Heaven were design'd
To be in full subjection to mankind;
Rise young Bill, and be a little handy,
To serve that warlike Hero, Granby.

(The horse of his own accord rises.)

When you have seen all my bill exprest,
My wife, to conclude, performs the rest."

In the spring of 1769 he took a piece of ground of an old man in Stangate-street, who formerly kept a preserve for pheasants there, but at that time a timber-yard; he advanced him 200*l.*, and had the timber, &c. secured to him by way of mortgage: the old man left England and was never heard of again: at the same time he found a diamond-ring, worth 60*l.*, on Westminster Bridge, which was never advertised. He enclosed the timber-yard (the precise spot where Astley's Amphitheatre now stands) with a high paling, and built a wooden house in the situation of the present entrance: the lower part he made into stables, and the upper a long room *for the gentry*. The three rows of seats round the ride had a sort of pent-house covering—the centre was entirely open. He then advertised that slight showers would not prevent the performance, and that proper music was provided. Long room 2*s.*; Riding-school 1*s.* Open at 4, mount at 5. And he now, for the first time, introduced the "Tailor riding to Brentford in Character." The next year he added tumbling, and introduced an additional rider; and at the conclusion of his season went to Paris. In the following year, 1771, he introduced tricks on the cards by himself, and advertised that the performance would take place *wet or dry*.

In 1772 he was opposed by Hughes, who enclosed a piece of ground near where the Albion Mills stood, on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge, and called it the "British Horse Academy:" it lasted only two seasons. He was assisted by Breslau, and a variety of amusements; and Miss Romanzini, a child of four years old (the present Mrs. Bland) sung there, being placed on a table in order to be seen. Astley this year, 1772, brought out his son, then five years old, who rode on two horses. On the 27th July he announced his last night; but the audience insisted on his continuing, and cried out "Encore une autre fois," and "Encore une autre

semaine." He replied, "I will;" and added, "Gentlemen and Ladies, by the generous encouragement I have met with in this my native country, for whom I have three times bled and am ready to bleed again in its defence; and wherever I am I can but do well, I will therefore postpone my journey, and exhibit to-morrow, and every evening till the 3rd of August, which, I hope, you will accept as the last day." In 1773 he announced that he had given up parading the streets, and "never more intends that abominable practice." Astley was a remarkably handsome, well-made man. In the parading he mentions, he commenced the procession, mounted on his white charger, dressed *à la militaire*, in a light blue coat, followed by trumpets; two of his riders, in their costume, with his little learned pony looking out of a hackney-coach window, distributing bills for his British Riding School. On the 13th of July of that year, both he and Hughes were taken up for "illegally performing." Hughes did not open any more, and Astley closed for the remainder of that season and the whole of the next. In Oct., 1777, at the Kingston assizes, "The King v. Philip Astley, Riding Master, Westminster Bridge, for performing, contrary to act 25 Geo. II., various feats of horsemanship accompanied with music." After a hearing of three hours Astley was honourably acquitted.

In March, 1779, he announced two exhibitions by candlelight. He roofed over his ride with the boards purloined by the mob from the hustings at the close of the election, for which he paid a mere trifle to the men as they brought them in. From this period he continually made improvements till it became a regular theatre, introducing all sorts of exhibitions—dogs, cats, monkeys, giants, dwarfs, monstrous craws, ladies with long hair, monkeys without tails, musical infant thirty-six months old, grimacers, whistlers, &c. &c. &c. In 1780 he announced "No dogs to be admitted."

In 1782, his Majesty granted him letters-patent, for fourteen years, to enable him solely to exercise and train horses, in a peculiar manner, to stand the noise of drums, trumpets, music, explosion of large ordnance and small arms, as also to practise agility on horseback, as a reward for his unexampled pains. In this year Hughes opened the Royal Circus; and on the 27th of December both Hughes and Astley were taken up and committed to New Bridewell, in St. George's Fields,—they were liberated on the 13th of January. Hughes, by some manoeuvre, continued his stage, but Astley was obliged to pull his down: the theatres were both suspended. In the autumn of this year the King of France gave him ground in Paris, and he built a theatre there, afterwards Franconi's, and for several years passed his winters there.

In 1792, after twenty years' management, he gave the theatre up to his son.

In 1794, while in France, his theatre was burnt, Aug. 17, and his wife died within a few days. He rebuilt the theatre, and opened it the following Easter Monday.

In 1803, in Sept., the theatre was again burnt down, and again rebuilt as before, and opened on the following Easter Monday.

In 1827 he built a theatre in Wych-street, which he called the *Olympic Pavilion*, which he disposed of to Elliaton.

In his case before the House of Lords, in 1787, signed by the com-

manding officers of his regiment, it is stated, that by his spirited activity at *Bremerlee*, he was the principal means of saving several men and horses from the accidental oversetting of a boat, for which Lord Heathfield promoted, thanked, and rewarded him in front of the regiment, for his bravery.

At the battle of Emsdorf, he took a royal standard of France, prior to which his horse had been shot under him ; but being remounted, he brought off the standard from an escort of the enemy's infantry, during which he was wounded. Lord Heathfield particularly noticed this service, and Astley had the honour of laying the standard taken by him at his Majesty's feet in Hyde Park.

At the battle of Friedburg, when on the advanced guard, under a very heavy fire, he personally assisted in bringing off the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, when his Highness was wounded within the enemy's lines. Astley, then a serjeant, with only four dragoons, charged and repulsed a party of Hussars who were bearing down to take advantage of the Prince's situation.

Astley died on the 24th Oct., 1814, at his house Rue de Fauxbourg du Temple, at Paris, where he had retired by advice ; and was buried in the Cemetery of Père le Chaise. He left all his interest in the amphitheatre to his son, for his life, and one-sixteenth to his widow. His complaint was the gout in his stomach : his age was 72.

On the 19th Oct., 1821, John Astley died at Paris, where he went for his health, aged 54. He died in the same bed, in the same apartment as his father, and was buried by his side.

As a specimen of the elder Mr. Astley's style of literary composition, we beg to submit the following letter, written from Paris in the year 1786 :—

" According to promise in my last on the 20th I sitt down to write to my dear Mr and Mrs Pownal first I forgot to mention in my last concerning the monkey, if it has no tail and tractable, Mr. Astley would be glad you woud purches it for him, but if a tail he wont lern any thing, we have lost another since we came to Pariss the little Black faced one dyd partly the same as the other, I think we are rather unlucky in that Spetia of Animells—Now for our journey from Caliss ; I was taken very ill the first night there with a violent pain in my heart shot throw to my sholder could not turn in my beed, seears breath without screaming continued so 2 or 3 days : but thank God now am quite well. Poor J Taylor I think is a little crackd for he had not been in Pariss a week but he packd up his alls and was going to London skipt in his Room as if he was just come of Bedlam he sett 'of and lay one night at the place he was to take his carige from (which was a fish cart by the by) but the smell I suppose either turnd his slömack or his reason returnd, so he came back I have told him what you wrote. we was much (but not agreably) surprisd to find the nearer we came to Pariss we found snow, it continued 9 days very cold indeed we could not keep our selves warm but now we can sitt without fire again thank God for freing here is a dear article we burnd near 2 guineas the first week Genl Jacio did not arrive before the 18th and we opend the 19th it was lucky we saild when we did or we should have been weather bound many days as he was. the Strong Man is gone to Brussells for his children I dont know when he will arrive we had a poor house on Tuesday I hope our Pig will take as he performs very well. I fancy you are very busy about your little box—God sent you boath your Healths to Enjoy it many years pray does Mrs Smith remember to bring

you some saled as I begd of her, have you many Scholers, hope they will turn out better than they did on the Rideing and years past.

"I shall esteem it a favour you will write every oportunity you have as that will add much to my present hapiness we go from here to Brussels in the time we wait for the park for we dont take but 14, 16, or 18 pounds a night only on the Sundays Mr Nicolee has done all he can to hurt us he has got our tumbling taken a way which makes it lay very hard on poor John as he does his Peasant & 2 Horses every night & his knee very bad wears him out, would to god we had to or 3 years back taken care of our cash, and not run such lengths in Building as we might have enjoyd ourselves in the winter, but I doubt that grim looking gentl^r Death will visit us before we shall have that comfort—Gods will be done;

"Mr. Astley has made a stage to be supported by 8 Horses for them to tumble on but it is not finished yet, but we are in hopes we shall in spite of Nicoley obtain our old permission: Mr Hercule is not yet arrivd from Brussels. when he comes it will be a little respite for son, expect him every day. I began this letter the 23d but in hopes of good news in the schoole delayed sending it, but to no purpose so shall conclude with all our respects &

"most obedient humble ser^t at comand

"P ASTLEY

Paris Dec 4 1786.

Direction :

"Mr. Pownall
to be left at the
Royal Grove or Amp hi theatre
Riding House near
West minster Bridge
London."

With this invaluable specimen we conclude for the present month ; but it is with infinite satisfaction we announce to our readers, that if we happen to live for twelve more months, they shall be furnished with materials equally curious, amusing, and interesting.

ALPINE SKETCHES.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

MONT BLANC.

THANK Heaven I am again free ! Again in the open arms of Nature, on ~~the~~ mountain's side ; the eagle wheeling round my head ; the wild flowers casting incense to the skies ; the green wood and the river down below ; the magnific hills shooting far up above the clouds ! Was not Milton right when he said, "It were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicings with heaven and earth?"

Is it not rapture to have burst one's prison-bars—to tear off the mask—to spurn the mean deceits of life—to feel the elastic mind new nerved—and a fresh spring throbbing in the veins ? How infinite the joy, and how blessed the escape ! Men are cruelly unjust to themselves and ungrateful to Heaven : almost all can appreciate a positive good, but not one in a hundred knows the value of negative blessings—and yet the sum of happiness is chiefly made up of such. Shunning the ills of life is scarcely of less moment than sharing its delights. Freedom from pain is in itself pleasure ; but to know these truths one must have

suffered. It is contrast that gives reality to feeling. What a bound, then, I have made from slavery to freedom! How I have "shuffled off the mortal coil" of vanity and vexation!

A winter spent in the narrowed circle of social restriction, audaciously miscalled "the world," is a fit preparation for that combination of the world's real charms in which I am now revelling. Then let me look back awhile, that I may truly relish what is before me. Rise up again, ye scenes of sham delight, parodies of pleasure, intense deceptions! What an atmosphere it was! How every genuine feeling was parched and withered! What bloated sentiments panted through a forced existence! The distortion of heart shown on the anxious brow—the vanity, the pride, the cringing courtiers, the haughty nobles, the servile second-rates, the crowd of petty passions, which form the total of "the great." How little of true elevation is there in that artificial sphere! What tottering stilts men mount on!—what rainbow blending of vapid colours, which people strive in vain to separate!—what forced distinction of classes forming the lustreless arch, a motley mixture of devices crowding one vast "escutcheon of pretence!"

In this state of things there is no fitness—scarcely any one is at their ease. The few who are so are really those who despise the many. The many, perceiving this, affect to imitate the few; and they twist themselves into an assumed contempt of each other, investing hatred and malice with a piebald robe of mock dignity. Thence comes the tossing of heads, the shrugs, the sneers, and all the fantastic tricks of "fashionable" life. What a farce it is! and *this* is the fitting scene where one may rightly look on it, away in far perspective, with, happily, no microscope at hand to show its insect monsters in a loathsome magnitude.

Here I can breathe without inhaling the fetid air of falsehood. Here I can boldly make companionship with Nature's denizens. I need not to ask the pedigree of the pine-trees—those forest oligarchs of countless generations. There lurks no contagion of vulgarity in those full-flowered rhododendrons. Disease is not in the wild thyme's breath. The bloom of this rock-rose is real. *These* snow-heaps are purity, and heaven's rays lie brightly on them.

Oh, Nature, how divine thou art!—how modestly sublime—how simply beautiful! How thy true worshipper's idolatry raises him into a part and parcel of thee! Who would not gladly let his turbid feelings pass through the filter of a scene like this?

Far away stretches the valley—up shoot the everlasting peaks. The river lies in liquid loveliness below. The pine-woods clothe the mountain-side with interminable depths of green. The hills rise, chain above chain, till they melt away into the clouds. And I am on the very bosom of Mont Blanc! the monarch of this giant mass! the greatest elevation of the European world! But I must not lose myself in rhapsodies. Let me rather recollect what others have thought and felt in the self-same scene, and marvel at the wondrous difference the same objects produce in different men.

It is scarcely from the class of great and vigorous intellects that we are to look for just exemplars of human feeling in extraordinary cases. Power begets pride; and the ambition of display often overcomes the sense of real feelings. Great poets are therefore bad guides to the mind's wanderings in those stupendous scenes.

The exaggerations of genius, though they be natural to the individual, and their expressions unaffected, cannot be called *nature*—inasmuch as that term, applied to moral feeling, embraces the whole mass of mankind. Common minds are amazed and delighted at those splendid flights; but not coming home to the *heart*, the great majority of readers have no direct sympathy with the grand descriptions and sentiments poured out in profuse eloquence by the *inspired*.

For the poetic and philosophic few entitled to that epithet, the mighty neighbourhood around me excites sensations which the vulgar cannot share. Different developments are, no doubt, given to the impressions made by the same objects in minds like those; yet the general result is the same—intense delight, and awe, and wonder. Byron and Coleridge did not feel alike in their Alpine reveries. The powerful piety of the one was a wide contrast to the fierce philosophy of the other. The “Morning Hymn” is little like the thrilling stanzas of “Childe Harold,” or the fervid eloquence of “Manfred;” while the full tide of poetry sprang from the same source in both. Yet how absurd would it be to fix on models so sublime by which to regulate or judge the general feelings of mankind! We must descend low down in the scale of moral feeling before we reach the ordinary level. And it may not be unamusing to catch a few fugitive proofs of its varieties, furnished by the impromptu pens of casual voyagers. To reach that level, then, let me quickly, but not abruptly, trace my way down from this high eminence, and returning towards the habitations of man, and the ways of the world, pause ere I make that one long step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

MONTANVERT.

How many thousand visitors have stood on this verdant plateau, gazed on that glacier sea, thrown up their looks on the terrible picturesqueness of the granite peaks, or the broad grandeur of the snow-covered mounds—unconscious of the marvellous and unrivalled combination!

A book lies on the table of the small rude building erected for the shelter and refreshment of voyagers, by some generous Frenchman whose name I forget, but which is immortalised in the memories of the guides, and probably in the pages of the guide-books. This *livre des amis*, as it is called, is little more than an open register of names—a motley collection of patronymics from almost all quarters of the earth, proving at least that curiosity is of no country, and that example and the *mote* form the true centre of gravity, the attraction which leads mankind at will.

But along with the mere signatures of the many, we have in this book the recorded sentiments of several.* The volume has disappeared which contained the effusions of the Empress Josephine, Madame de Staël, and others of note; nor do I find any in the pages which remain that can compromise the fame of any person of eminence dead or living. But even if I had seen, here or elsewhere, a scrap of doggerel attached to some celebrated name, I should be disposed to consider it apocryphal, first from my doubt as to any one of literary reputation choosing to risk it for the poor vanity of throwing a random stanza or two on such a heap of rubbish, and next on the principle that I hope has made many a traveller charitably doubt the authenticity of some versified trash in the

"Album" of a Castle, near Baden-Baden, to which was affixed "The Author of Highways and Byways."

To make a selection from the *livre des amis* of Montanvert would not be very ~~easy~~, either for the purpose of establishing a general proof of dull ribaldry, puling mediocrity, or whining cant. But the want of originality would make the task too irksome; and to search for exceptions would not pay the trouble. So a few random extracts shall be given, as I took them, by chance.

"O mer de glace, à ta vue
L'âme est vivement émue,
Et de ton âpre beauté
Le cœur se sent transporté !
Mais faut-il que tu produise
Sur l'esprit un triste effet ;
Car, hélas ! sur ce livret
On ne voit que des bêtises !"

"Ces vers en offrent un nouvel exemple," is the sharp, but unjust note (not of admiration) appended to the above lines by one of the writer's countrymen, I judge by the hand-writing; and the following is the dull and vulgar commentary of some thorough John Bull:—

"Mare de glass !
No more like a mare than it is like a kangaroo,
No more like a glass than a bottle,
All humbug ! nothing but IC'E !"

The following is a quatrain of genuine feeling, quite a relief among the nonsense that surrounds it. I was going to call it an oasis in the —but I check my fine writing in honour of its simplicity:—

"O Chamouni ! ta charmante vallée,
Laisse en mon cœur de bien doux souvenirs ;
Je ne t'ai vu qu'une journée,
Mais ce jour là vaut un an de plaisir."

It would be certainly somewhat mortifying to any one whose national sensitiveness sympathizes with the bad taste and presumption of his countrymen abroad (which mine does not) to compare the French *vers* with the English *poetry*, so to call it, which is thus scattered over the Continent. The next specimen I give might have been meant in jest. If there is not point in it, at any rate there is paradox, and that answers at times almost as well for a clap-trap. It was the best thing in the book, at least in that tongue which Milton so venerated as "the language of men ever foremost and famous in the achievement of liberty:—"

"Mont Blanc, thou hackneyed theme of poets' lays !
Sick of the fools that have long sung in *praise*,
I'll say of thee what has not yet been said
By the small living or the mighty dead ;
I say thou art beyond description cumt,
The meanest of God's works and *not* the first :
Fools alone feel devotion at thy sight,
Thou atheist's triumph, infidel's delight !
Who can in thee benevolence descry,
Or care for man, among the powers on high ?
Around thee pain and want their horrors shed,
O'er idiot tribes, half shapen and half dead ;

Thy avalanches blast the peasant's toil,
And, demon like, exult to scathe the soil !"

Not many pages off I stumbled on a contrast :—

" Amid this glorious Alpine world,
To thee, O God ! I bend the knee,
Whose hand the elements hath hurled
Into this wild sublimity.
To thee alone my spirit turns,—
I gaze on thee—I think on thee—
Till gratitude within me burns."

But I cannot go on with the well-meant rigmarole ; particularly as I want to leave space and keep my readers in temper for the infliction of some other lines, scribbled by an anonymous hand and an ill-cut pencil while the author stood on the bridge at St. Martin, near Sollenches, and which he had not the courage to commit to the book of Montanvert, in the same hand-writing with his name, which does lie there—a fly in amber :—

" TO THE MONT BLANC.

" Man might bow down and worship thee,
Eternal type of purity, and power,
And majesty ! Thy awful altitude,
Thy solemn splendour, thy intense magnificence !
The clouds, insensate vapours as they seem,
Stop on their nameless route to do thee homage,
And cling upon thy everlasting heights
Like living things clasping the form they love.
The winds, that whirl uprooted forests wide
From the broad breast of many a giant mound,
Sink softly in the lap of thy deep snows,
And hush themselves on that soft couch to sleep.
No rains durst fall to sully them, but turn
To fleecy flakes as brightly pure as they.
The lightnings scar not, nor the thunders shake
Thy mighty front, high lifted into air,
And far above the storm !

Now, awful mists
Sweep slowly o'er thy sides, and shroud thy head
From the world's gaze ! And when, at times, a part
Of thy all glorious diadem bursts forth,
It seems as though thou hadst upsprung tow'ards Heaven
Since thou wert last unveiled, or as if Heaven
(As well it might) had sunk to meet thee,
Creation's masterpiece !

Unfathomed depth,
And height, and width, of majesty profound !
How durst cold science and presumptuous man
Profane thy glories by mere vulgar measurement !
Why did not thy vast brightness, or thy shadow,
Blind them with light, or bury them in their pride ?
And how did impious steps e'er venture on
The topmost glory of those sun-gilt snows,
Planting the pigmy tread of mortal pride,
To desecrate what God himself made holy !"

THE GREAT WESTERN JUNGLE.*

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

READER, hast thou ever indulged in that very pleasant, but, like most pleasant things, very wrong habit of taking snuff? Hast thou ever, when in want of inspiration, flown for relief to thy snuff-mull, and, having tapped the *Cairn-Gorme* which ornaments the top, with a grave and philosophic shake of the head solemnly raised the lid, and regulated thy famished nostrils with a grateful pinch? Hast thou not, on such an occasion, forthwith discovered that the floodgates of thy wit have been opened, and that ideas have poured down upon thee, driving thy pen along with the resistless impetuosity of a winter torrent? If thou hast, thou must know, or canst imagine, the drowsy, listless sensation which comes over one when deprived of the inspiring stimulant—the dearth of ideas—the utter want of fire which may be detected in the writing, or even conversation, of that luckless wight, who—having long indulged in the aforesaid very pleasant but very wrong, or, as our fair helpmate hath it, very disgusting and very filthy habit—hath suddenly been debarred the use of his nasal food.

Such, gentle reader, is the sad predicament in which we, the once snuff-inspired Forest Ranger, are now placed; and, to all snuff-takers at least, we look for sympathy and a lenient criticism of the following pages, stale, flat, and unprofitable as an empty snuff-mull.

Thou art, no doubt, anxious to learn the means by which we, an aged sinner, have so suddenly been converted—and thou shalt be informed; but we must first crave permission to ask one question—Hast thou a wife, gentle reader—a loving helpmate, who, out of pure kindness and affection, and for thine own proper good, keepeth thee in utter subjection? Or, if thou art still in a state of single blessedness, hast thou a fair friend, a guardian angel in female guise, whom thou lovest better than thyself, and at whose command thou wouldst lay down thy life if required? If thou hast either one or other, thou canst understand the means by which our conversion hath been brought about. If thou hast not, we must inform thee that nothing short of a very influential helpmate, or a much-beloved female friend, hath power to work such a miracle.

Gentle reader, ours is the former case. Our fair helpmate, Heaven bless her! hath, after running in couples with a *snuffy carle* for twenty long years, suddenly taken it into her wise little head that it is necessary for her peace of mind that he should forthwith reform his manners, purify himself, and discontinue the vile, filthy habit of snuff-taking—a habit which, to use her own words, begrimeth the face, spoileth the form of the nose—Heaven bless the mark!—destroyeth the voice, and eventually undermineth the constitution. Remonstrance hath been vain. We have seen our beloved mull committed to the flames before our eyes, and, with a heart-rending sigh, we have bidden adieu to the inspiring drug for ever.

We have this moment instinctively dived into the deepest recess of

our capacious *sporrán* in search of the consolatory snuff-mull which no longer exists. And this reminds us that we must once more crave the sympathy of our snuff-taking readers, as well as the indulgence of our fair friends, which will no doubt be granted by the kind-hearted creatures, in consideration of the dutiful and submissive manner in which we have yielded to the gentle influence of our affectionate spouse.

And so—scratching our ear and nibbling the tip of our pen, the only means now left to us of invoking inspiration—we proceed, with feeble hand, to record the further adventures of our two sporting friends, whom we left in the jungle, some two months back, ruminating over the carcass of a dead bison.

How great a change has taken place since they first entered the forest! The sun is now high in the heavens; the fresh morning breeze has died away, giving place to a close, suffocating, steamy air; and all nature seems to be overpowered by the approaching mid-day heat. The stillness of death pervades the woods which so lately swarmed with life. Not a sound is heard to break the solemn silence, save, at long intervals, the tap of a solitary woodpecker, or the dismal wailing cry of the grey monkey, which, heard from a distance echoing among the hollow arches of the forest, sounds almost unearthly, and, to a superstitious mind, would suggest the idea of some evil spirit of the woods denouncing woe on the rash intruders whose footsteps have dared to violate the awful solitude of the wilderness.

But we cannot attempt to describe the feelings of wonder and admiration almost amounting to awe, the wild spirit of romance, the ardent love of adventure with which, in our younger days, we have wandered through the pathless forest, and listened with rapture to the wild voices of the woods as a lover to the soft sigh of his mistress. No; these feelings are not to be described, nor can they be understood, save by one who has wandered deep into the trackless wilds of an Indian forest, with no companion but his trusty rifle, no guide to direct his steps but the fiery sun which scorches the tree-tops—by one who has seen the prowling tiger cross his solitary path, and stood proudly, silent and alone, over the prostrate carcass of the vanquished bison.

We must, therefore, leave our readers to imagine, as they best may, the ideas which are flitting through the brain of our friend Charles as he sits upon the trunk of that fallen tree, with his head resting on his hand, and gazing vacantly into the dark vista of the forest which lies in front of him. His head is evidently full of poetry: he may be composing verses for aught we know, or perhaps he is only admiring the dancing of the sunbeams, which, streaming through the thick foliage in threads of golden light, chequer the earth with bright and fitful gleams, whilst, over head, the polished green leaves upon which the rays happen to fall sparkle like emeralds amidst the surrounding gloom. At all events, he is indulging in a day-dream of some sort, and whether the subject thereof be sunbeams or ladies' eyes is no business of ours.

Mansfield is reposing at full length upon the grass, smoking a chee-root and amusing himself by making a sketch of the fallen bison—for he is a naturalist as well as a sportsman, and always preserves drawings of rare animals, or specimens of an unusual size which he may happen to meet with. The Jaggardar is squatted at the root of a tree, with his knees doubled up to his chin, puffing out huge volumes of smoke, and

apparently unconscious of what is passing around him—for his eyes are half closed, every muscle is relaxed, and his attitude is altogether one of dreamy, listless idleness; but it is only the repose of the tiger in ambush: every faculty is on the full stretch; not a sound falls unheeded on his watchful ear; and from time to time, his breathing is checked and his wide nostrils distended, as if he depended as much on the sense of smell as on any other faculty, for obtaining that information of approaching danger so necessary to the safety of a wandering savage.

"A splendid specimen, by Jupiter!" muttered Mansfield, soliloquizing, as he carefully measured off a tape with which he had previously taken the dimensions of the bull. "Two full inches higher than any one I have ever met with—and I have seen a few, too; we must take a note of this. Let me see—what day?—aye, fifteenth May—Western Jungle—genus *Bos*—variety *Bos Gaurus*—rare animal—history very imperfectly known.—Mem. look him up in Cuvier—large male—height at the shoulder, six feet four—length from nose to insertion of tail, eleven feet—girth of fore-arm, two feet eight—girth of—"

"*Abbah saumee!*"* exclaimed the Jaggardar, suddenly starting from his indolent position, and stretching forward his neck, as if listening attentively to some sound which was not audible to his companions.

"Halloo, old fellow! what's in the wind now?" cried Mansfield, throwing down his note-book, and grasping his rifle.

The Jaggardar returned no answer, but continued to listen attentively for a repetition of the sound which had at first arrested his attention; at length, having apparently satisfied himself as to its nature, and the quarter from whence it proceeded, he quietly relapsed into his listless attitude, merely uttering the word "*Reencht*."

"A bear!" cried Mansfield, hastily shoving his sketching materials into his pocket. "Come, Charles, my boy, we must have his hide before we go to breakfast, hot though it be. What say you?"

"By all manner of means," cried Charles, starting to his feet and shouldering his rifle; "never mind the heat; I'm up to anything after that brush with the Bison; regularly savage; fit to wap my weight in wild cats, as the Yankees say; so hurrah! and at him. Of course our friend *Kamah* can ferret him out for us: I shall never presume to doubt his powers in that way again, after witnessing the masterly style in which he brought us up to the Bison."

"You may see by the quiet expression of the old pagan's features that he has no doubt upon that head himself," replied Mansfield; "but I shall just ask him the question, that we may hear what answer he will make. Here, Jaggardar; you heard a bear just now?"

"*Ho, Sahib.*"

"Shall we be able to get a shot at him, think you?"

"If it is the *Sahib's* pleasure to do so; but, for my own part, I have no quarrel with the bear at present, for although he does steal a little honey, there is plenty in these woods for both of us."

"Oh! that is a very good excuse," said Mansfield, winking to Charles: "the Jaggardar talks like an old woman; he does not know where to find the bear, and wants to put us off by saying he has no quarrel with him."

* An exclamation of surprise.

† A bear.

"Does the *Sahib* wish to laugh at the beard of old *Kamah*?" replied the savage, with an air of offended dignity. "Is the Jaggardar a dog that he should eat dirt, or is the *Sahib* a child, not to know that where the wild bee hangs her nest, there will the bear be found also? Go, *Sahib*, and try to throw dust in the eyes of the *topce wallahs**." So saying, the Jaggardar turned on his heel, and walked off with a sullen dogged air.

"So much for good example!" cried Charles, bursting into a triumphant laugh. "I do like to see people practise what they preach. Do you recollect your good advice to me? Mind you always treat him with the utmost respect! Never interfere with him in following up a trail! And, above all things, avoid laughing at him!! Ha! ha! ha! Capital! I take it, my worthy preceptor has got himself into a scrape, and will find that the Jaggardar has turned the joke against him."

"Faith, you may say that," replied Mansfield, with rather a blank look; "I have fairly set the old devil's bristles up, and it will be no easy matter to smooth them down again; however, I must try to coax the vermin into good humour, else, the chances are he will start off and leave us to find our way out of the jungle as we best can: in which case our stomachs are likely to be better acquainted with wild berries than hashed venison for the next two or three days, as I know to my cost. I lost myself in this forest once before, and have no fancy to repeat the experiment."

So saying, Mansfield followed the sulky steps of the Jaggardar, in hopes of bringing him to reason, whilst Charles, whose inward man was beginning to wax somewhat importunate for food, and who, consequently, did not altogether relish the idea of a few days' ruralizing in the forest on such primitive fare as wild fruits and muddy water, watched the progress of the conference with no small degree of interest.

The Jaggardar was at first implacable; but Mansfield had luckily great influence over him, and, after a long palaver, at length succeeded in pacifying him. A hearty pull out of the brandy flask, which Mansfield always carried in his pocket, but only to be used in cases of emergency, completely restored old *Kamah* to good humour. His harsh features gradually relaxed into a broad grin as he felt the generous liquor warm his heart, and, extending his bony hand to Mansfield, with an important and somewhat patronizing air, said—

"There is peace between us—upon my eyes be it; the bear shall be made to eat the *Sahib's* bullets."

Peace being thus happily restored, no time was lost in proceeding to business. The Jaggardar led the way, as usual, advancing directly into the thickest part of the jungle, and occasionally breaking a small branch from the trees which he passed, to serve as landmarks in guiding him back to the spot where they had killed the bison.

"*Dekho, Sahib!*" exclaimed *Kamah*, with a broad grin, as they emerged from a thicket of bamboo and came upon an open space in the forest, in the centre of which stood a teak tree of gigantic proportions. "That is the sort of bait to catch bears: the *Sahib* will know it when he sees it again," and the old villain chuckled mightily at his own wit, as he pointed to the topmost branches, from whence depended huge

* Literally, Men who wear hats—Europeans.

semicircular masses of honeycomb several feet in depth, which looked as if it must have required the united labour of many successive generations of bees to have constructed them.

"There," said Mansfield, pointing to the stem of the tree, the bark of which, as high as the branches, was much scratched and torn as if by the claws of some animal; "there are Master Bruin's marks pretty distinctly visible, and, from the number of them, I should guess he is tolerably punctual in his visits to the Jaggardar's bee-hives."

"*Sawmee*," whispered the Jaggardar, creeping close up to Mansfield and touching him on the shoulder; "*dekho, Sahib*," and he pointed eagerly towards the top of the tree. Mansfield followed with his eye the direction indicated; and there, in the midst of a dense mass of foliage, a small patch of black fur was faintly visible.

"That's our friend, by all that's beautiful!" cried he, rubbing his hands. "Here, Charley, my boy! do you take the first shot, and let us see how cleverly you can knock the old fellow off his perch."

"Where is he?" asked Charles, looking up, and shading his eyes with his hand. "I can see nothing."

"There, among that thick mass of leaves at the very top of the tree: do you not observe a small black spot?"

"Aye, aye; now I have it." Charles raised his rifle slowly and fired. The bear remained motionless, and the sharp rattle of the bullet as it crashed through the branches left no doubt that it had missed its object.

"Below him," said Mansfield, with great composure, at the same time raising his rifle and firing quickly. This shot was answered by a sudden growl and a convulsive start on the part of the bear, but he still remained motionless, and showed no symptoms of being wounded.

"Another miss!" cried Charles, in great glee. "I've still a chance to draw first blood, after all; hurra!"

"By the beard of the Prophet, I believe you are right," said Mansfield, regarding his rifle with a look of astonishment, such as a keeper might be expected to bestow on a favourite pointer who had suddenly taken a fancy to running in to birds, instead of dropping at shot. "And yet I can hardly believe that *Clincher* would make such an egregious mistake either. I had full six square inches of black fur to fire at, and the range is not above seventy yards. Well, never mind; better luck next time: but, in the mean time, we must get right under the tree to have a view of him, for I see he has shifted his position. That shot was too near to be pleasant, whether it hit him or not. Ha! what's this?" continued Mansfield, as he looked upwards from the root of the tree, and felt a large warm drop fall upon his forehead. "Blood, as I live! and plenty of it, too. See, it comes pattering down amongst the dry leaves like rain. I thought *Clincher* would hardly play me such a trick as to miss at that distance."

As he said this, a rustling was heard in the branches overhead, and the bear sliding from the branch on which he was perched, began slowly and cautiously to descend the tree, turning his head from side to side, showing his teeth in a threatening manner, and growling fiercely at his assailants. Charles raised his piece, and was about to fire.

"Hold," cried Mansfield, as he busied himself in reloading the barrel of his rifle which had been discharged; "fair play, fair play:

don't take an ungentlemanlike advantage of poor Bruin ; he is a gallant fellow to think of showing fight against such odds, and it is but common civility to let him reach the ground before we proceed to further hostilities. You shall have the first round with him if you only keep quiet and let him get down."

Charles lowered his rifle, and stood watching the clumsy progress of the bear with great interest. The poor brute had evidently received a severe wound, and moved with great pain and difficulty. Faster and faster pattered the large drops, forming a crimson pool at the foot of the tree. The growl of defiance was changed to a faint moaning cry, half stifled by the blood which now bubbled copiously from his distended jaws ; the faintness of death was upon him ; he no longer attempted to descend, but clasping his fore-paws firmly round a projecting branch, held on with convulsive energy.

"It's all over with him," said Mansfield ; "give the poor brute another shot, and put him out of pain."

Charles instantly fired : one deep groan was heard : slowly and reluctantly the gigantic fore-paws relaxed their hold.

"Stand from under," shouted Mansfield, and next moment the enormous black mass descended to the earth with a velocity that made it rebound several feet, effectually extinguishing any spark of life which might have remained.

"A most inglorious victory," said Mansfield, returning his ramrod with an impatient jerk ; "but the skin is a good one, which is all that can be said in favour of our exploit. And now, methinks, we had best wend our way homewards, for we are full four miles from camp, and the heat is enough to fry one's brains into an omelette."

"To say nothing of the want of breakfast," continued Charles, whose mouth watered at the very mention of an omelette ; "I feel as empty as a kettle-drum, and hungry enough to eat the hind leg of a donkey without salt—*allons, mon Capitaine*."

"Will the *Sahib* not kill another bear?" asked the Jaggardar, with a knowing look, as the two sportsmen were about to move off.

"To be sure we will," exclaimed both the young men in a breath, "if you will only find him for us."

"*Kamah* can find him," replied the savage, with a confident air ; "follow me."

The Jaggardar spoke thus assuredly, from having remarked that the dead bear was a male, and knowing that, if he followed the trail backwards, there was little doubt that it would lead him to the hiding-place of the female and her cubs.

As good luck would have it, the trail led them in the direction of the camp, a circumstance which induced our two sportsmen to follow the rapid strides of their conductor with double alacrity. After pursuing a tortuous course, through an almost impenetrable jungle, for upwards of a mile, the trail suddenly ceased on the edge of a small muddy stream, the opposite bank of which rose to a considerable height, and was composed of huge splintered masses of rock piled one upon another in wild confusion.

"We are not far from her now," said Mansfield, cocking both barrels of his rifle, and throwing it across his arm ready to be used at a moment's notice, whilst old *Kamah* waded across the stream, and

hunted about, like a hound at fault, in hopes of finding a continuation of the trail amongst the bare rocks; but their hard surface afforded no vestige of foot-marks even to the experienced eye of the savage.

The indefatigable *Kamah* had climbed more than half way up the rocky bank, hunting with the eagerness of a terrier, and poking his nose into every crevice which afforded the slightest probability of concealing a bear, when, on turning the angle of a rock, he suddenly started back, and beckoned, with eager gestures, for Mansfield to come across. At this moment a terrific growl was heard; the Jaggardar, casting a hasty glance over his shoulder, sprang, without hesitation, from the dizzy height into the bed of the stream, and ere he reached the water, the infuriated bear appeared upon the very ledge of rock which he had quitted, giving vent to her impotent rage in a prolonged roar, and glaring, with the malignant eye of a baffled fiend, on the intended victim who had so narrowly escaped her jaws.

Quick as thought, Mansfield discharged his unerring rifle, and the bear, rearing up to her full height, rolled headlong down the rocky steep, falling right over poor *Kamah*, who had not yet had time to scramble out of the water.

The Jaggardar had hardly uttered a yell of astonishment, when he found himself firmly clasped in the deadly embrace of the bear, and felt her hot breath blowing upon his cheek. Twisting his body round, with the agility of a wild cat, he avoided the first grasp which she made at his head; and knowing full well that he had nothing else for it, thrust his naked arm, without hesitation, between her extended jaws, seizing the root of her tongue, with the desperate gripe of a man who is determined that nothing but death shall force him to quit his hold. A deadly struggle now ensued; the two combatants—each equally savage in his own way—rolling over and over, and struggling, like two incarnate fiends, in the midst of the muddy stream, now crimsoned by the blood which flowed copiously from the wounded bear. And it was well for the Jaggardar that she had been wounded, else the contest would have been speedily ended. Mansfield stood for some time anxiously watching their movements; with his forefinger resting on the trigger of his rifle, in hopes that some lucky turn might give him an opportunity of firing into the bear: and more than once the weapon was raised to his shoulder; but so quick were their evolutions, that he did not dare to risk a shot. For an instant the shaggy hide of the bear appeared on the surface; and ere it could be well distinguished, its place was supplied by the dusky figure of the savage—his teeth firmly clenched—every sinew in his wiry frame strained almost to cracking—and his blood-shot eyes starting from their sockets, in consequence of the dreadful pressure he endured.

"This will never do," exclaimed Mansfield, hastily throwing down his rifle, and preparing to plunge in the water; but ere he could do so, the blade of old *Kamah's* hunting-knife was seen to flash brightly in the sun, and next moment he started to his feet, with a savage yell of triumph, flourishing the blood-stained weapon round his head, whilst the lifeless body of the bear floated slowly down the stream: he had just withdrawn it from her heart.

KOONDAH.

(To be continued.)

PAST HOURS.

Ah, surely there are moments when thy heart

Must think of her it has so coldly banished ;—

Does not my image to thy memory start,

Though all that made its earlier charm be vanished ?

Do you not think of me sometimes at night,

When the dark hours are passing still and lonely,

The pale stars watching with their dreamy light,

And thou art with thy own hushed thoughts left only ?

Do they not bring me back ? Dost thou not say,

Perhaps this very moment she is weeping

Those bitter tears that pride subdues by day,

To wet the pillow that I keep from sleeping !

Does the still midnight waken no remorse,

No pity for the misery of thy making ?

False as thou art—I could not wish thee worse

Than one sad midnight of my own awaking.

I hear thy voice, I look within thine eyes,—

Then start to think it is but an illusion ;—

False as thy promise, fleeting as the ties

That bound me to thee with such vain delusion.

Then I recall thy words and looks, and think,

How could they wear such true, such tender seeming ?—

I think till I can bear no more, and shrink,

And mock myself for all this idle dreaming.

How many words of thine I now recall,

Scarce noticed at the time when they were spoken ;

Alas ! how true love fondly treasures all

The slightest things, like some heart precious token.

I wish I could forget them—for they keep

Calm from my waking hours—rest from my pillow,

Like those uncertain restless winds that sweep,

Rising with their perpetual strife, the billow.

If weary of the weight upon my heart,

I struggle to be glad with vain endeavour ;

How soon I sicken of such seeming part !

The spirits I would force are gone for ever.

If I am sad and weary, and fling by

The tasks in which I take my old delight no longer : .

All other sorrows bring one sadness nigh,—

Life's cares are strong—but those of love are stronger.

Love has its part in every other thing,

All grief increasing and all joy impairing ;

Death is the only hope, for death will bring

Rest to the heart, fevered with long despairing.

Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me ;

Those sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow ;

I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be

Where the last shadow falls on life's last sorrow.

L. E. L.

THE OLD TIMES.

Do you recal what now is living only
 Amid the memories garnered at the heart?—
 The quiet garden, quiet and so lonely,
 Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?
 When we had gathered cowslips in the meadow
 We used to bear them to the ancient seat,
 Moss-grown, beneath the apple-tree's soft shadow,
 Which flung its rosy blossoms at our feet,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

Near was the well o'er whose damp walls were weeping
 Stomacrop, and grounsel, and pale yellow flowers,
 While o'er the banks the strawberry plants were creeping
 In the white beauty of June's earliest hours.
 The currant-bush and lilac grew together;
 The bean's sweet breath was blended with the rose;
 Alike rejoicing in the pleasant weather
 That brought the bloom to these, the fruit to those,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

There was no fountain over marble falling;
 But the bees murmur'd one perpetual song,
 Like soothing waters, and the birds were calling
 Amid the fruit-tree blossoms all day long;
 Upon the sunny grass plot stood the dial,
 Whose measured time strange contrast with ours made:
 Ah! was it omen of life's after trial,
 That even then the hours were told in shade,
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times?

But little recked we then of those sick fancies
 To which in after life the spirit yields:
 Our world was of the fancies and romances
 With which we wandered o'er the summer fields;
 Then did we question of the down-balls blowing
 To know if some slight wish would come to pass;
 And if we feared a shower we sought where growing
 Some weather-flower which was our weather-glass:
 In the old, old times,
 The dear old times.

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,
 Breaking the heavy shadow on my day.
 Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections—
 The love, the kindness I have thrown away?
 The dear old garden there is now remaining,
 As little of its bloom as rests with me.
 Thy only memory is this sad complaining,
 Mourning that never more for us can be
 The old, old times,
 The dear old times.

L. E. L.

THE DIVING-BELL.—NO. I.

CAPTAIN FALCONER.

It would be a tedious and a melancholy task, to explore the fate of all the literary adventurers, who have set their sails for the haven of immortality, and foundered on the rash voyage; but there have been barks, seaworthy and valuably laden, too, which yet have gone down in the tide of time, shattered, perhaps, by collision, or becalmed by neglect: and to visit these wrecks of literature, and bring to the light what is rich and rare in their cargoes, is the service to which we devote our DIVING-BELL.

The work, of which we are now about to give an account, is entitled "The Voyages, Adventures, and Imminent Escapes, of Captain Richard Falconer; intermixed with the Voyages and Adventures of Thomas Randal, of Cork, Pilot." On the fly-leaf of a copy of this very rare book, which belonged to Sir Walter Scott, there is this note in his handwriting:

"This book I read in early youth. I am ignorant whether it is altogether fictitious and written upon De Foe's plan, which it greatly resembles, or whether it is only an exaggerated account of the adventures of a real person. It is very scarce; for, endeavouring to add it to the other favourites of my infancy, I think I looked for it ten years to no purpose, and at last owed it to the active kindness of Mr. Terry: yet Richard Falconer's adventures seem to have passed through several editions."

Mr. Lockhart, in his recently published life of Sir Walter, has preserved the letter of acknowledgment to Mr. Terry for procuring this book, which, says Scott, "brings back, with vivid associations, the sentiments of my childhood, I might almost say infancy. Nothing ever disturbed my feelings more than when, sitting by the old oak-table, my aunt, Lady Raeburn, used to read the lamentable catastrophe of the ship's departing without Captain Falconer, in consequence of the whole party making free with lime-punch on the eve of its being launched." It will presently be seen that Sir Walter has not remembered the incident with quite his usual accuracy; but it is not less interesting than he describes it.

In entering upon this narrative, the reader will bear in mind the state of maritime affairs in the tropical regions during the 17th century. The Crown of Spain, which, under a papal bull, claimed exclusive dominion in the West Indies and on the continent of America, showed little toleration to the subjects of other nations interloping in the newly-discovered seas. After a time, the mariners of all the other European countries began to make common cause against the monopolizing Spaniards; and out of that association sprang the band of adventurers, who became formidable, and presently outrageous, under the title of the Buccaneers. Upon their suppression, which was about the close of the 17th century, there arose a still more desperate race, who preyed, as common pirates, on the commerce of all nations; and the barbarities of these ruffians, together with the still lingering jealousies of the Spaniards, made the navigation of the American seas so perilous, that, at the close of the 17th and commencement of the 18th centuries, the

dates of Falconer's adventures, the trade of the tropics wore the aspect of chivalrous, rather than of commercial, enterprise.

Richard Falconer was born at Bruton, in Somersetshire. Like most other heroes of maritime adventure, he was smitten in early youth with a longing for a rover's life; but his family, who were in good circumstances, opposed his inclination, until his father, having been robbed of almost all his property by a person in his employment, at length consented to let him try his fortune on the seas, presenting him, by way of outfit, with 100*l.*, and recommending him to the care of Captain Pulteney, an old friend resident at Bristol. Pulteney received him with great kindness; and, having put him in the way of improving his mathematics, of which he had acquired some knowledge at school, procured him the post of a ma'te, or rather assistant, on board the Albion frigate.

The Albion sailed for Jamaica on the 2nd of May, 1699. As soon as she was out of sight of land, the qualms of Falconer, who had never been afloat before, began to move the mirth of the sailors, who cried, "There's an excellent master's mate! He'll hit Jamaica to a hair, if the island were no bigger than the bung-hole of a cask." "I must confess," writes he, "I believe myself to be the only person who ever set out on his first voyage as master's mate, without ever having seen a river that was navigable."

After being boarded by a pirate, and rescued by an English ship, the vessel in which Falconer sailed arrived safely in the West Indies. He visited several of the islands, of which he describes the aspect and the natural productions; and, on the 7th of September, reached Jamaica. From that colony he went, by permission of his captain, in a sloop to Campeachy, on the coast of Yucatan, a province of New Spain, to cut the logwood with which that territory abounds. This was a dangerous service, which the wood-cutters were wont to perform with all practicable secrecy, and under the protection of an armed force from their vessels; for the Spaniards, if they caught the trespassers, had no mercy on them.

In the course of Falconer's trip to Campeachy, one of the sloop's crew related to him the following history of a similar expedition, undertaken, about ten years before, by an English sloop, of which the narrator had been on board. The wood-cutters, trusting to accomplish their purpose in the usual clandestine manner, got quietly on shore, all but six, who were left on board to take care of the vessel. As soon as the main body of the crew were thus separated from their sloop, the Spaniards, who had intelligence of their descent, dispatched a number of canoes, containing in all about 100 men, and seized her, without resistance on the part of the six on board, who were instantly clapped under hatches. Having ransacked her, and sent everything of value on shore, they made preparations for trepanning the absent crew, of whom a detachment was to return on board, the very following night, with a load of the logwood. With this view the six English prisoners were, on the next evening, taken up to the deck, and compelled to stand there as their comrades approached in the long boat from the shore, on pain of instant death if they should dare to give the slightest warning of what had happened. The long boat's crew, wholly unsuspecting, came freely alongside, climbed the vessel carelessly without their arms, and were, in a moment, seized and put in irons. After some time, the party on shore, who had been

expecting them to re-land for another load of logwood, became uneasy at their non-appearance, and sent a second canoe with six men to learn the reason of the delay. The Spaniards repeated their stratagem, and this party was taken in the same trap as the former; but, in the middle of the night, one of these last six found means to slip into the water; and, though the sloop lay a league from the shore, he swam safely to land and acquainted his comrades there with the misadventure of the two first parties. Now it happened that some French hunters had come in from the bay, and had left three large canoes moored to the strand. After a short consultation, the Englishmen took possession of these boats, and made the best of their way in them, well armed, toward their own sloop, intending to let it be supposed, as they got on board, that they, like the two former parties, were unaware of the capture by the Spaniards. When they had rowed within a hundred yards of the sloop, some of their own people on deck, who were acting under the compulsion of the Spaniards, hailed in the usual manner: to which the rowers, affecting great displeasure, answered by cursing them for not having come back to shore with the long boat for another cargo, instead of leaving the logwood to be brought thus in canoes. "How many are you?" replied their comrades on the deck.—"We are all here now," said the canoes' men, "except three, whom we left ashore to look after the arms and the remainder of the logwood, which you must go ashore and fetch immediately in the long boat." "The long boat cannot be sent," rejoined the men on deck, "for we broke such a hole in her bow against a ledge of rock, in bringing the first cargo of the logwood, that it was as much as we could do to get her as far as the sloop."

By the time these questions had been asked and answered, the canoes' men were close in, and began to run nimbly up the vessel's side. The two or three, who first stepped on board, drew their pistols and cutlasses from under their watch-coats, and fired on the Spaniards, who, half unarmed and without suspicion of the counterplot, were running up to seize them as before. The next two or three of the English, as had been preconcerted, gave arms to those of their countrymen who were on deck, and running down the hatchway, dispatched the sentries who guarded the remainder of their countrymen. Then, returning upon deck with these fresh recruits, they fell upon the amazed and disheartened Spaniards, who now threw down their arms and cried for quarter. This being granted them, they were all secured under hatches. And thus, after the destruction of nine Spaniards and the loss of one Englishman, the sloop was once again in the possession of the British master and crew.

Encouraged by this success, they now enlarged the plan of their enterprise; and, learning that a rich ship was lying in the harbour before the town of Campeachy, they laid a plan for making prize of her. Hoisting Spanish colours, they sailed for Campeachy, and, arriving in the forenoon of the next day, saluted the fort, as friends, with seven guns, which compliment was returned to them from the shore. The people were assembled in crowds on the beach, to see the English woodcutters, whom they concluded that this vessel had taken and was bringing in as her prisoners; but the vessel passed on toward the Spanish ship, which was the object of her cruise—and which appeared in sight, a league from the town, preparing to come nearer in-shore. The Englishmen, sailing up to her, boarded her on the starboard side, which lay

off from the land, took her without firing a gun, cut her cables, and made out to sea before the matter was perceived in the town. As soon as the fact was understood, a Spanish man-of-war, of thirty guns, slipped her cables from the harbour, and crowding all her sails for a pursuit, began rapidly to gain upon the sloop; upon which the English master brought forward his Spanish prisoners,—bound and placed them in a position to receive the whole of the enemy's fire. When the Spaniard came up and commanded the English to strike, they answered by directing the Captain of the Spanish prisoners to point out the exposed condition of himself and his men. His representation at length succeeded in inducing the Spanish man-of-war to retire again toward the town, of which movement the English forthwith availed themselves by making the best of their way to sea: but before the Spanish ship got back to the shore, she was met by several armed boats, in one of which was the governor himself, who gave a peremptory order to regard nothing, but retake the Spanish prize and capture the English pirates at all hazards; and the man-of-war accordingly tacked once more and resumed the chase with her utmost speed. The English, perceiving what had happened, and finding that their pursuers gained upon them, resolved to quit their sloop and give battle in their prize-ship, which carried twenty guns; but their great difficulty was, that, while they had but seventy-one men of their own, they had two hundred Spanish prisoners, who, if let loose by any chance in the hurly-burly, would destroy them; and the only resource appeared to be the terrible one of putting their prisoners to death. Upon receiving the intimation of this painful expedient, the Captain of the Spanish prize, who spoke tolerable English, addressed himself to the English master and mates to this effect:—"Gentlemen, you took us fairly, of which we make no complaint; but if you expose us to the fire of our countrymen who are coming up, as you did before, we must inevitably perish. Now, should they fire upon us, I have this to say, that, as they will thereby prove themselves to have no consideration for us, so we ought to have none for them; and (to cut the matter short, as the time is so), if you will give us liberty we will freely fight under your command, and endeavour to defend your vessel as though it were our own." This proposal being approved by the other prisoners, the English selected sixty combatants,—placing them at the great guns, but without arms, so as still to have a command of them; and the remaining one hundred and forty were left bound under hatches, where two sentries were placed, with charged pataroes and orders to fire in upon them should anything like disturbance appear. These precautions having been taken, and escape by flight being impracticable, the English lay to, and waited for the enemy's onset.

When the Spanish man-of-war came within hail, the commander ordered the British to strike instantly, and without resistance; "Otherwise," said he, "we shall have no regard even to our own friends on board with you, but shall sink or take you, and put every man of you to death." The Captain of the Spanish prisoners made answer from among the English, that, if a gun were fired, every Spanish prisoner would fight against the assailants as enemies. The commander replied, that he had no choice but to obey the orders of the governor, who had just left him and gone ashore; and, with that, the Spanish vessel poured a broadside amidst the English. They returned it, both with their

small arms, and with their great guns, which were well plied by the prisoners. In about half an hour, the enemy prepared to board with their boats, but were so briskly received, and so damaged by the British hand-grenades, that they were obliged, after great loss, to make for their ship: and in the meantime some English sailors got up into the maintop with more grenades, which they discharged from that position with such effect as to kill and wound more than thirty men. Again the Spaniards attempted to board—firing and shouting as they came on, by way of intimidation; but the shouts and the firing were returned by the British, and with good interest: for one of the British shots carried away the enemy's main-mast, and threw him into such confusion, that, if the British had attempted further flight, he would have been disabled from pursuing them. But flight was no longer in the minds of the English; vengeance now occupied every thought. The next fire having struck away the rudder of the Spanish ship, she was no longer capable either of tacking or of steering. The British, profiting by the advantage, tacked their own ship, and raked the enemy fore and aft, splitting two of his guns, and sending the splinters in all directions among the crew, by which sixteen of them were killed. The Spaniards, however, continued to fight gallantly, until a shot, entering the powder-room, blew the main-deck, with several of the Spanish sailors, into the air. The yells and groans of the wounded and the dying were now incessant and fearful; and, in the general dismay, the British were preparing to board, when the Spanish vessel gave tokens that she was about to sink, and struck her colours, amid the cries of her sailors for quarter and help. These were immediately granted, and the British boats, together with those of the beaten enemy, saved the whole remainder of the Spanish crew, being, however, only 95 out of more than 400 men. The loss on the British side was eleven of the Englishmen and twenty-six of the Spanish prisoners, who had all fought bravely, and with the desperation of men assured of death if taken by their own countrymen.

After cleansing the vessel of the blood and mangled bodies, the English Master called up the Spanish prisoners, to partake of some refreshment, and to receive the thanks which they had merited by their bravery; and made an offer that, as the British meant to pursue their voyage in the prize-ship, on board of which they had been fighting, the English sloop, victualled and ready fitted-up, should be the property of the Spanish Captain, to take whither he would. The Spanish Captain, smiling, said, he would not take her without paying a price; but, added he, "as I have no money myself to pay for her, I'll engage, if you will act upon a stratagem of mine, to furnish you with a good price and something over." Accordingly the long boat was sent on shore, (for the destruction of the man-of-war had left no armed force in the harbour to prevent the communication,) and the Governor was acquainted that unless he immediately sent fifty dollars a man, as the ransom of the prisoners, they would be tied in couples back to back, and thrown into the sea. Immediately there was a movement in the town—the money was raised—and in twelve hours eleven thousand dollars were brought to the British Master. Of this sum he had 5000, (the price of the sloop being included,)—and of the remaining 6000, one moiety was divided among the English crew, and the other moiety allotted to the

Spanish Captain. The next day the ransomed men—that is, the crew of the Spanish man-of-war,—were sent on shore with such of the other prisoners as were willing to accompany them; and the remaining prisoners, in number about eighty, set off with their Captain in the English sloop, for the South Sea. The English Master, with his crew, remained on board the prize-ship, and brought her safely to Jamaica, where the booty was divided, with an extra share to the man who swam on shore to give notice to the wood-cutters.

In company with the narrator of the adventures which have just been related, Falconer pursued his voyage to Campeachy Bay, where the party arrived on the 6th of October, and instead of stealing their logwood, fairly bought and paid for it. On the 15th, having completed their cargo, they began their return voyage to Jamaica, which, says Falconer, “generally takes two months, because we are obliged to ply it all the way to windward;”

And now began a series of adventures, occupying a space of about ten months, which, if they be true, are perhaps the most remarkable that were ever crowded into such a period.

One morning, a boat had been hoisted over, to look after a wreck discovered in the water, and, not having been slung up again, it followed in tow at the stern of the ship. Falconer, who had been dirtied with bottling a small cask of wine in the hold, went down into the boat to wash; and when he had dressed himself again, pulled an Elzevir Ovid out of his pocket, and sat reading in the boat till dusk. As he pored upon the leaves, wrapt up in what he read, a storm began to rise, so suddenly and violently, that the rocking of the ship made it difficult for him to climb into her, as usual, up the side, and induced him to call for the ladder of ropes that hung over her quarter. He put his little book into his breeches pocket, and caught the ladder; but as he stepped upon it, the ropes, whether for want of proper fastening above, or from rottenness, for the ladder was seldom used, broke; and the boat having swung from under him, he dropped into the sea. The ship was now driving rapidly before the storm. The Master tacked her as rapidly to save him as the force of the tide and tempest would allow; but she had swept too far: and through the duskiuess of the evening, and the storm together, he lost all sight of her. He was now alone in the dark deep sea.

Possessed with the most dismal fears, he yet preserved his presence of mind and energies of body; and having kept himself above water, for about four hours, as nearly as his fears would enable him to compute, he was carried by the current toward a shoal, and thrown at last by a wave on the sand, where he clambered beyond the immediate range of the sea. But the darkness prevented him from ascertaining the nature of the ground, and fearing that he was but lodged upon a bank, which, at high tide, would be overflowed, he sat down to rest his limbs, which were weary and numb with long swimming,—and to prepare himself for death, which was all he expected, by commending himself to his Creator.

“At last,” says he, “I fell asleep, though I tried all I could against it, by rising up and walking, till I was obliged to lie down again. In the morning, when I awaked, I was amazed to find myself among four or five very low sandy islands, but all separated half a mile or more, as I

guessed, from the sea. With that I began to be a little cheerful, and walked about to see if I could find anything that was eatable ; but, to my great grief, I found nothing but a few eggs, that I was obliged to eat raw. This laid my condition before my eyes in a most horrid manner, and the fear of starving seemed to me to be worse than that of drowning."

He took shelter for several nights beneath some bushes of a wood, which he calls Burton wood, but suffered dreadfully from drought. After living for a week on eggs alone, he discovered a booby, a kind of gray water-fowl, sitting on a bush.

"I ran immediately," says he, "as fast as I could, and with a stick knocked him down. I never considered whether it was proper to eat or not ; but I sucked the blood, and ate the flesh with such a pleasure as none can express but them that have felt the pain of hunger to the same degree as myself. Its flesh seemed to me to taste something like a duck's, but stronger, and a little fishy, and it is *such a booby*, that it will not get out of your way without beating."

Of this stupidity Falconer took advantage, by killing these birds for his daily sustenance. They were the more easily taken, because they build on the ground. He broiled them on a fire of sticks, and put himself upon an allowance of this food. There was another kind of bird, whose eggs he ate ; but he did not taste the bird itself, being satisfied with the boobies, and loth to try experiments.

The night, on which he killed the first of the booby-birds, was marked by another piece of good fortune, the descent of a copious rain. It was accompanied with a storm of thunder, and the reddest lightning he had ever seen ; and it soaked through his scanty clothes, which were but a cotton waistcoat and breeches, with thread stockings, and thin shoes ; but it left a good deal of fresh water in several cavities of the ground. In order to store up this supply, he managed, with his hands, assisted by a stick, to scoop, at the foot of a tree, a hole or well big enough to contain a hogshead of water ; paved it with stones, and by stamping and beating the sides close, made a reservoir capable of holding water for a long time. Into this reservoir he conveyed the contents of the rain-pools from the several spots around, by making a bucket of his skin, which, when well soaked, would carry the water to a great distance without much leakage ; so that in a couple of days the well was full. From day to day, as he killed the booby birds, he broiled them, and stored them in a sort of clay cupboard, which he built by mixing mud and water ; and the fowls, thus dressed, remained for some time free from taint ; but the cupboard was soon so dried by the sun, that it cracked, and fell to pieces.

His only amusement was from the Elzevir Ovid, which had remained in his pocket, and, though greatly stained by the sea-water, was still legible enough. With this companion, he would sit under a Burton bush, in the heat of the day, till he fell asleep, though a little annoyed by the sun, against which, having lost his hat in his fall from the rope-ladder, his head had no protection. He contrived, however, to thicken the shadow of the bushes by strewing them with chicken wood ; and afterwards wove some twigs and green stripes of bark into a basket cap, which he lined with a fragment of linen from the sleeve of his shirt.

One morning, after he had bathed, he heard a flouting in the water.

and, turning to see whence the noise came, beheld a huge fish, which had run itself aground. His description of this monster is so strange, that a friend, he tells us, advised him to leave it out of his narrative, as a thing that nobody would believe. "But," says Falconer, "I replied, I did not care for that, as I was satisfied in myself it was true." We subjoin the description, as he gives it, without hazarding an opinion upon its accuracy; for indeed, after the authentication of the *ornithorynchus paradoxus*, one's credit for zoological sagacity is as likely to be damaged by disbelief, as by credulity.

"The fish was about fifteen feet long; it had a head like a horse, and out of the mouth came two horns, curled like a ram's horn, only twice as large; it had but one eye, and that was at the extremity of the nose. It seemed, as it flounced, to be something of a changeable ash colour, with a tail that tapered to the end in a sharp point. It looked so terrible to me that I was afraid to approach it; as it laboured, it seemed to groan. It lay in this hole of water half an hour, with its body in, and its tail out; and as soon as the tide came up to it, it shook its tail to and fro, as a dog does when he seems pleased, all the while it felt the water. It struggled but now and then, and at last, when the water was pretty high, it turned its head, and made a noise something like the clucking of a hen with chickens, but louder; and when it had water enough to swim away, it lay moving up and down a quarter of an hour, being, as I suppose, hurt with its struggling."

A similar fish is said to have been shown as a public exhibition at Mexico, but of the length of only eight feet and a half. It was carried about in a cart, till the stench of it became so intolerable, that the Viceroy ordered it to be taken out a couple of leagues to sea, where it was cast into the water. The only discrepancy between the Mexican account and that of Falconer is, that what Falconer describes as a single eye, is stated by those who saw the Mexican specimen, and with greater probability, to have been an orifice for spouting water. The animal appears to have two eyes on the top of the head, (but not larger than a musket ball,) which, from their smallness and backwardness, seem to have escaped the observation of Falconer.

Day after day rolled on, and a month had now been passed in this hopeless solitude. He had explored his own island, which was nearly circular, and about two miles in circumference, having a good anchorage to the west, in very deep water:—within two fathoms of the shore. He would walk the beach, and wish, and watch for the sight of a sail—nay, even a wreck, which might have thrown on shore a few necessaries to make his life more endurable, would have been almost welcome; but this thought his better and more Christian reflection resisted; and then he would divert his mind by conversing with himself aloud in question and answer, that long solitude might not rust in him the faculty of speech.

Such were his thoughts and pursuits, when, on the 8th of November as he reckoned, a storm arose, which continued till noon; and at some distance from the shore, labouring with the waves, he beheld a small and almost helpless vessel. He saw her, driven nearer and nearer to the land where he stood, and at last, with the violence of the tempest, perfectly thrown out of the water upon the shore. He ran to her aid, and found four men, the whole of her crew, busied in saving what they could from

her. They were much surprised at seeing Falconer, and he and they were alike disheartened to perceive, that the vessel, which had been lightened of a cargo of logwood, had thereby been wafted by the wind so far in upon the sands, as to render almost any attempt they might make at hauling her down to the sea a hopeless enterprise. Meanwhile, however, there were necessities on board, unspoiled, and abundant enough to last for a twelvemonth; beef and pork, biscuit, flour and pease, a small copper, and an iron pot: rum, brandy, sugar, gunpowder, and a fowling-piece, with some articles of wearing apparel, and among them a spare hat, which was particularly serviceable to Falconer. With the sails from the yards they erected a tent, under which the four new-comers placed their beds; while Falconer, who had no such accommodation, took up his night's lodging in the cabin of the vessel, which lay high and dry upon the sand, fifty yards above high water.

This vessel, like Falconer's, had sailed from Jamaica to the logwood country, having on board the four men, whose names were Randal, Musgrave, White, and Middleton, together with eight others. These eight, after the ship had taken in her cargo, went to pass the night on the logwood shore, the other four remaining in charge of the vessel. But next day, finding that the eight did not return, Randal and Middleton landed to seek them, and found them all on the ground, lifeless, and covered with wounds, amid the bodies of fifteen Indians and two Spaniards, all of whom were likewise dead, so that the Englishmen appeared to have sold their lives dearly. Randal and Middleton dug a large hole, and buried their countrymen, habited as they lay; then stripped the Spaniards and Indians, and leaving them above ground, hurried back to their vessel, and set sail the instant they got on board. Then arose the storm of the 8th of November, and drove them ashore on Falconer's island, which they recognised to be one of the five isles, or sand-banks, called the Alcranes; upon no one of which, except Falconer's, was there a tree or a bush. These sand-islands are said to lie in the latitude of 22 degrees north, 25 leagues from Yucatan, and about 60 from Campeachy town.

The vessel having no boat, the men had some difficulty to invent any means of going out from shore to fish. At length they made a sort of raft, by bunging and tarring six empty casks, which they tied together, and upon which they fixed the scuttles of the deck, so that two persons might easily sit; and for fear a storm should drive this strange bottom out to sea, they tied to it one end of a long coil of small rope, the other extremity of which they fastened to a stake on the shore. In this craft a couple of the men went out, and, caught, the first day, a fish of the shark kind, called a *nurse*. The next day they had better sport, and took two *old wives*, and a young shark of two feet long, which proved an excellent dinner. Another day, a young seal was shot with the fowling-piece, not without having first cut Falconer's forehead with some gravel stones, which these creatures throw backward with their fins in hurrying to the water, as horses do with their feet when they gallop hard.

Amid these pursuits, the hopelessness of removing the vessel to the sea was a cause of much uneasiness and melancholy. But Randal, a man of firm mind and strong devotion, did much to sustain their fortitude. After a careful examination of the ship, inside and out, he at length convinced himself and his comrades that, although she could not

be dragged over the ground to the sea, yet, if the sand, between the sea and the spot where she lay, were scooped out so as to make a channel or creek which the tide could enter, she might be launched by that cut once more into deep water. Fortified by this counsel, and disposed, by Randal's example and exhortations, to place their trust where alone true succour can be found, they implored the assistance of the Almighty, and began the task of clearing the sand between the vessel and the sea.

They had no small encouragement to hope the best, from the almost miraculous deliverances which Randal had already received in his own person. Sailing some years before from Cork for the Baltic, he had encountered a storm, in which the ship and all on board her, except himself, were swallowed by the sea. He clung to the mast, and was thrown at night upon a cliff, where, after climbing beyond the reach of the waves, he threw himself upon his knees to thank God for his preservation; and then, exhausted with fatigue, sank down to sleep. In his troubled dreams, he saw himself on a barren rock without food or habitation. He was awakened from his slumber by something which licked his face; and though daylight was not yet at hand, he could get no more sleep, for fear of some wild animal. But he had the satisfaction to find that the storm was laid.—When the light enabled him to see distinctly, he rose and surveyed the place, which was a rock, apparently about half a mile in circumference; and, as he stood up, a large bitch, the creature that had waked him by licking his face, came fawning towards him. This led him to hope that the place might be inhabited; but the only companions he found were the bitch's seven young ones in a little cave; and his only sustenance some periwinkles and other small shell-fish, and the rain-water which lodged in the cavities of the rock. He wondered where the bitch got food, to support herself and supply her with milk to suckle her puppies; and he remarked that she used to absent herself two or three times a-day for a quarter of an hour at a time. One day he followed her, and looking over the point of a rock which she had clambered down, but which was too steep for him to descend, he saw her feeding on a dead seal. When she had eaten her fill, she returned to give suck to her young ones.—His bed was the rigging of the mast which had brought him on shore, and he slept tolerably well under the shelter of a rocky hollow. After fifteen days of this desolate life, a boat, without any living creature on board, which afterwards turned out to have been let adrift by the carelessness of a fisherman's boy, was thrown on the shore, with a small supply of provisions. Randal seized her, and employed her in rowing a good way round the rock; a voyage in which the bitch insisted on attending him. At night he put in at another part of the rock, and lay in his boat till morning; when, coming to that side of the promontory which he had been unable to reach by land, he found some waterfowls' eggs, which he took away. The bitch had grown very uneasy, and by her whining and fruitless endeavours to mount the rock, which here was perpendicular, let him understand that she wanted to be with her puppies. He rowed on, therefore, to the place where the seal lay, from which point he knew she would be able to scale the steep. Though the seal was now stinking, she fell to, and, after satisfying her hunger, ran up the rock. He got on board again, and not liking to pursue his tour any further in the fog,

which was then rising about him, he returned to his old habitation, and resumed his usual life there. But by degrees, as winter began to approach, the shell-fish decreased, which were his only regular provision; and foreseeing that cold and famine were likely to assail him, he resolved to fit his boat as well as he could for sea, and sail in her whichever way the wind should carry him. Before he could complete her for this adventure, he had been obliged to kill several of the puppies for food; to which he brought his mind with somewhat less compunction, because, the dead seal being now gnawed to the bone, the dam was almost without milk to sustain them. The bitch herself, with one remaining puppy, he put on board the boat, and on the 1st of September, after three whole months passed upon the rock, he set sail with these two companions, and ran before the wind till midnight, when, wearied out, he fell asleep. He slept till he was awakened by a fisherman in another boat, who spoke in a language not understood by Randal, but, comprehending his condition, carried him on shore with his dogs to a village, where he was kindly treated and provided with food and clothes. Thence he was forwarded to Copenhagen, where a subscription was raised for him, and he returned in an English vessel to Cork.—In the following year he crossed the sea from Cork to Boston, and thence set sail for Virginia; but the ship was driven on shore by a storm near Cape Charles, where the crew got to land. When the storm abated, some of the men swam out to procure some necessaries from the vessel, which lay on the sand a furlong from the shore; they loaded the articles they wanted in the long boat, but finding the water too shallow to allow the boat's unloading, rowed further for deeper water, beckoning to Randal and their other comrades on the land to follow them along the shore. But, the boat doubling a headland, the men on shore lost sight of her; and scarcely was she out of their view, when a body of Indians appeared in a wood on the right, who, advancing upon the unarmed English, let fly their arrows, killing one and wounding two of the party; then, with great swiftness, ran up, and seized the survivors. The English were carried up the country to be burnt at the stake before the chief, who was then ill of a fever. But Randal, through the medium of an Indian who had been among the English and who could speak a little of their language, was the means of preserving his own life and the lives of his comrades. It had happened that the savages, when they stripped the party, took particular notice of a box of instruments, which they found upon Randal, and in which were some lancets. The sick chief, learning that they were used for bleeding, asked, in a great passion, whether Randal were the murderer of certain Indians whom the English some time before had taken and killed at Jamestown. But being assured that the present prisoners were strangers to the men who had committed this massacre, and that the purpose of the lancets was to banish fever by relieving the body of bad blood, the chief took a fancy to have the cure attempted in his own case, first, however, causing the experiment to be made on one of the English, on whom Randal accordingly performed the operation. The chief then submitted to have his own arm tied up, and was bled in like manner. Next day his fever was much abated; and when his arm was unbound, and he saw the orifice closed, he was much surprised and pleased, and offered that if Randal would stay with the

Indians, the lives of him and all his party should be spared, and wives allotted to them. On these terms the English remained among the savages for some time, and all, though already married in their own country, accepted the offer of Indian wives, except Randal, who excused himself on the plea that he was a pilot, and that none of his profession ever married. During his attendance on the chief, Randal had oftentimes occasion to feel his pulse, until the chief, finding how much could be thus prognosticated as to the natural body, began to think the same test might be applicable to political constitutions, and gravely asked Randal if by feeling the pulse he could tell anything about the affairs of the English settlers? Being assured that this was information which Randal could give him only by a personal communication with his countrymen, the chief requested him to pay them a visit, and bring back the required intelligence; merely insisting that Randal should leave behind him his sagamore, meaning his box of instruments. Randal accordingly set off in a canoe, with four of the Indians, down the river, which they called Kuskurra, towards Chesapeak Bay; then passing Russell's Island, and coming within about a league of Cape Comfort, they were approached by a boat, from which, accidentally as it should seem, a musket was fired. The Indians, alarmed and defenceless, jumped out of the canoe and swam for the shore; and Randal, seizing the paddles, brought the canoe to the mouth of the Powhattan River, and thence up to Jamestown, where he found the comrades, of whom he had lost sight when they went a-head with the long-boat, and with whom he shortly embarked in safety for Boston.

Such was the narrative of adventures and escapes, by which Randal entertained and kept up the spirits of Falconer and his other fellow-labourers, while they toiled at the excavation of a channel through the sand for their ship. For sixteen days, with rest on the Sundays only, they pursued their labour amid the sand; and then, though with much difficulty from the shortness of the Burton wood, managed to get such sticks under the vessel, by way of launching poles, as would serve to thrust her off into the water. Having accomplished this task, and returned thanks to God for their success, they prepared to get the vessel afloat on the following day. But when morning arrived, Randal, who, to encourage his comrades by example as well as by exhortation, had wrought beyond his strength, was found to be in a state of dangerous fever. He had replaced the instruments which had been left among the Indians by another set, which were now anxiously sought in every corner of the vessel for the purpose of bleeding him; but they could nowhere be found: and from day to day, for a whole week, he grew worse and worse, until, with resignation and prayer, and great thankfulness to Heaven that the fever had left him his consciousness to the last, he expired. The survivors, after some consultation whether to bury him in the earth or commit him to the deep, resolved on the former mode; so they widened and deepened the hole which had been scooped for the reservoir of rain-water, and deposited his body in that grave. On the bark of the tree that shaded it they carved an epitaph; while the dog, his companion in all his wanderings, a whelp of the bitch that he found so many years before on the rock in the Baltic, howled mournfully over the earth, and scratched it with his paws

to a half-yard's depth, till the seamen, in compassion, tied him to a distant bush. This dog, and the bed which had been Randal's, were now transferred to Falconer.

The last duties having been performed to the dead, the survivors prepared again to launch their vessel. Monday the 31st of December was successfully employed in getting her afloat, and fastening her with a hawser to a burton-tree on the shore; and the following day, the 1st of January, 1700, was appointed for setting sail. Having all their arrangements satisfactorily completed, they resolved to indulge themselves with some good cheer on board: and, after a hearty dinner, contrived, with the assistance of a bottle of lime juice which they had reserved among the ship's stores, to make a can of very excellent punch. The strength of the liquor, added to the excitement of hope which was now beating high in the veins of all the party, overcame their discretion; they sat on, till they had finished all their liquor and were drunk and disposed to sleep. The only one among them who had his bed in the vessel was Falconer; the hammocks of the others were on shore. Prudence would have had them lie down to sleep in the cabin, though with their clothes on; but, elevated with drink, they would needs venture on shore, though they had a hundred yards to swim before the water became shallow enough for them to wade. However, Falconer found, by their jocund shouts and halloos, that they had got safe to land, and tumbled into his bed, as much intoxicated as his fellows.

Getting up in the morning and dressing himself, he went up to the deck, for the purpose of hailing his companions, and getting them to bring the remainder of their goods on board, especially the sails, that the ship might go to sea without further delay; when, to his inexpressible horror, he found that she was adrift, without her canvas, and out of sight of any land. Thunderstruck by this appalling discovery, he swooned, and sank down on the deck without sense or motion. How long the swoon continued, he was unable, on reviving, to calculate; but he awoke to the most agonizing sense of his lamentable condition. After venting his grief in a torrent of words and tears, he began to consider how the vessel could have gone to sea without his knowledge. Gathering his recollections by degrees, he found that the party, in their eagerness and carelessness the night before, had forgotten to make fast their cables, and perceived, on pulling in the hawser which they had tied to the burton-tree on the shore, that the tree had been rooted up out of the earth, (apparently by the force of a hurricane acting on the vessel,) and was still swinging at the hawser's end. "O wretch that I am!" exclaimed he; "what will my unhappy fate do with me? But 'tis a punishment in not rendering to God the tribute due for his mercies. Instead of coming on board to be frolicsome and merry, we should have given thanks to Him that gave us the blessing of thinking we were no longer subject to such hardships that we might probably have undergone if we had been detained longer upon that island. If poor Mr. Randal had remained among us, this misfortune had not happened. He, by his wise and prudent care and conduct, would have prevented this unlucky accident."

Earnest prayer and meditation did something, however, to mitigate the sharpness of his anguish. He reflected that his condition was at least better than that of his companions, inasmuch as he had on board

provision and fresh water; while they would be labouring under drought, and unprovided with any food but the booby birds, of which the numbers had by this time much diminished. He suffered much uneasiness in thinking how harsh a judgment they might form of him; but hoped they would perceive that the tree had been uprooted by a violence beyond the strength of man. "Besides," said he, "I had another small comfort in the company of my dog, which lay on board with me, which I used to talk to, as if he were a rational creature; and the poor thing would stand and stare me in the face, as if he were sensible of what I said to him. It was a very handsome creature, of the Danish kind; but very good-natured; and would often go to the cabin where I lay, which was that of his old master, and whine mightily."

For a fortnight the vessel continued to be tossed on the lonely sea, the weather being still calm, but so hazy that for several successive days the poor mariner never saw the sun. One day, searching under his bed, for he did not lie in a hammock, he found an old glove with seventy-five pieces of eight (a Spanish coin), which he took and sewed into his waistband, feeling assured that it had belonged to his deceased friend, who was known to have had some money on board. Indeed the seamen had searched the vessel for it after his death, but had not happened to light upon it.

On the 20th of January he saw a ship to leeward; but his vessel, for want of her sails, was an object scarcely visible at any considerable distance, and the strangers bore away without his being able to attract their notice.

This difficulty of making known his perilous condition, which so materially diminished his chances of relief, had grievously sunk his spirits during the succeeding night, and on the following day; when, in the midst of his despondency, the weather clearing discovered to him, about six leagues toward the south-west, a long line of coast which he felt assured was a part of the Spanish province of Yucatan. Having no sails to catch the wind, he was unable to shape his course toward the land, and the vessel, for several days, continued to drift in a direction parallel with the coast, till at length a promontory showed itself ahead, to the infinite relief of the helpless navigator, whose hopes of preservation, however, were painfully alloyed with the fear of being forced into slavery by the Spaniards, the common enemies of all European adventurers in those seas; yet even this unhappy fate seemed preferable, in his eyes, to the perilous and unassisted life he led on board this solitary ship.

It was on the 30th of January that he entered the bay, and reached the town of Campeachy. He had almost touched the shore before any ship or boat encountered him; but at last two canoes approached, manned by a Spaniard and six Indians, who, finding his condition, were greatly surprised, and had him presently conveyed to the Government-House. "The governor being at dinner," says Falconer, "they would have had me staid till he dined; but he, hearing of me, commanded me to come in, where he was at dinner with several gentlemen and two ladies; and though 'tis very rare any one sees the women, yet they did not offer to veil themselves. I was ordered to sit down by myself at a little table placed for that purpose, where I had sent me of what composed their dinner, which was some fresh fish and fowls, and excellent wine of several sorts."

Instead of detaining him in slavery, which would probably have been his fate had he been taken in company with a crew who might have been suspected of marauding for logwood, the Spaniards treated the adventurer with great kindness, collected a subscription for him, and fitted out a vessel for him to return to the ~~sea~~ islands, and release his companions. The only difficulty was to find seamen who would go with him. Presently, however, it was remembered that there were five Englishmen in the town, who had lately been taken in the bay on suspicion of piracy, but against whom no positive proof seemed likely to arise; and these five were now set free, to accompany Falconer as his crew, on his voyage for the islands of the Alcranes.

They set sail from Campeachy on the 15th of February, 1700, plied briskly to windward, and in fifteen days discovered the islands of sand. Stopping short of the shoals, they sent their boat on shore with Falconer and two other men, and found the three sojourners, Musgrave, White, and Middleton, still alive, but in a weak and almost exhausted condition.

When these three men awoke, on the first of the preceding January, from their drunken sleep, and found that a hurricane had carried the vessel out to sea, their affliction amounted to despair. Food they had none, and no more fresh water than was contained in a single barrel which remained standing by the tent. Scarce a bird or an egg could be found with the most diligent and eager search; and, at the end of five days, absolute starvation seemed to stare them in their faces. They then bethought themselves, as hunger is parent to strange imaginations, of the buried body of their companion Randal; and he who, when living, had pointed them the way to their deliverance, became the means of their preservation after his death. It was a frightful resource, but it was the only one. The depth at which he had been buried, which was seven feet, had prevented an early decomposition, and, by broiling each day a scanty portion of the flesh, they kept life and soul together for several weeks. Falconer, in his first horror at beholding the mangled carcase of their kind monitor, reproached them in unmeasured language; but upon calmer consideration of their necessity, felt their justification, and asked pardon for his intemperance. Fitter food being now provided from the vessel, they refreshed themselves with it eagerly, and sewing the remains of the body in one of the hammocks, replaced them in the earth.

After tarrying a few days on the island to recruit the wasted strength of these three, the whole party embarked, now nine in all, Falconer being the commander. The names of the five who had accompanied him from Campeachy were Warren, Hood, Stone, Meadows, and Keater.

The two parties being thus united, and grown into familiarity with each other, it occurred to Falconer, one day at dinner, to make some inquiries of the five men who had sailed with him from Campeachy, as to the reason of their having been charged by the Spaniards with piracy. They seemed a little embarrassed by the question; but Warren, taking upon himself to speak for his fellows, gave some explanation, which however was not altogether of a satisfactory character. Falconer observed the man's confused manner, but imputed it to his want of the habit of expressing himself, and dismissed the matter, for the time, from his mind. "But in the evening," says Falconer, "Mr. Middleton

came to me, with a face of concern, and said he did not like these fellows' tale. 'Why so?' says I. 'Because I observe they herd together,' answered he, 'and are always whispering and speaking low to one another.' 'Oh,' says I, 'there cannot be any danger in 'em; for if they had any inclination to run away with our vessel, they might have done it when they were five to one, before we took you in.' 'I know not,' replied Middleton, 'I have a heart forebodes something.' 'Psha! old women's fears,' said I."

This discourse, however, had the effect of putting Falconer on his guard; and he resolved to consult with Musgrave and White at bedtime, when they would have a convenient opportunity, lying all in the after cabin. But the opportunity presented itself still earlier; for the other five, who seem to have had a feeling that they were suspected, excused themselves from coming to supper; and Falconer and Middleton took advantage of that absence to communicate their apprehensions to Musgrave and White. The steps to be taken were at once arranged. The first watch was the duty of Musgrave, Middleton, and White, with one of the other party, Frank Hood, who was employed as the ship's cook; the second watch was the duty of Warren, Stone, Meadows, and Keater; the third watch would come again to the turn of Musgrave, Middleton, White, and Hood. It was settled that during the second watch, while Hood would be asleep, he should be seized and confined out of the way, with a threat of instant death should he offer to make the smallest noise; and that when the second watch should be over, and Warren's party should have come down to get their turn of sleep, Falconer's party, who would be awake on the third watch, should seize them in their beds and secure them.

Falconer's party took the first watch as usual; and it had not long been set, when Warren, from below, called out to Hood, who was of that watch, that he was very dry and wanted some water; upon which Hood went down to him with some water in a can. It occurred to Falconer, that Hood had been all day employed apart from his companions in taking an inventory of the provision-casks and stores, to see how long they would last, and therefore could have had no opportunity of learning any design formed by his comrades in the course of that afternoon; and it seemed probable that Warren's request to Hood for water had been made for the purpose of getting a few moments of private communication with him. So Falconer, quietly following Hood, drew as close as he could to the scuttle, and heard Warren begin the dialogue by saying, 'D—n you, Frank, we had like to have been smoked to-day;' and then, after some few more words, Warren said something in too low a voice to be distinguishable. Hood said that Falconer's people had dropt hints of some suspicion, and would be on their guard; therefore it would be better to wait a day or two, till that suspicion should be lulled. 'No, z—ds,' said Warren, 'we'll do it to-night when they are asleep.' Then they went on arguing, pro and con, as it seemed; but they spoke so low that Falconer could only hear a d—n ye, now and then, and other ejaculations of that kind; and therefore crept away, and returned upon deck, providing himself first, under his watch-coat, with a pair of pistols, which had been wont to hang ready charged in the cabin, and were indeed the property of some of Warren's party.

When Hood came up again upon the deck, he was somewhat startled

to see Falconer there, who was not in the habit of watching in the night. "After fixing his eyes frequently upon me," says Falconer, "at last he said very softly, 'If you please, Mr. Falconer, I have a word or two to say to you that much concerns you all.' 'What is it?' says I. 'Why,' answered he, 'I would have the rest of your companions ear-witnesses too.' With that I called them together. 'But,' says he, 'let's retire as far from the scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below deck.' So we went into the cabin, and opened the scuttle above, that Mr. Musgrave, who steered, might hear what was said. When we were sat down upon the floor, Mr. Hood began as follows: 'My four companions below have a wicked design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the boat, and run away with your vessel; but I, thinking it an inhuman action to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the means of their freedom, therefore (I hope appointed by Providence) I come to let you know it, that we may think of some means to prevent it.' I told him that we were provided against it already, and, with the consent of my companions, told him our design of seizing them in the third watch. 'But,' says he, 'they intend to put their project in practice *their next* watch. Therefore I think it will be more proper for us to counterplot them, and seize them *this*.' "

The discussion as to the choice of the time was protracted but too long. For Warren, who it seems mistrusted Hood, got up and listened, and finding that the party had retired below, stole softly along the deck to the opening above the cabin where they were consulting, and overheard the entire conversation, which he carried to his fellows, Stone, Meadows, and Keater. These three, who, till this time, had been lukewarm and even indisposed to the undertaking, now felt that their own safety depended on their striking the first blow. Instantly therefore they rose, followed Warren with silent steps to the cabin door, then, bursting in with a brace of loaded pistols, sprang upon Falconer and his unprepared companions, and grasping them by the arms, bound them fast with cords. The movement was so rapid, that Falconer had not time to think of the pistols at his own girdle, nor Musgrave, who was steering above, to apprehend what had occurred. At this moment it became necessary to tack the ship, and Musgrave finding that none of the men came on deck to help when he called them, clapped the helm a-lee, and ran down in a hurry to fetch them up. The pirates meanwhile had fastened the cabin door on the inside, and took care not to open it to Musgrave, who was knocking and calling out,—until they had disabled all opposition. As soon as this was achieved, they unbolted the door, seized Musgrave as he entered, and having bound him like the rest, ran up again on deck to take care of the sails, which fluttered in the wind as the ship went round with her helm a-lee.

(To be continued.)

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—NO. V.

AMERICAN MONKEYS.

"High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring."

The Two Monkeys.

MANY of the forests of South America flourish in all their primitive grandeur. Immense tracts are covered with vegetable forms in every stage of luxuriant development. Towering trees, their trunks embraced by gigantic twiners and garlanded by a profusion of plants*, in whose curious and splendid blossoms Nature seems to have imitated in the wantonness of her prodigality almost every variety of insect shape, shoot up and darken the light of day with their broad shadows.

In these "boundless contiguities of shade," which have never echoed to the woodman's axe, the most perfect silence reigns during the day; a silence, unbroken save by the crashing fall of some ancient tree prostrated by the weight of years, and carrying with it in one vast ruin all that it had long fed and fostered.

But, if all is silent during the day, at night

"The wonted roar is up amidst the woods,
And fills the air with barbarous dissonance ;"

for in the depths of these solitudes live the Howling Monkeys, to whose voice the voice of the Rev. Gabriel Kettledrummle were but as the sigh of the wind in the bracken.

We have already stated that the South American monkeys are all blessed with tails, but they are deprived of those brilliant blue and red callosities which give so much splendour to the integuments of many of the Old World family, and recall sometimes a part of the costume of a certain unearthly pedestrian; for *his* femoral habiliments

"were blue,

And there was a hole where the tail came through."

Neither do they rejoice in cheek-pouches: they are, consequently, unable to keep anything in the corner of their jaws, or to furnish forth any rebuke to the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns of the several courts in this best of all possible worlds.

"The Howlers," as they are termed, claim our first attention. They are the largest of the American *Simiadae* †, and the fierce brutality of their disposition, joined to their low facial angle, remind the observer of the baboons of the old continent, whilst their gregarious habits and nocturnal howlings agree with the manners of the Gibbons. The yells uttered by these Howlers in the dead of the night are described as absolutely appalling. They strike upon the ear of the uninitiated

* The Orchidaceous Epiphytes. So great is their number in humid situations that a thousand species may, it is asserted, be found in Tarma, Huancu, and Xauza alone. They abound in the recesses of tropical forests; but, in the Orchidaceae, imitation is not confined to images of the insect world, as those will acknowledge who have seen the flower of the *Peristeria*, enshrining the semblance of a milk-white dove, which seems actually to hover above an altar; wax could hardly be modelled into a more perfect representation.

† Genus *Myctes*.

